Sept. 17, 1955

THE NEW YORKER

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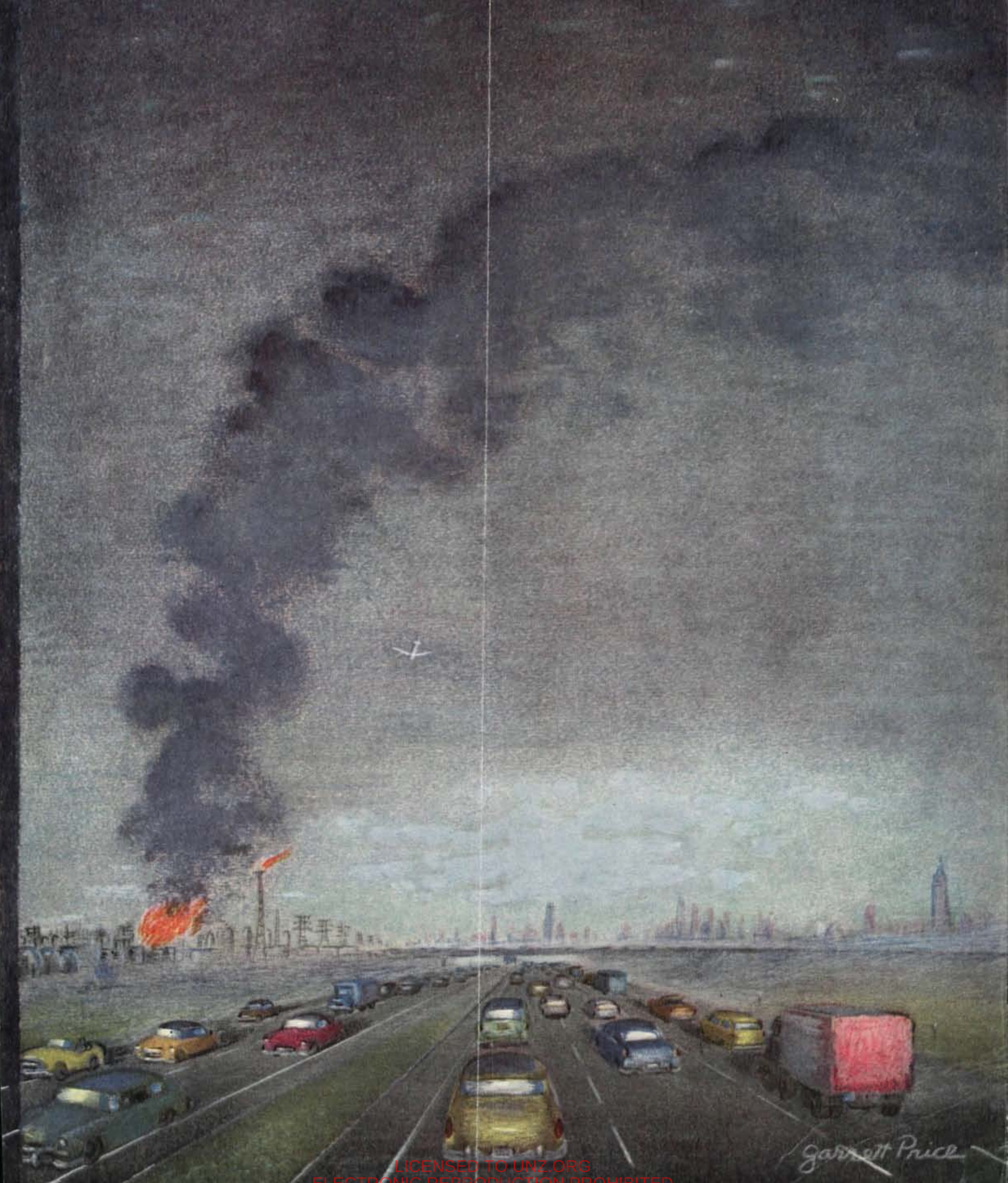
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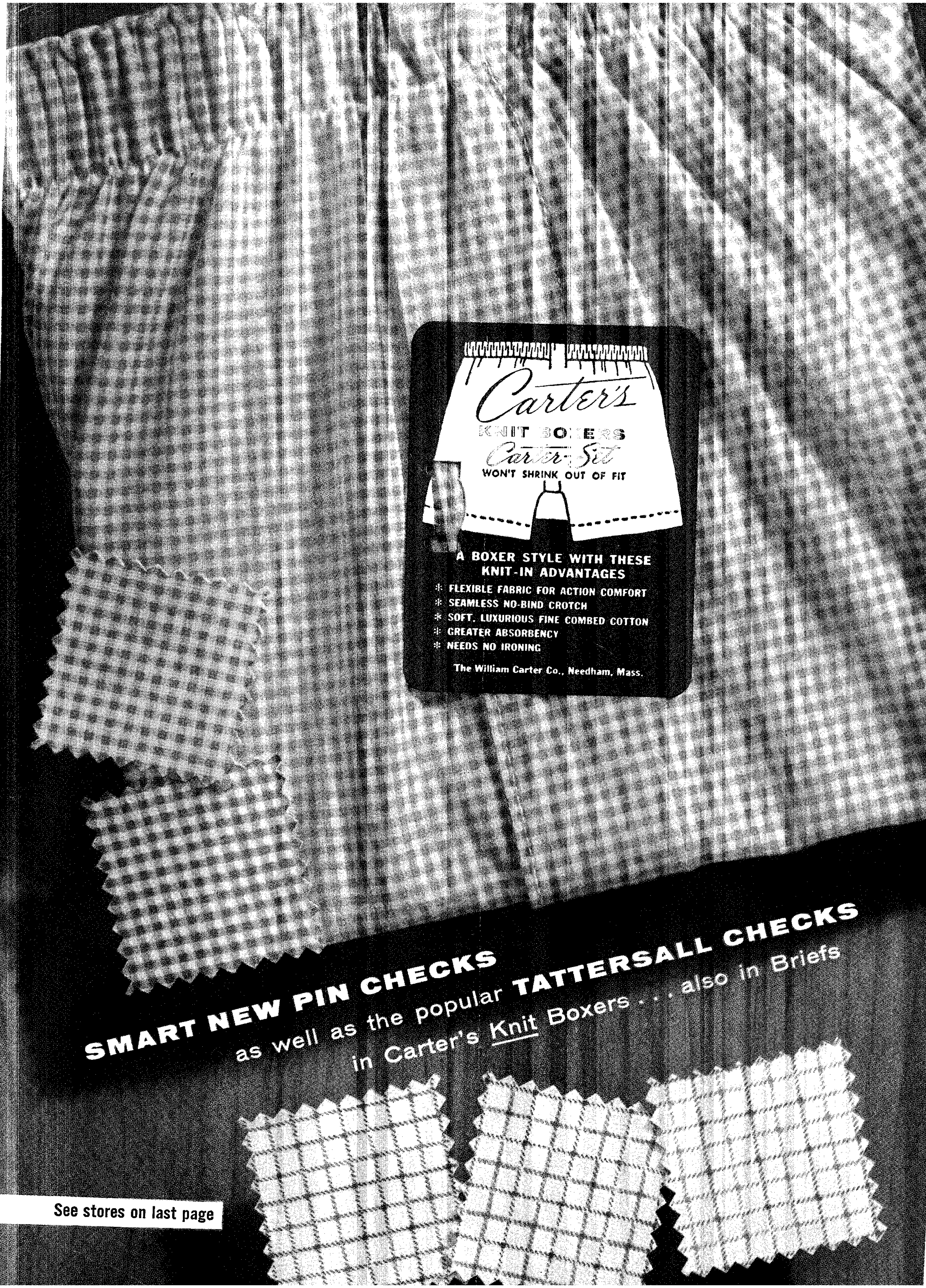
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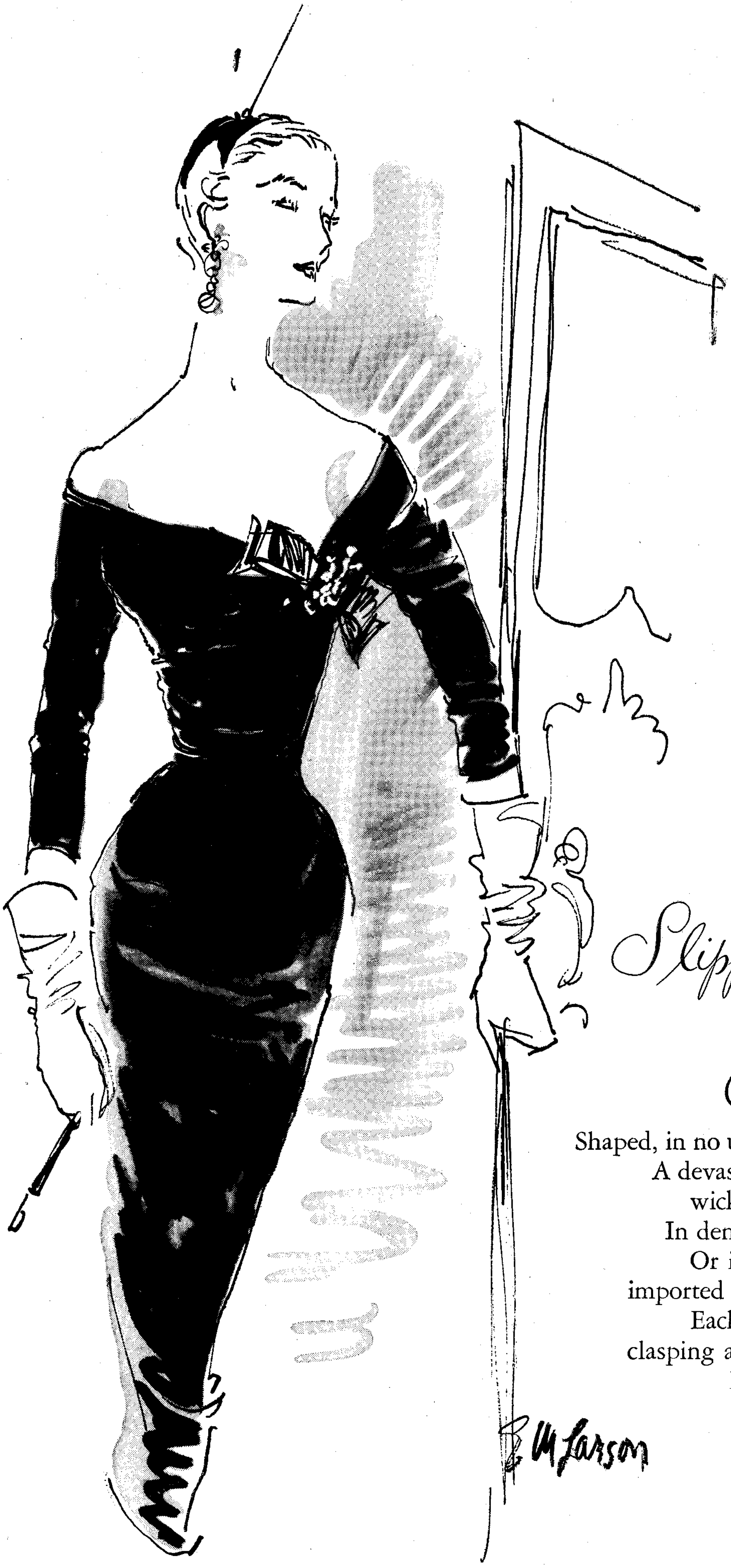

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anastasia—Guy Bolton's adaptation of a French work about the missing heiress to the Russian throne is fairly old-fashioned and preposterous, but admirers of Graustark may find it exactly their dish. Viveca Lindfors (who will be replaced by Dolly Haas on Monday, Sept. 19) and Cathleen Nesbitt play a couple of surviving Romanoffs. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Sept. 24.)

Bus Stop—A group of troubled people snowbound in a roadside diner. William Inge's play is both funny and touching, and it is acted by a talented cast that includes Kim Stanley, Elaine Stritch, and Anthony Ross. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

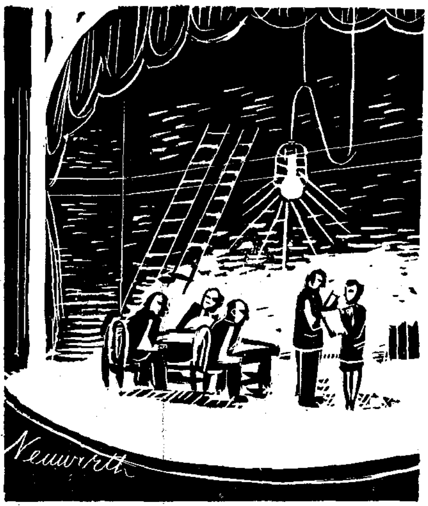
Cat on a Hot Tin Roof—Tennessee Williams' play about a man who finds it very hard to get along in a hostile world is just about the most interesting thing around at the moment. Barbara Bel Geddes and Burl Ives are brilliant in leadings roles, and Elia Kazan's direction is an enormous help, too. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Inherit the Wind—The Scopes Trial, or an approximation of it. Reopens on Saturday, Sept. 17, with Melvyn Douglas in Paul Muni's role as Clarence Darrow, and Ed Begley still roaring satisfactorily as William Jennings Bryan. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Preview benefit performance for the Damon Runyon Fund Friday, Sept. 16.)

Long Runs—**ANNIVERSARY WALTZ:** A comedy, by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields, centered on a couple—Jeanne Shepherd and Andrew Duggan—who lived together before getting married and whose children find out about it. Phyllis Hill and Leif Erickson are scheduled to take over the lead roles on Monday, Sept. 19. (Booth, 45th St., CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Sept. 24.)... **BAD SEED:** Maxwell Anderson's melodrama about a nine-year-old girl who inherits a taste for murder. With Nancy Kelly and Patty McCormack. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)... **LUNATICS AND LOVERS:** A farce by Sidney Kingsley. The cast now includes Jerome Cowan, Buddy Hackett, Sheila Bond, Vicki Cummings, Haila Stoddard, Nat Cantor, and Whitfield Connor. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Oct. 8.)... **THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON:** All about the Americanization of Okinawa. At present, Eli Wallach and John Beal are representatives of the warring cultures in John Patrick's play, and they are seconded by Paul Ford, William Hansen, and Mariko Niki. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION:** Agatha Christie's exercise in mystery melodrama. The play has a cast of thirty, headed by Francis L. Sullivan, Patricia Jessel, Una O'Connor, Gene Lyons, and Robin Craven. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Ankles Aweigh—A piece of old-fashioned claptrap that should cure you of any nostalgia you might have for the way things were on the musical stage a quarter of a century ago. Betty Kean and Lew Parker are prominent in the cast. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 17.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

Catch a Star!—This revue, starring David Burns and Pat Carroll, is probably an adequate early-season offering, but it isn't very long on either wit or style. Danny and Neil Simon wrote a lot of the sketches; Sammy Fain and Phil Charig turned out most of the tunes; and Paul Webster and Ray Golden are among the many lyricists. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Damn Yankees—A lively and inventive story of a baseball fan who sells his soul to the Devil in order to help the Washington Senators beat the local American League team. Adapted by George Abbott and Douglass Wallop from the latter's novel, "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant," the play has pleasant tunes by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross, and a hell of a fine demon in the person of Gwen Verdon. Ray Walston, as her employer, and Stephen Douglass, as her earth-bound suitor, are very talented, too. The dances are stimulating, and the male chorus actually seems to know its baseball. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Sept. 18.)

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Plain and Fancy—Spirited doings among the Amish folk of Pennsylvania, who prove to be an unexpectedly humorous lot. The book was put together by Joseph Stein and Will Glickman, the music and lyrics by Albert Hague and Arnold B. Horwitt, respectively, and the dances by Helen Tamiris. In the cast are Shirl Conway, Dran Seitz, Richard Derr, and David Daniels. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Silk Stockings—Even without Garbo, this musical version of "Ninotchka" is a comic and breezy piece of work. Cole Porter wrote the engaging songs, and George S. Kaufman, Leueen MacGrath, and Abe Burrows attended to the jokes. Hildegarde Neff and Don Ameche head the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**THE BOY FRIEND:** A British satire on musicals of the twenties, with Julie Andrews as its blank, blond heroine. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **COMEDY IN MUSIC:** Victor Borge in a one-man show. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **FANNY:** Life on the Marseille waterfront, as interpreted by S. N. Behrman and Joshua Logan from a movie trilogy by Marcel Pagnol. With Ezio Pinza and Walter Slezak. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)... **THE PAJAMA GAME:** Love and union troubles in a pajama factory. John Raitt, Eddie Foy, Jr., Helen Gallagher, and Pat Marshall are now among the principal garment workers. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Amato Opera Theatre—Friday through Sunday, Sept. 16-18: "Don Pasquale," in English.... ¶ Starting Friday, Sept. 23: "Manon." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance.)

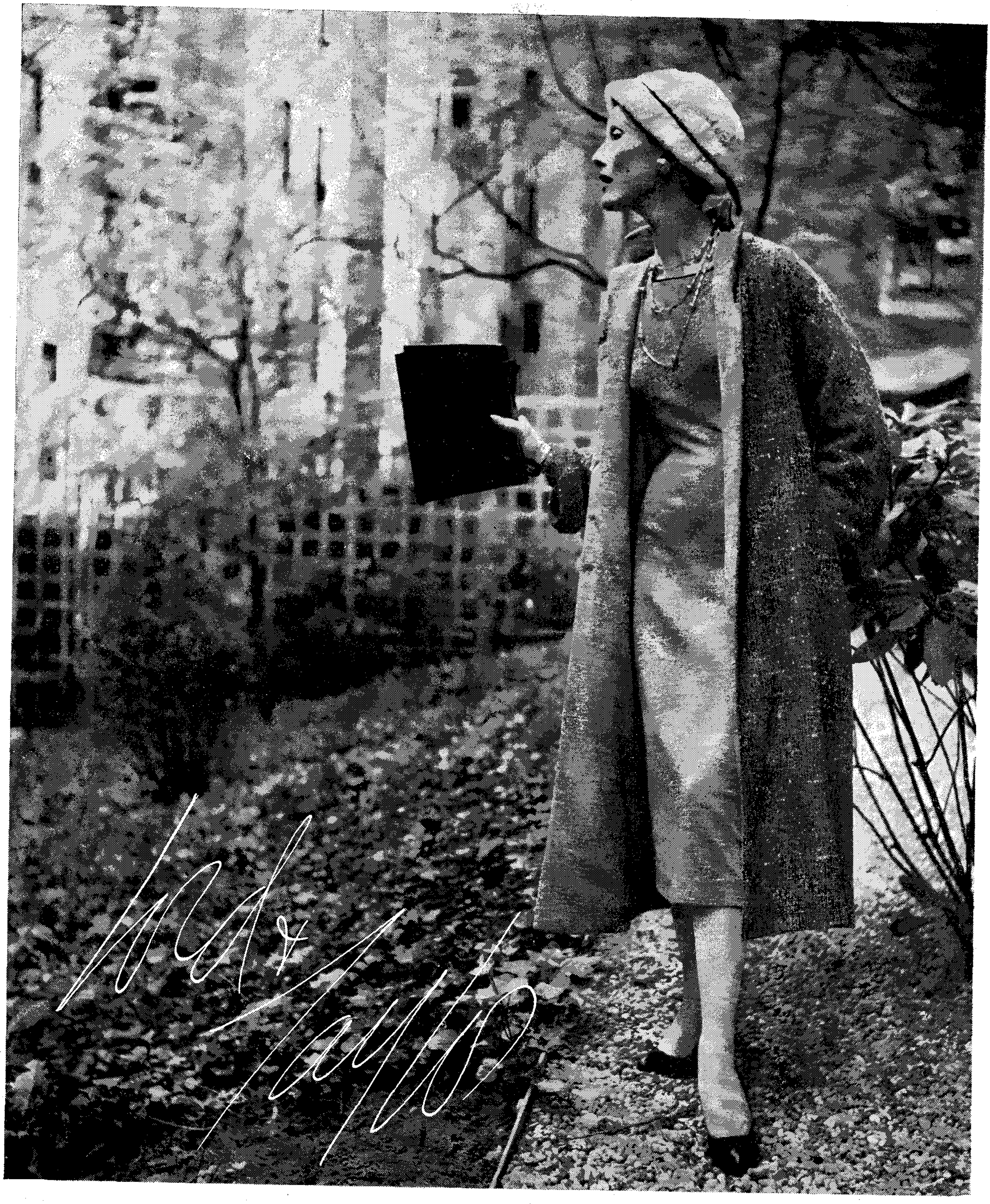
Brattle Shakespeare Players—A two-play, four week engagement by a company from Cambridge, Mass.—"Othello," with William Marshall, Jerome Kilty, and Jan Farrand, will play through Sunday, Sept. 18.... ¶ The second production, "Henry IV, Part I," with Jerome Kilty and Jan Farrand, will have a preview Tuesday, Sept. 20; open officially on Wednesday, Sept. 21; and run through Sunday, Oct. 2. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—A revival of Paul Osborn's "Morning's at Seven," with Harrison Dowd and Dorrit Kelton in a cast under the direction of Warren Enters. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-9583. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Sundays at 2:40.)

Circle in the Square—"La Ronde," Eric Bentley's English adaptation of Arthur Schnitzler's play "Reigen," with Felice Orlandi and Betty Miller. Directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Provincetown Playhouse—Gordon Sterne in Kafka's "The Trial," a presentation of Theatre 12, staged by Denis Vaughan. ... ¶ Frank Wedekind's "Spring's Awakening" will take the place of "The Trial" for

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine. Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president: E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; S. B. Botsford, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXXI, No. 31, September 17, 1955. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1955, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.



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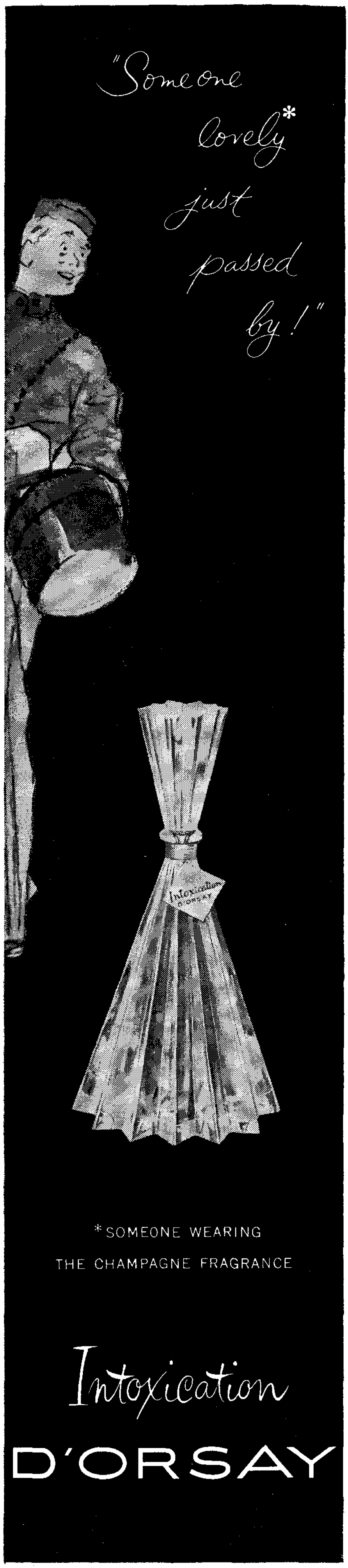


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

a single performance by the same group on Saturday afternoon, Sept. 17. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein, based on the original by Bertolt Brecht. Lotte Lenya and Scott Merrill head the cast. Directed by Carmen Capalbo and produced by him and Stanley Chase, in association with Lucille Lortel. Opens Tuesday, Sept. 20. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

BALLET

Sadler's Wells Ballet—Thursday evening, Sept. 15: "Scènes de Ballet," "The Lady and the Fool," and "Daphnis and Chloë." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 16: "Scènes de Ballet," "The Lady and the Fool," and "Tirésias" (American première). . . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, Sept. 17: "The Sleeping Beauty." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée and evening, Sept. 18: "The Lady and the Fool," "Daphnis and Chloë," and "Façade." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Sept. 20: "Rinaldo and Armida" (American première), "The Firebird," and "Tirésias." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Sept. 21: "Coppélia" and "Façade." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 22: "Coppélia" and "Rinaldo and Armida." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 23, and Saturday matinée and evening, Sept. 24: "Le Lac des Cygnes." (Metropolitan Opera House. LO 5-1374. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Oct. 16.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Ice Capades of '56," with a company of skaters headed by Donna Atwood and Bobby Specht. This year, the big production number is a frozen version of "Peter Pan." It's no cinch finding a crocodile who knows how to ice skate. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Through Sunday, Sept. 25.)

Marcel Marceau—A pantomimist, well known in France, appearing for the first time in America in a two-week engagement that opens Tuesday, Sept. 20, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 2. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club vibrates gently to Viennese dinner music by Jani Sarkozi's men. After ten, Quintero's rumba-makers alternate with Chauncey Gray's band on some dance arrangements. Closed Mondays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—The Palm Court looks like the nineteenth hole of a fashionable country club at four in the afternoon, when Emery Deutsch's violin recital of sweet nothings begins. He's there every day but Sunday, and he's also audible from seven to nine in the Madison Room Mondays through Fridays. No dancing anywhere.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The captains and the kings in their pet counting house. Charles Holden's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band drown out most of the commercials.

La Vie, 133 E. 48th St. (MU 8-8420)—While other entrepreneurs are tearing down New York's old landmarks, Monte Proser is building new ones. His latest, a memorial to Broadway's turbulent twenties, offers Diahann Carroll, lately the beguiling moppet of "House of Flowers," who still has a couple of things to learn about torch singing, and Henny Youngman, a gagman whose prodigious memory never fails him. On Saturday, Sept. 24, the cast will be reshuffled.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—As of Wednesday, Sept. 21, Mimi Benzell, surrounded by dancers, singers, and comics, will again be raising her voice in the Cotillion Room instead of the Met. She and her rout will appear only at dinner, except on Fridays and Saturdays, when there'll be a supper show, too. The dance music (Stanley Melba's band) goes on until one. The place is closed on Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet or a reasonable facsimile makes music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the ornate Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Those old family retainers—Ted Straeter's combined orchestra and male chorus, and Mark Monte's musicians—are on the bandstand of the Persian Room, and Gilbert Bécaud, fresh from the streets of Paris, is piping away in front of them. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, much favored by devotees of the art of dining and dancing in state, has Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's string orchestra has resumed its daily teatime concerts in the stately Palm Court. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Alan Holmes' orchestra performs at dinner and supper in the great big Grill. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Be it ever so splendid, there's almost no place like the Maisonette, where Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's small bands tinkle away all evening and Constance Moore discusses, in forthright lyrics, a few of the problems women would love to be heir to. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day, Irving Conn's cohorts play in the Café Lounge for dinner and supper, not to mention tea dancing.

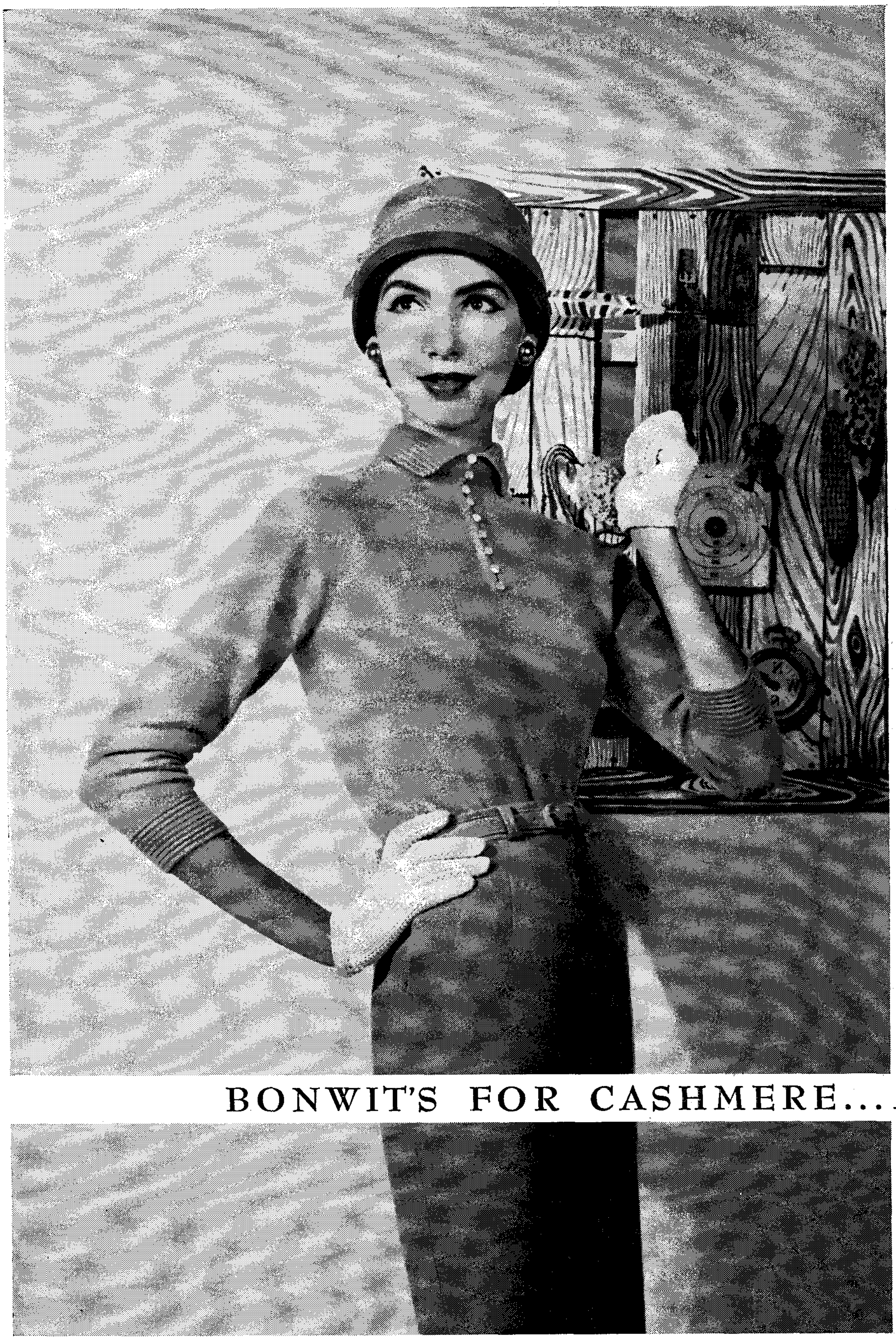
Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Les Elgart's orchestra puts thought as well as fervor into the dance tunes in the colossal Café Rouge. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—An endless reunion of people who are never going to let go of their first childhood and people who are deeply entangled in their second or third. Dancing to Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—The night life of the open-air Sunday-school picnic here includes moths and fireflies, as well as leisurely dance music, which starts at eight on week nights, at seven on Sundays. For rainy nights, there's an indoor gym.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Edith Piaf, the artful Parisian songbird who made blood, sweat, and tears fashionable, has nested here again after a prolonged absence. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioë's orchestra for dancing after nine.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—On the Starlight Roof, the band of Xavier Cugat purrs now like a Mercedes, now like a marauding tiger as it unreels its Caribbean dance tunes. The vaudeville that surrounds it is a wee mite soporific. Closed



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sundays....¶In a clearing in the tangled wildwood of Peacock Alley, Alex Fogarty is once more playing party piano from six to twelve every night but Sunday, on which evening there's dancing, eight to twelve, to Mischa Borr's band.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room, far above the madding crowd, is open for cocktails from four-thirty to nine. Languid non-dance music bubbles up now and then, and not a single taxi horn is heard. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The town's permanent stags at eve come in to feast their fill and listen, arm in arm with their ladies, to the Viennese schmalz of Kurt Maier's piano. No music Sundays.... **WEYLIN ROOM,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): Every evening but Sunday, Cy Walter, dean of the offbeat drawing-room pianists, makes music from six to eight and again from ten to two in this little pleasure dome.... **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): An extremely plush parlor wherein Addison Bailey strokes a piano during cocktails, dinner, and after the theatre. Paul Morse is the Sunday driver.... **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 302 E. 58th St. (PL 9-7245): Louis Hawkins, pianist, raconteur, restaurateur, and good-will ambassador, arrives at his jaunty ropewalk at seven, and remains, hale and hearty, until all hours.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The Spanish rodeo set forth here is all quite jolly, and rather a relief from the mambo. Dancing for the house guests, too. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): The three-hours-for-dinner set takes its ease while George Kent gently tinkers with his piano. He's in action at cocktails and supper, too. Closed Sundays.... **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Anyone not out in the kitchen making fudge in this meeting place of gregarious youth is apt to bob up onstage singing along with whoever is at the Steinway.... **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Quite possibly the smallest of all Manhattan's conversation rooms and one that's given to late hours. Ralph Strain, whose romance piano is always in the fine old tradition, checks in at ten, and a quiet drummer lends a pair of hands at midnight. Closed Mondays.... **LITTLE BOHEMIA,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 7-6398): From seven-thirty until early morning, there are musicians (now stationary, now perambulatory) whose bowings and scrapings provide the perfect seasonings for Wiener schnitzel and hot borsch. Closed Sundays.... **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Strictly from Hungary, and operated in the one-big-happy-family manner. It is also a preserve for the nearly extinct czimbalom. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the plain-spoken bar of the Hotel Earle, Laurie Brewis, the London edition of the show-tune encyclopedia, is at the piano after eight-thirty weekdays and after five on Sundays. No music Mondays.

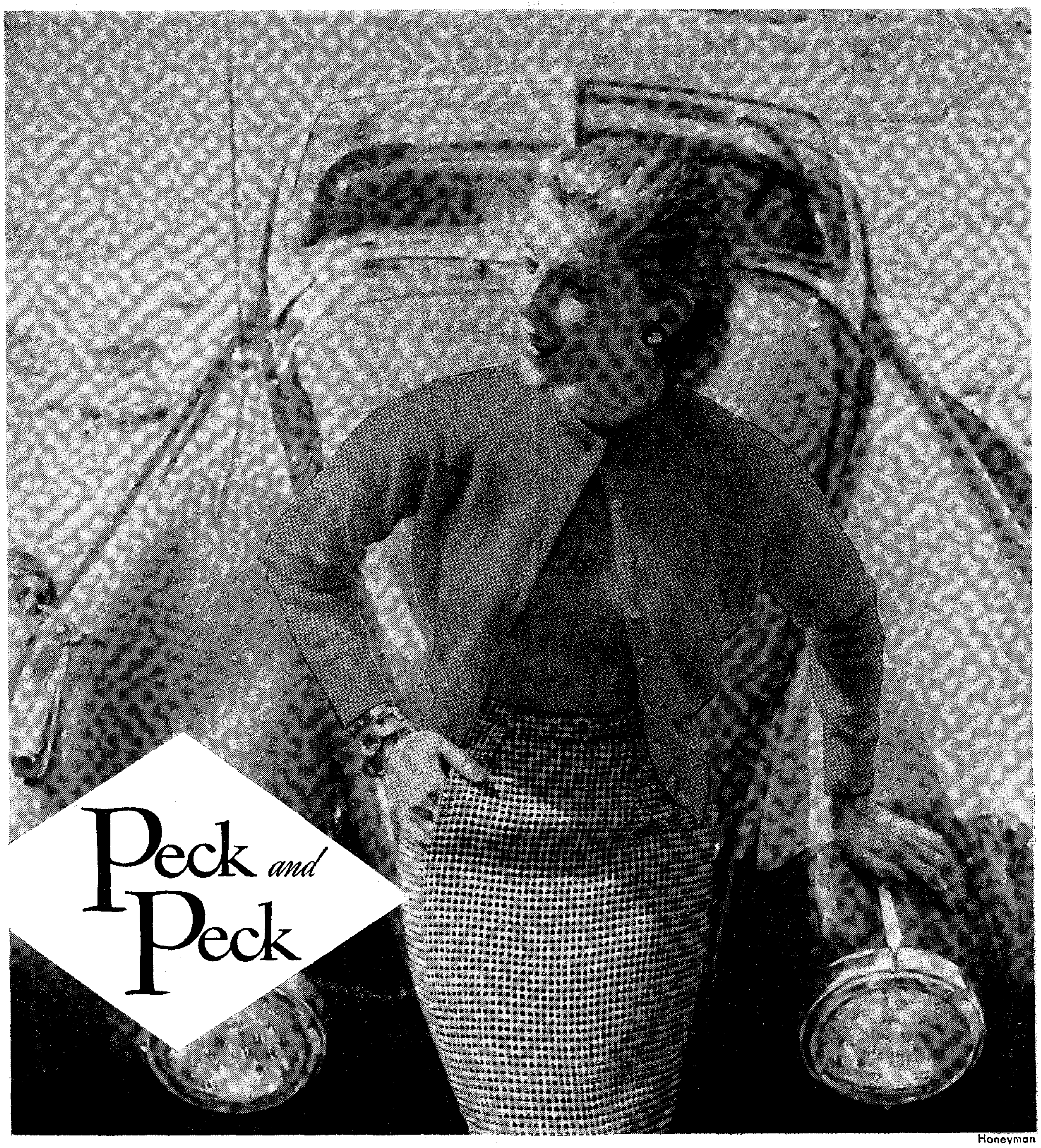
BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): This cave of the winds has been largely reconstructed, but its folkways remain untouched. However, in compensation, there is Joe E. Lewis, the latter-day Rabelais, and his *contes drolatiques* (wine, women, and race horses), to say nothing of Julie Wilson, the epitome of the American showgirl, who does a neat job with her paeans to dalliance. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): A slice of genuine East Side night life—Robert Clary, the French pogo stick, doing his nip-ups, ballads, and banter; Mort Sahl's report on the state of the nation (utter confusion, followed by laughter); Ceil Cabot's *reductio-ad-absurdum* treatment of popular lyrics; and Barbara McNair's terse little love sonnets. They're supported by the ardent puls-



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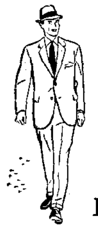

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ings of Jimmy Lyons' trio and the literate piano of Bart Howard and Otis Clements. . . . ¶ Except Saturday nights, the Lyons trio plays very modern drinking songs in the lounge from two to four in the morning. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): The experimental workshop here is more experimental than ever this fall; right now, the only familiar faces belong to the Norman Paris trio, whose music has made many an experiment a resounding success, and Penny Malone, an amiable if diffuse comedienne. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The minx named Enid Mosier and a three-man steel band, without which the national anthem of Trinidad is hardly official, are spouting West Indian French, English, and music, all of it gay and simple-minded. Sylvia Syms, who is at home in the range between basso profundo and coloratura, can do almost anything with a song, and do it wittily and well. Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, plays for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): A casual and customary amalgam—double piano by Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, solo piano by Hazel Webster, and bits and snatches of humor by the house guests—Clara Cedrone and Damian Mitchell, who clown, and Virginia de Luce, who sings. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Mae Barnes has resumed her series of late-night rent parties, at which she, Jimmie Daniels, Tiger Haines, and a goodly portion of the audience sing the songs they love so well. There are also the quietly passionate ballads of Portia Nelson and the battering-ram parodies of Tony and Eddie, who may or may not be an acquired taste. The brief lulls are filled in by the music of the Three Flames. Closed Mondays. . . . **JORIE'S PURPLE ONION**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Sixth Avenue is pretty far west for Left Bankers, and pretty far east for her San Francisco aficionados, but nevertheless here is Jorie Remes and her *outré* comedy, every bit of it in perfectly plain, if sometimes tempestuous, English. Among her playmates are June Ericson, a spry buttercup with real songs and real style, and Cynthia Gooding, whose taste runs to rather erudite madrigals. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **PIN-UP ROOM**, 242 Lexington Ave., at 34th St. (MU 4-8678): Late in the evening, in the back room of this small bar, Mabel Mercer, an eclectic *salonnière*, starts singing her songs from the heart, all of them couched in the well-chosen words of such subtle poets as Bart Howard and Alec Wilder. Sam Hamilton is her accompanist and interlude pianist. Nothing doing Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Shock therapy by the wayward horn of the mighty Wild Bill Davison. He gets Solid South support from Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Pee Wee Russell, Walter Page, Tony Hannan, and once in a while even Mr. Condon, whose vocals are all sotto-voce and tableside. Ted Roy is the solo pianist. Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the interest. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Jonah Jones and his quartet, to whom jazz is a glorious pastime and not just a living, alternate on the stand with the trio headed by Dorothy Donegan, whose forehand drive makes the house piano rock and roll. They break loose at nine. Cocktail and dinner piano every day. Sunday nights, Jack Elliott's middle-of-the-road new-era trio usually has the floor. . . . **BASIN STREET**, Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): This hall of fame is open for inspection every weekend. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 15-17, it will be jumping for joy to the frenzy of Turk Murphy's San Francisco jazzhounds and the quintet headed by the celebrated Bobby Hackett; Don Shirley's duo will convert Beethoven into Gershwin, and vice versa. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 23-24, Gerry Mulligan's dawn-of-tomorrow sextet will be brooding on the premises, and so will the Shirley pair. . . . **NICK'S**,

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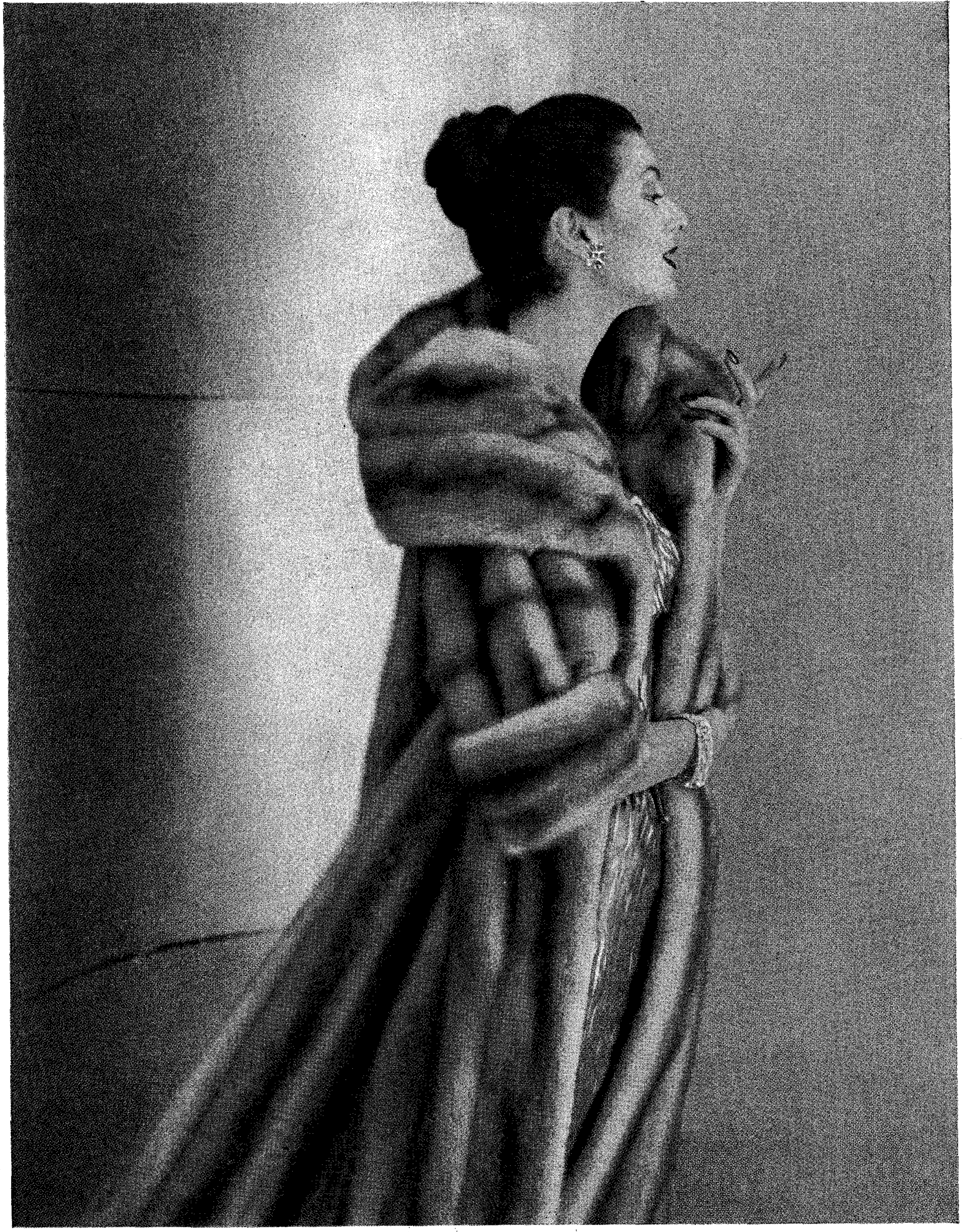

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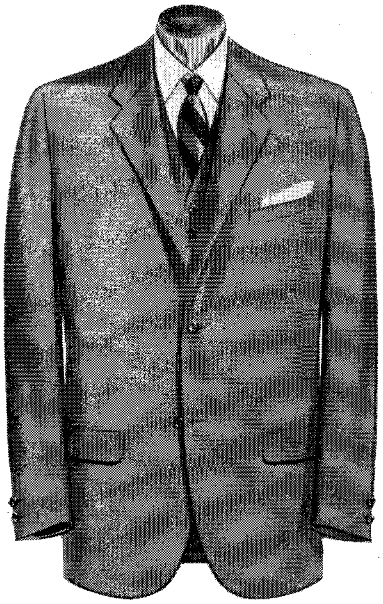
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The anvil chorus here is provided by Pee Wee Erwin's old-time Villagers. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris and his band (Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, Lee Blair, George Foster, and Sonny White) sound like nighttime on Rampart Street, which is the way 52nd Street sounded in its vintage years. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE COMPOSER**, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): The trio of Cy Coleman, a pianist now in the front rank of the experimentalists, is turning out light, airy fantasies by the dozen. Eddie Heywood's trio is more set in its ways, all of which are worthy. The first group is off Sundays; the other is off Mondays. Johnny Mehegan is at the piano at cocktail time every day but Saturday. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): A treat for any ears is the diversely convolute piano of Bud Powell, a much too infrequent visitor to town. He and his trio depart on Wednesday, Sept. 21, and next evening Count Basie's band and Bonnemere's mambo sextet will be showing up. Jam sessions Mondays, when the regulars are off duty. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor, whose piano is a many-splendored thing, leads his new-school trio a merry chase around the circular bar. His workday starts at nine; Monday is the sabbath. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): The saints come marching in day and night on the parade ground behind the bar. Among them you're apt to see Ken Kersey, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Sol Yaged, Red Allen, Buster Bailey, Benny Moten, and Claude Hopkins. Their plain chant has a marked Southern accent. The noise begins at 1 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays, and at 3 P.M. other days, and ends at 3 A.M. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): The home of the beer pitcher and catch-as-catch-can jazz. The battery for Friday, Sept. 16, will be Bobby Hackett, Billy Butterfield, Coleman Hawkins, Vic Dickenson, Miff Mole, Tony Parenti, Cecil Scott, Cliff Jackson, Sam Price, Pop Foster, George Wettling, Zutty Singleton, and Jimmy Rushing—a carload with nary a cough. Dancing.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

(Places to dine while out motoring. Telephoning ahead is always wise; a few places insist on it. No dancing, unless noted.)

BANKSVILLE, N.Y.: La Crémaillère. (Bedford Village 4-3306); closed Mondays. . . . **BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Sejour (HIcksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays. . . . **CONGERS, N.Y.:** Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays. . . . **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn (Pioneer 3-2726). . . . **EAST NORWICH, L.I.:** Rothmann's Inn (OYster Bay 6-0266). . . . **FISHKILL, N.Y.:** Boni's Inn (Beacon 9-7394); closed Mondays. . . . **GARRISON, N.Y.:** Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Tuesdays. . . . **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.:** Swan Club (ROslyn 3-0037); music nightly and dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **HARTSDALE, N.Y.:** Tordo's (WHite Plains 8-0597). . . . **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.:** André (HUnter 2-7717); piano every evening. . . . **NORWALK, CONN.:** Silvermine Tavern (Volunteer 6-2588). . . . **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.:** Nino's Continental (POrt Washington 7-7644); dancing every evening. . . . ¶ Riviera (POrt Washington 7-6500); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **POUND RIDGE, N.Y.:** Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-8873); closed Mondays. . . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Stonehenge, on Route 7 (Idlewood 8-6511); piano every evening. . . . ¶ Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Idlewood 8-2628); piano every evening except Monday. . . . **SMITHTOWN, L.I.:** Frank Friede's Riverside Inn (Smithtown 2-1016); closed Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Mont d'Or Inn (Smithtown 2-1997); closed Mondays. . . . **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.:** Round Hill (Huntington 4-1371); closed Mondays. . . . **SYOSSET, L.I.:** Villa Victor (WAlnut 1-4000). . . . **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.:** Tappan Hill (TArrytown 4-3030); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **WESTBURY, L.I.:** Westbury Manor (EDgewood 3-2184); piano every evening



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ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

LOUIS EILSHEMIUS—Paintings, some of them on loan, by this unclassifiable American who died in 1941; through Friday, Sept. 16. (Gallery 62, 62 W. 56th St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 6.)

AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS—Three exhibitions prepared for nationwide circulation: (1) "In Memoriam," thirty-six paintings by Hartley, Kuniyoshi, Marin, and nine others; (2) thirty-eight paintings by thirty-eight living Americans—Hofmann, Feininger, Pollock, and others; and (3) three works apiece by ten Italian painters and sculptors, among them Fazzini and Vespignani; through Tuesday, Sept. 20. (National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park S. Daily, noon to 6.)

SCULPTORS GUILD, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A display, in an outdoor setting, of more than a hundred sculptures, widely diversified in style and medium, by approximately fifty Americans, including Chaim Gross, Cleo Hartwig, John Hovannes, and William Zorach; through Oct. 30. (Daily, 10:30 to 6:30.)

SCULPTURE CENTER, 167 E. 69th St.—A roundup of newly completed works, along with some that have been away on loan and some that have not been shown for about a year; the participants include Barbara Lekberg, Milton Hebald, and Leo Amino. Through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 8 to 10.)

PAINTERS OF LOS ANGELES—A presentation of paintings by twenty-four artists, seven California-born and the rest long-time residents of Los Angeles; through Oct. 1. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

DRAWINGS—"Man and Woman" is the theme for a large exhibit of drawings by painters and sculptors of various nationalities and many schools; through Oct. 6. (Artists', 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

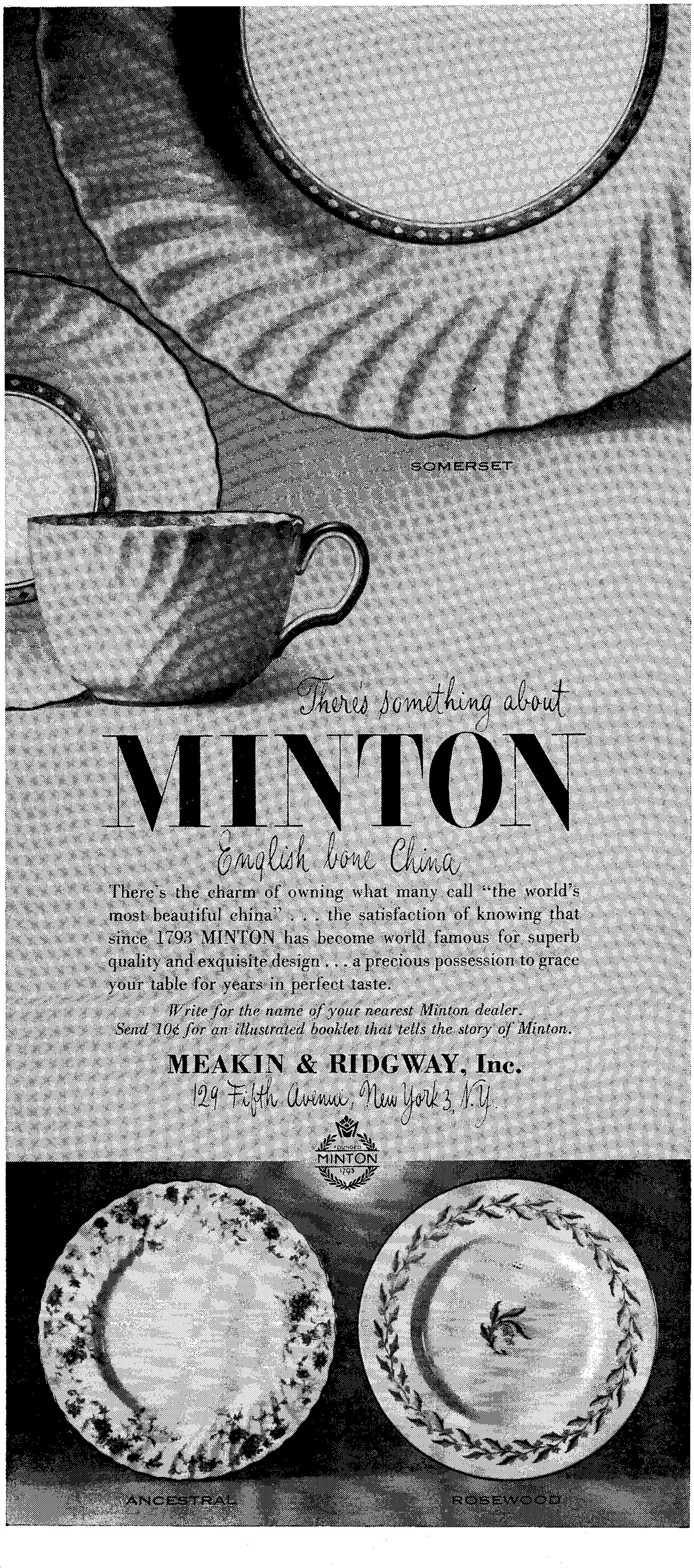
AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **A.C.A.,** 63 E. 57th St.: Philip Evergood and Anton Refregier are among those contributing to the opening show of the twenty-fourth season here; through Saturday, Sept. 17. . . . **ALAN,** 32 E. 65th St.: Each of the twenty-three gallery members, including Oliver Andrews and Carroll Cloar, has one item (oils predominate) on exhibit; through Oct. 1. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: A show entitled "Figurative Painting" comprises pieces by members of the gallery, among them Raphael Soyer, Robert Philipp, and Marion Greenwood; through Oct. 10. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 32 E. 57th St.: Paintings and a few sculptures by, among others, John Laurent, Yuen Yuey Chinn, and John Koch; through Sept. 30. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **PASSEDOIT,** 121 E. 57th St.: Eugene Ludins and the late B. J. O. Nordfeldt are among the painters represented in the second part of "Highlights '54-'55;" through Saturday, Sept. 24. (Closed after noon on Saturdays.) . . . **STABLE,** 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.: Oils by Marca-Relli, Dug More, Ernest Briggs, and other modern Americans; through Sept. 30. (Closed Saturdays.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—French Old Masters and Impressionists, American nineteenth-century paintings, and English sporting pictures; through Friday, Sept. 16. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

FRENCH; GROUP SHOWS—At the **KOOTZ,** 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Recent acquisitions from the French painters Pierre Soulages, Georges Mathieu, Gérard Schneider, and Jean Dubuffet; through Oct. 8. . . . **ROSENBERG,** 20 E. 79th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century oils by Picasso, Braque, Dégas, and others; through Sept. 30. (Closed Saturdays.)

VILLAGE ART CENTER, 39 Grove St.—Around eighty paintings (by Margaret Layton, Harold Toledo, Elia Bracha, and others) are in the thirteenth annual water-color exhibition; through Sept. 30. (Daily, 1 to 6.)

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square



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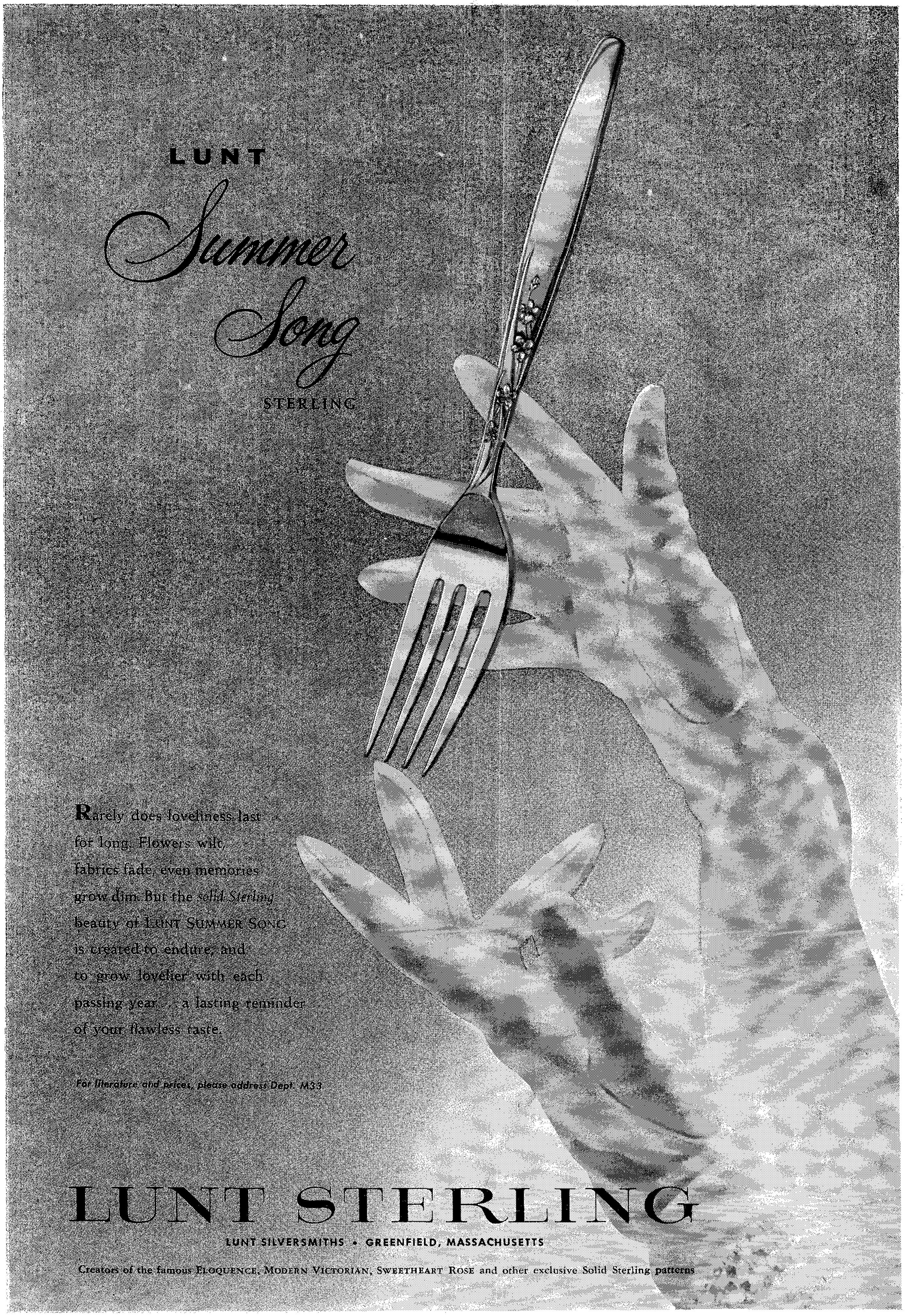

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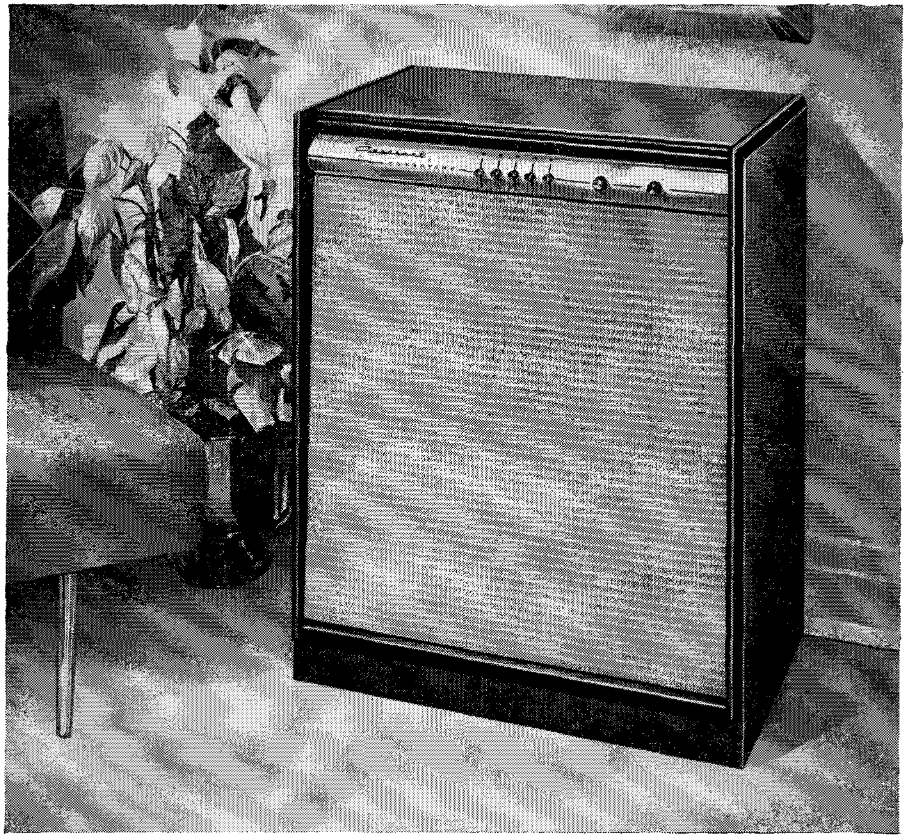

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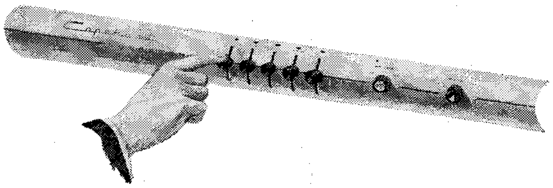

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, starting at 2 and continuing until dark; through Oct. 2.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Persian and Assyrian antiquities in gold, silver, and ivory. . . . ¶ Two hundred prints made by members of the Society of American Graphic Artists and presented by them to the Museum as a memorial to John Taylor Arms; starting Saturday, Sept. 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than forty paintings and drawings by the French-American Surrealist Yves Tanguy, in a retrospective reviewing the years from 1927 until his death last January; through Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Twenty canvases from the early period (1913-19) of Giorgio de Chirico's career; through Oct. 30. . . . ¶ "Textiles and Ornamental Arts from India," with both ancient and modern examples, many of them loaned by the Victoria and Albert Museum; through Sept. 25. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Small sculptures in silver, dating from early Egyptian to the present and including pieces by José de Creeft, Richard Lippold, and David Smith; through Oct. 16. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Selection V," consisting of recent acquisitions ("Composition," by Willem de Kooning, is one) and previously unexhibited paintings from the Museum's collection (including "Artist's Sister," by Chagall), as well as paintings and sculptures from earlier Selections; through Oct. 9. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Contemporary American sculptures, paintings, and drawings from the Museum's permanent collection; through Sunday, Sept. 18. . . . ¶ A memorial exhibition devoted to the works of Reginald Marsh (1898-1954). Included are oils, water colors, drawings, and prints, plus photographs and drawings of murals. Starts Wednesday, Sept. 21. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

Interval Concerts—Phyllis Kraeuter, cello; Karl Kraeuter, violin; and Joseph Wolman, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Sept. 20, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call DA 3-8091. Through Friday, Sept. 30.)

Jussi Bjoerling—Tenor. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Sept. 24, at 8:30.)

Obernkirchen Children's Choir—Edith Moeller directing. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Sept. 24, at 8:30, and Sunday, Sept. 25, at 2:30.)

Jazz at the Philharmonic—A big get-together involving Ella Fitzgerald, Oscar Peterson, Stan Getz, Illinois Jacquet, Flip Phillips, Dizzy Gillespie, Roy Eldridge, Buddy Rich, Gene Krupa, and others. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Sept. 17, at 8:30 and at midnight.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **ebbets field:** Dodgers vs. Giants, Friday, Sept. 16, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 17-18, at 2. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday, Sept. 20, at 5:30 (twi-night doubleheader). . . . **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Boston, Friday, Sept. 16, at 8:15, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 17-18, at 2. . . . **polo grounds:** Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 20-21, at 1:30 (doubleheaders). . . . ¶ Giants vs. Philadelphia, Friday, Sept. 23, at 1:30, and Saturday, Sept. 24, at 2.

Boxing—Rocky Marciano vs. Archie Moore, 15 rounds, for the World Heavyweight Championship. (Yankee Stadium. Tuesday, Sept. 20. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10:30.)

College Football—Saturday, Sept. 24: Colgate vs. Dartmouth, at Hamilton, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Brown, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. William and Mary, at Annapolis, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven, at 2.

Golf—U.S.G.A. Men's Amateur Championship. (Country Club of Virginia, Richmond, Va. Through Saturday, Sept. 17.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Fenway Golf Club, White Plains. Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 20-22.) . . . ¶ Westchester Seniors' Golf Association Championship. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 21-22.)

Horse Show—Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley, L.I. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 15-17.)

Hunt Racing—Foxcatcher Hunt Meeting. (Fairhill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 17.) . . . ¶ Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J. Saturday, Sept. 24.)

Motorboat Racing—President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D.C. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 17-18.)

Polo—At the **HUNTINGTON POLO CLUB**, Huntington: Fridays at 8. . . . **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:15; through Tuesday, Sept. 20. The Beldame Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 17, and the Cowdin, Tuesday, Sept. 20. (Trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . **BELMONT PARK:** Weekdays at 1:15, from Wednesday, Sept. 21, through Wednesday, Oct. 19. The Fall Highweight Handicap, Wednesday, Sept. 21, and the Jerome Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 24. (The train schedule will be the same as that given above.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Wednesday, Oct. 5. The American Bred and the Foreign Bred, Saturday, Sept. 17, and the United Nations Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 24. (A train leaves Penn Station at 10:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

Sports-Car Road Racing—Over hill, over dale for the Grand Prix, the Seneca Cup, the Queen Catharine Cup, and other awards. (Watkins Glen, N.Y. Practice runs on Friday, Sept. 16; first official race Saturday, Sept. 17, at 10 A.M.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:40; through Tuesday, Nov. 15. (Buses for the track meet New York Central trains at Mt. Vernon.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The tenth session of the General Assembly is scheduled to begin on Tuesday, Sept. 20. In the meantime, there will be periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees, which the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene Mondays through Fridays at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so, daily from 9 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered, Mondays through Fridays, by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

Flower Show—A display of dahlias presented by the American Dahlia Society and the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Tuesday, Sept. 20, from 4 to 10, and Wednesday, Sept. 21, from 10 to 9.)

Manuscripts and Books—An exhibition including illuminated manuscripts dating from the ninth through the fifteenth centuries; early classical texts—Aristotle (1483) and Livy (1470); and autograph manuscripts and letters of, among others, Voltaire, Franklin, Poe, and Disraeli. Through Oct. 8. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Trip to the Moon," accompanies a scientific party on a visit to the earth's nearest neighbor. Through Sept. 30. (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium start every night at 8.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Gate of Hell—A magnificent Japanese film, dealing with revolt and passion in the thirteenth century. The color is superb, the action brisk, and the impact powerful. Directed by Teinosuke Kinugasa, and starring Machiko Kyo, Kazuo Hasegawa, and Isao Yamagata. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

I Am a Camera—The scene is Berlin, shortly before *der schöne Adolf* assumes command, and the chief figure is Julie Harris, who hits town from England without a care in the world. An odd and wonderful time is had by all, including Shelley Winters, Laurence Harvey, and Anton Diffring. An English film, out of Christopher Isherwood's stories and John van Druten's play. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

Marty—The romance of a Bronx butcher projected so ingeniously that the film may well be the best thing you're going to see in these parts for quite a while. Ernest Borgnine plays the meatcutter, and Betsy Blair is the lady in whom he eventually finds solace. Both get fine support from the rest of the cast. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Sheep Has Five Legs—Fernandel triumphant, as the father of five—all of them forty years old, and all on hand for their fortieth birthday. Funny, and French. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

The Shrike—José Ferrer in an incisive portrayal of a man driven close to madness by a domineering wife and a clutch of inept psychiatrists. The wife in question is played by June Allyson, who is a bit too fragile to sustain her heavy role. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting Sept. 21. . . . ¶ Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; starting Sept. 21, tentative.)

Summertime—Some of the finest views of Venice you ever laid eyes on, backing up a pleasantly enacted tale of an American girl, out for culture, who eventually finds the views less entrancing than an Italian antique dealer. Katharine Hepburn is charming as the native abroad, and Rossano Brazzi strikes a firm blow for Valentino's countrymen. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

REVIVALS

All About Eve (1950)—Bette Davis and Anne Baxter in a comedy dealing with some of the foibles of the theatre. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 15.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about a search for a stolen bicycle by a workman and his son. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Brief Encounter (1946)—A British cinema expansion of Noel Coward's one-act play "Still Life." With Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Sept. 16-21.)

The Captive Heart (1947)—Allied soldiers in a German prison camp. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; Sept. 18-19.)

Carmen Jones (1954)—Oscar Hammerstein's way-down-South version of the Bizet opera. Dorothy Dandridge and Harry Belafonté play the lovers. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 16-17.)

Desert Victory (1943)—A British documentary film of Montgomery's Libyan campaign. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; Sept. 20-21.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—A French film about the effect of war and death on two small children. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Sept. 21.)

Here Comes Mr. Jordan (1941)—About a prizefighter who gets mixed up with the hereafter. Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains, and James Gleason. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Sept. 15.)

High and Dry (1954)—Merriment in Scottish coastal waters, involving Alex MacKenzie and Paul Douglas. A British film. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Sept. 16-17.)

I Know Where I'm Going (1947)—Wendy Hiller and Roger Livesey stormbound in the Hebrides. An English film. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Sept. 16-17.)

Laura (1944)—Clifton Webb, Gene Tierney, and Dana Andrews involved in homicide. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Sept. 15.)

Tight Little Island (1949)—An English comedy about some Scots and a wartime whiskey shortage. With Basil Radford. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Sept. 16-21.)

The True Glory (1945)—A documentary film of the war, with a commentary by Dwight D. Eisenhower and others. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; Sept. 20-21.)

Two Cents Worth of Hope (1952)—An Italian comedy, played against a background of poverty and unemployment by a cast of amateurs. Directed by Renato Castellani. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Sept. 21.)

Volpone (1947)—Harry Baur and Louis Jouvet in a French version of the Jonson comedy. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Sept. 18-20.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—A series of U.P.A. cartoons, showings at 2. Through Sept. 18: "Little Boy with a Big Horn" and others. Starting Sept. 19: "Spellbound Hound" and others. . . . ¶ A series entitled "Masterworks from the Film Library Collection," showings at 3 and 5:30. Through Sept. 18: "The Wind" (1928), with Lillian Gish. Starting Sept. 19: "Baloonatics" (1923), directed by Buster Keaton; and "The Strong Man" (1926), directed by Frank Capra. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
SUMMERTIME.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through Sept. 21: "The Man from Laramie," James Stewart, Arthur Kennedy.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"You're Never Too Young," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Ulysses," Kirk Douglas, Silvana Mangano.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Kentuckian," Burt Lancaster, Dianne Foster, Diana Lynn.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"It's Always Fair Weather," Gene Kelly, Dan Dailey, Cyd Charisse.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"To Catch a Thief," Cary Grant, Grace Kelly.

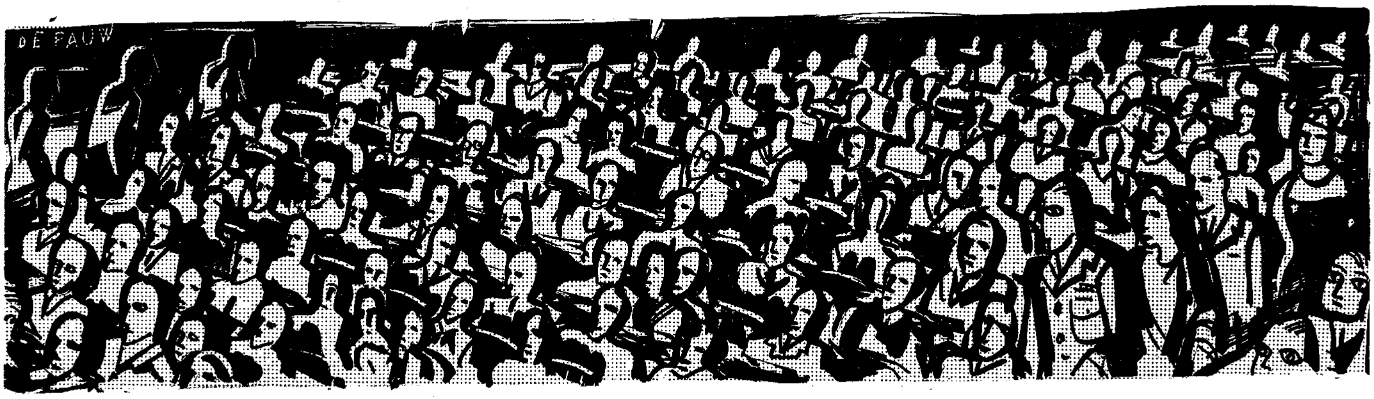
Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through Sept. 20: "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing," William Holden, Jennifer Jones.
From Sept. 21, at 8:30: "The Left Hand of God," Humphrey Bogart, Gene Tierney. (Opening night will be a benefit for Boys' Towns of Italy.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Phenix City Story," John McIntire, Richard Kiley.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Sept. 21: "Pete Kelly's Blues," Jack Webb, Janet Leigh.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama Holiday." (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
THE BICYCLE THIEF (in Italian), revival; and "Tomorrow Is Too Late" (in Italian), revival, Pier Angeli, Vittorio De Sica.



NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				15	16	17
18	19	20	21			

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"One Summer of Happiness" (in Swedish), Ulla Jacobsson, Folke Sundquist.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 7-9653)
Through Sept. 20: "The Virgin Queen," Bette Davis, Richard Todd; and "Tonight's the Night," revival, David Niven.
From Sept. 21: THE SHRIKE; and "Crashout," William Bendix, Arthur Kennedy.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"To Paris with Love," Alec Guinness, Odile Versois.

Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Sept. 15: HERE COMES MR. JORDAN, revival; and "Specter of the Rose," revival, Michael Chekhov.
Sept. 16-21: TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND, revival; and BRIEF ENCOUNTER, revival.

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Sept. 18: "Footsteps in the Fog," Jean Simmons, Stewart Granger; and "The Night Holds Terror," Jack Kelly.
Sept. 19-20: "Branded," revival, Alan Ladd, Mona Freeman; and "Submarine Command," revival, William Holden, Nancy Olsen.
From Sept. 21: "Not as a Stranger," Olivia de Havilland, Robert Mitchum; and "The Big Bluff," John Bromfield.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through Sept. 21 (tentative): "Court Martial," David Niven, Margaret Leighton.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
MARTY.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Sept. 17: "The Virgin Queen," Bette Davis, Richard Todd; and "Tonight's the Night," revival, David Niven.
Sept. 18-20: "Foxfire," Jane Russell, Jeff Chandler; and "Francis in the Navy," Donald O'Connor.
From Sept. 21: THE SHRIKE; and "Crashout," William Bendix, Arthur Kennedy.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE SHEEP HAS FIVE LEGS (in French).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Private War of Major Benson," Charlton Heston, Julie Adams.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Leonide Massine.

York, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-5779)
Sept. 15: "The Seven Little Foys," Bob Hope; and "Timberjack," Sterling Hayden, Vera Ralston.
Sept. 16-17: HIGH AND DRY, revival; and I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING, revival.
Sept. 18-19: "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," revival, Jane Powell, Howard Keel; and "When Worlds Collide," revival, Richard Derr, Barbara Rush.
From Sept. 20: "The Seven Year Itch," Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell; and "Gang-Busters," Myron Healey, Don C. Harvey.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Sept. 20: "To Paris with Love," Alec Guinness, Odile Versois.
From Sept. 21: "The Bed" (in French and English), Richard Todd, Vittorio De Sica.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Daddy Long Legs," Fred Astaire, Leslie Caron.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Sept. 18: "Footsteps in the Fog," Jean Simmons, Stewart Granger; and "The Night Holds Terror," Jack Kelly.
Sept. 19-20: "Branded," revival, Alan Ladd, Mona Freeman; and "Submarine Command," revival, William Holden, Nancy Olsen.
From Sept. 21: "Not as a Stranger," Olivia de Havilland, Robert Mitchum; and "The Big Bluff," John Bromfield.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 17: "A Prince for Cynthia," "The Stranger Left No Card," and two other George K. Arthur films; and ten U.P.A. cartoons.
Sept. 18-20: VOLPONE (in French), revival; and "Ugetsu" (in Japanese), revival.
From Sept. 21: FORBIDDEN GAMES (in French), revival; and TWO CENTS WORTH OF HOPE (in Italian), revival.

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Sept. 17: "The Seven Year Itch," Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell; and "Gang-Busters," Myron Healey, Don C. Harvey.
Sept. 18-19: "The High and the Mighty," revival, John Wayne, Claire Trevor; and "River of No Return," revival, Robert Mitchum, Marilyn Monroe.
Sept. 20-21: "Land of the Pharaohs," Jack Hawkins, Joan Collins; and "Ain't Misbehavin'," Rory Calhoun, Piper Laurie.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Sept. 20: "To Paris with Love," Alec Guinness, Odile Versois.
From Sept. 21: "We're No Angels," Humphrey Bogart, Aldo Ray.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Sept. 17: "The Virgin Queen," Bette Davis, Richard Todd; and "Tonight's the Night," revival, David Niven.
Sept. 18-20: "Foxfire," Jane Russell, Jeff Chandler; and "Francis in the Navy," Donald O'Connor.
From Sept. 21: THE SHRIKE; and "Crashout," William Bendix, Arthur Kennedy.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Sept. 18: "Footsteps in the Fog," Jean Simmons, Stewart Granger; and "The Night Holds Terror," Jack Kelly.
Sept. 19-20: "Branded," revival, Alan Ladd, Mona Freeman; and "Submarine Command," revival, William Holden, Nancy Olsen.
From Sept. 21: "Not as a Stranger," Olivia de Havilland, Robert Mitchum; and "The Big Bluff," John Bromfield.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Sept. 15: ALL ABOUT EVE, revival; and LAURA, revival.
Sept. 16-17: CARMEN JONES, revival; and "East of Eden," Julie Harris, James Dean.
Sept. 18-19: "The Seven Little Foys," Bob Hope; and "Three Hours to Kill," revival, Dana Andrews, Donna Reed.
Sept. 20-21: "The Cobweb," Richard Widmark, Lauren Bacall; and "The King's Thief," Ann Blyth, Edmund Purdom.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Sept. 18: "The Seven Year Itch," Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell.
From Sept. 19: "The Bed" (in French and English), Richard Todd, Vittorio De Sica.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Sept. 21: "Murders in the Rue Morgue," revival, Bela Lugosi; and "The Strange Ones" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Sept. 18: "Footsteps in the Fog," Jean Simmons, Stewart Granger; and "The Night Holds Terror," Jack Kelly.
Sept. 19-20: "Branded," revival, Alan Ladd, Mona Freeman; and "Submarine Command," revival, William Holden, Nancy Olsen.
From Sept. 21: "Not as a Stranger," Olivia de Havilland, Robert Mitchum; and "The Big Bluff," John Bromfield.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Sept. 20: "To Paris with Love," Alec Guinness, Odile Versois.
From Sept. 21: "Land of the Pharaohs," Jack Hawkins, Joan Collins; and "Ain't Misbehavin'," Rory Calhoun, Piper Laurie.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Sept. 17: "The Virgin Queen," Bette Davis, Richard Todd; and "Tonight's the Night," revival, David Niven.
Sept. 18-20: "Foxfire," Jane Russell, Jeff Chandler; and "Francis in the Navy," Donald O'Connor.
From Sept. 21: THE SHRIKE; and "Crashout," William Bendix, Arthur Kennedy.

Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through Sept. 17: "The Seven Little Foys," Bob Hope; and "Timberjack," Sterling Hayden, Vera Ralston.
Sept. 18-19: "Black Widow," revival, Van Heflin, Ginger Rogers; and "Silver City," revival, Edmond O'Brien, Yvonne De Carlo.
Sept. 20-21: "Three Coins in the Fountain," revival, Clifton Webb, Dorothy McGuire; and "Anything Can Happen," revival, José Ferrer, Kim Hunter.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
GATE OF HELL (in Japanese).

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Sept. 17: "The Magic Box," revival, Robert Donat, Margaret Johnston; and "Laughter in Paradise," revival, Alastair Sim.
Sept. 18-19: THE CAPTIVE HEART, revival; and "So Little Time," revival, Marius Goring.
Sept. 20-21: THE TRUE GLORY, revival; and DESERT VICTORY, revival.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The African Lion," a full-length Walt Disney film.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
I AM A CAMERA.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"Othello," Orson Welles.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Sept. 18: "Footsteps in the Fog," Jean Simmons, Stewart Granger; and "The Night Holds Terror," Jack Kelly.
Sept. 19-20: "Branded," revival, Alan Ladd, Mona Freeman; and "Submarine Command," revival, William Holden, Nancy Olsen.
From Sept. 21: "Not as a Stranger," Olivia de Havilland, Robert Mitchum; and "The Big Bluff," John Bromfield.

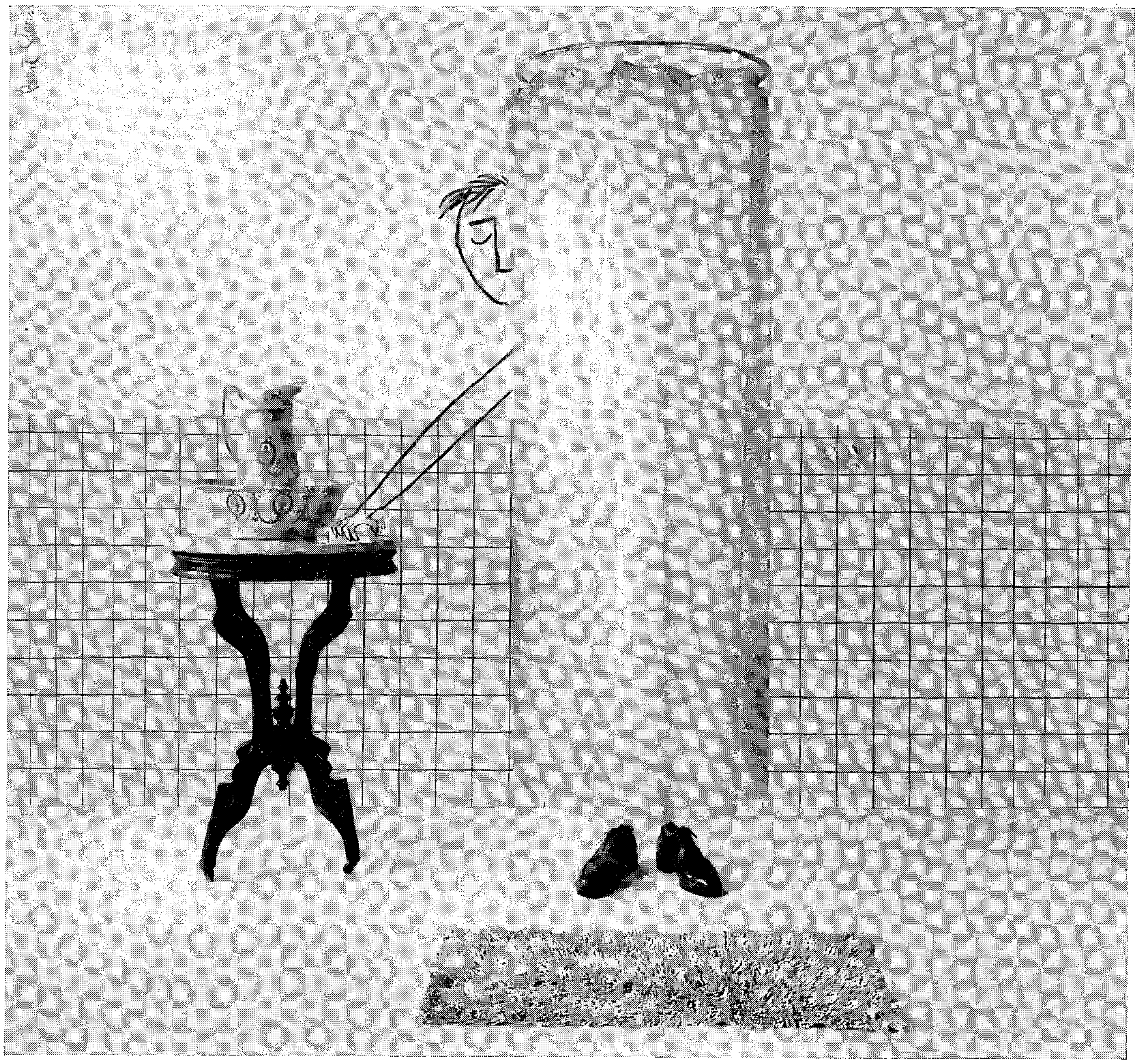
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 15: "The Safety Match" (in Russian); and "The Anna Cross" (in Russian), revival.
Sept. 16: "St. Matthew Passion," revival, Bach's work, played by the Vienna Philharmonic, sung (in English) by the Vienna Choir Boys, and illustrated with paintings by Old Masters; and "Eroica: The Beethoven Story" (in German), revival.
Sept. 17: "Rimsky Korsakov" and "Sadko"—both in Russian and both revivals.
Sept. 18: "Marriage of Figaro" (in German), revival, Erna Berger; and "Zigeunerbaron" (in German), revival.
Sept. 19: "The Barber of Seville" (in Italian), revival, Ferruccio Tagliavini; and "La Traviata" (in Italian), revival, Nelli Corradi, Tito Gobbi.
Sept. 20: A program of nine films on the dance—"Giselle," "Pavlova Dances," and such.
Sept. 21: "Carmen" (in French), revival, Viviane Romance; and "Symphonie Fantastique" (in French), revival, Jean-Louis Barrault.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
Through Sept. 20: "The Virgin Queen," Bette Davis, Richard Todd; and "Tonight's the Night," revival, David Niven.
From Sept. 21 (tentative): THE SHRIKE; and "Crashout," William Bendix, Arthur Kennedy.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Sept. 18: "Footsteps in the Fog," Jean Simmons, Stewart Granger; and "The Night Holds Terror," Jack Kelly.
Sept. 19-20: "Branded," revival, Alan Ladd, Mona Freeman; and "Submarine Command," revival, William Holden, Nancy Olsen.
From Sept. 21: "Not as a Stranger," Olivia de Havilland, Robert Mitchum; and "The Big Bluff," John Bromfield.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through Sept. 17: "The Virgin Queen," Bette Davis, Richard Todd; and "Tonight's the Night," revival, David Niven.
Sept. 18-20: "Foxfire," Jane Russell, Jeff Chandler; and "Francis in the Navy," Donald O'Connor.
From Sept. 21: THE SHRIKE; and "Crashout," William Bendix, Arthur Kennedy.

Coliseum, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through Sept. 17: "The Virgin Queen," Bette Davis, Richard Todd; and "Tonight's the Night," revival, David Niven.
Sept. 18-20: "Foxfire," Jane Russell, Jeff Chandler; and "Francis in the Navy," Donald O'Connor.
From Sept 21: THE SHRIKE; and "Crashout," William Bendix, Arthur Kennedy.



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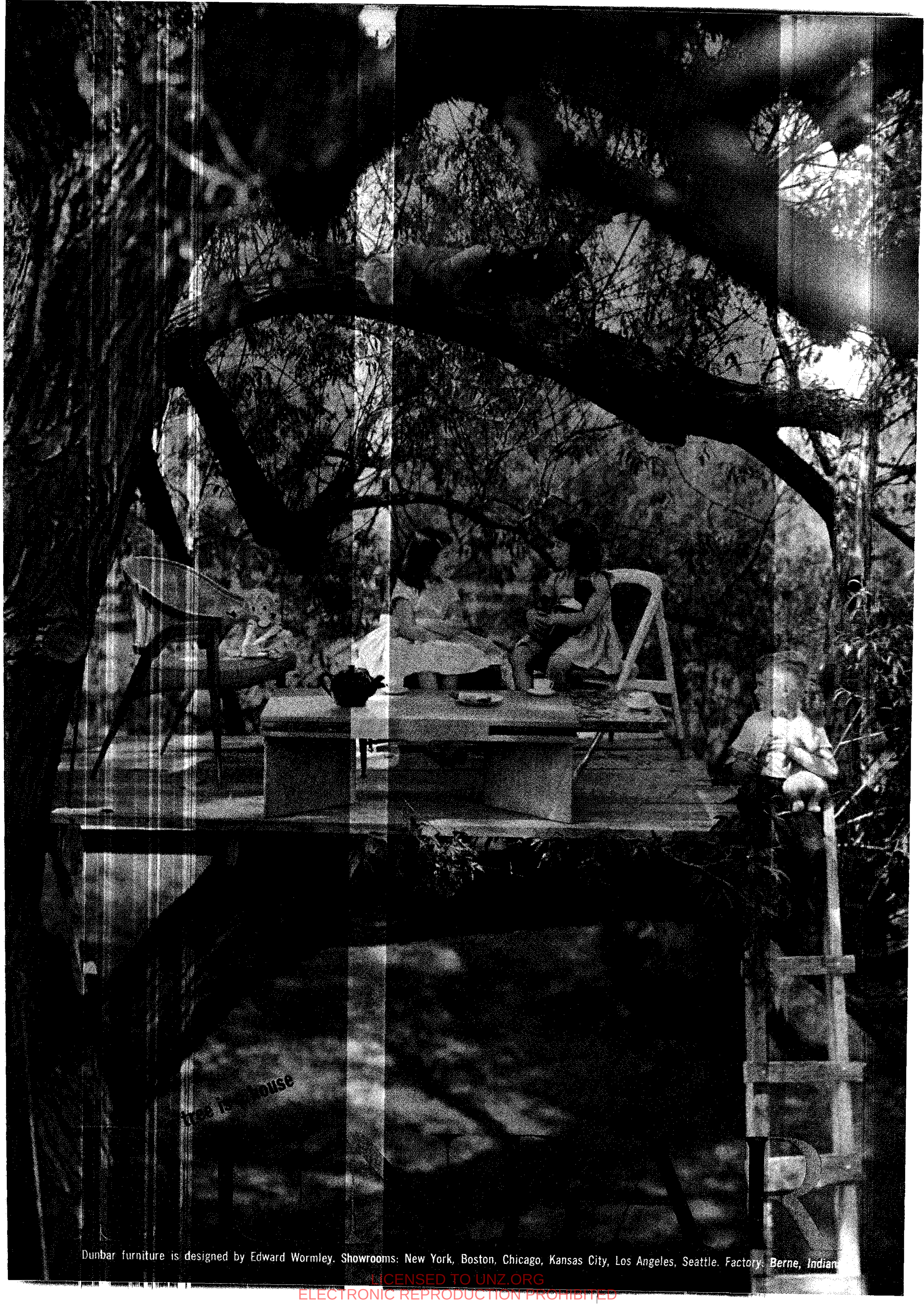

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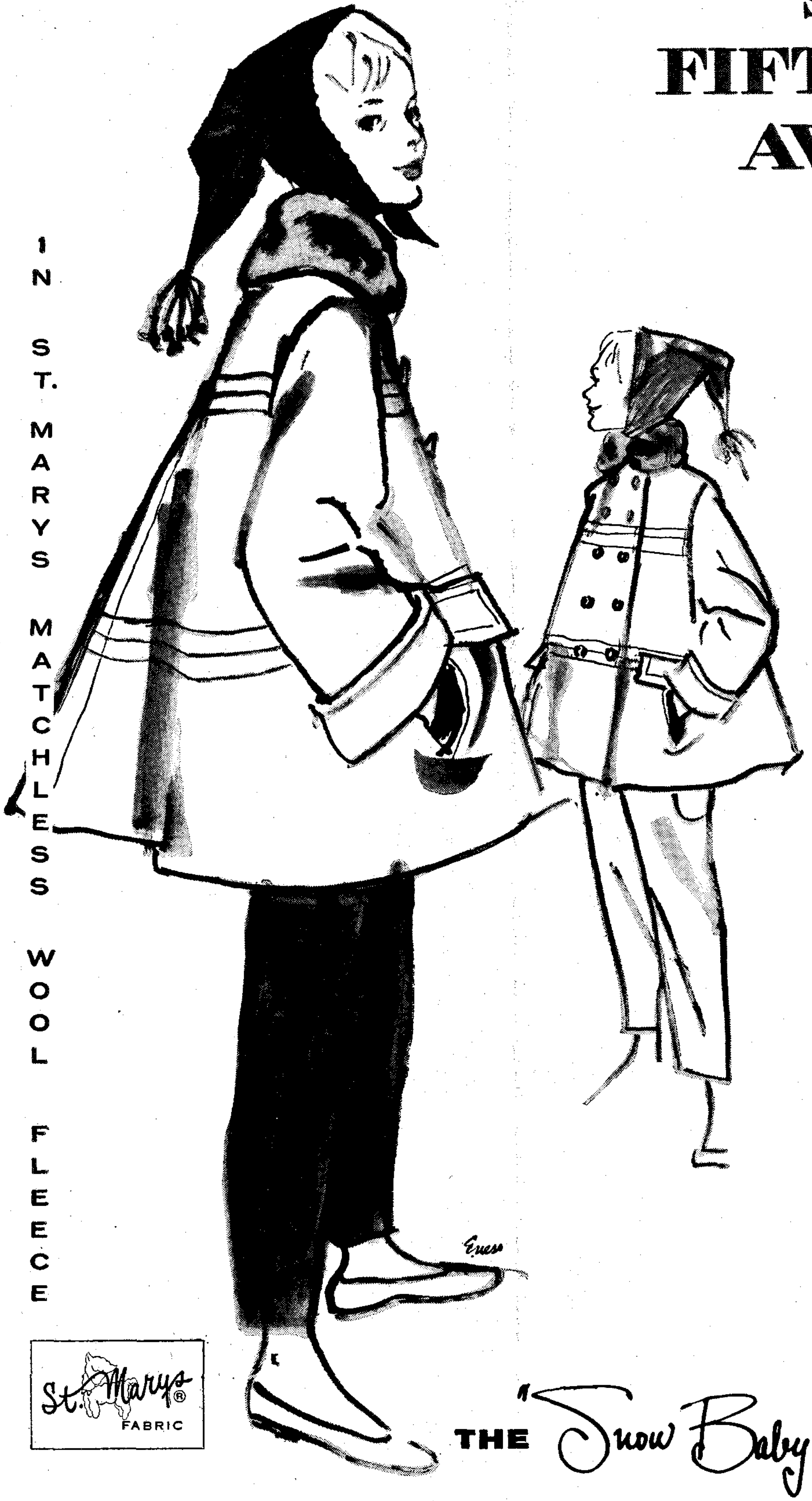

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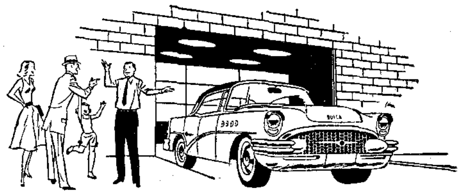

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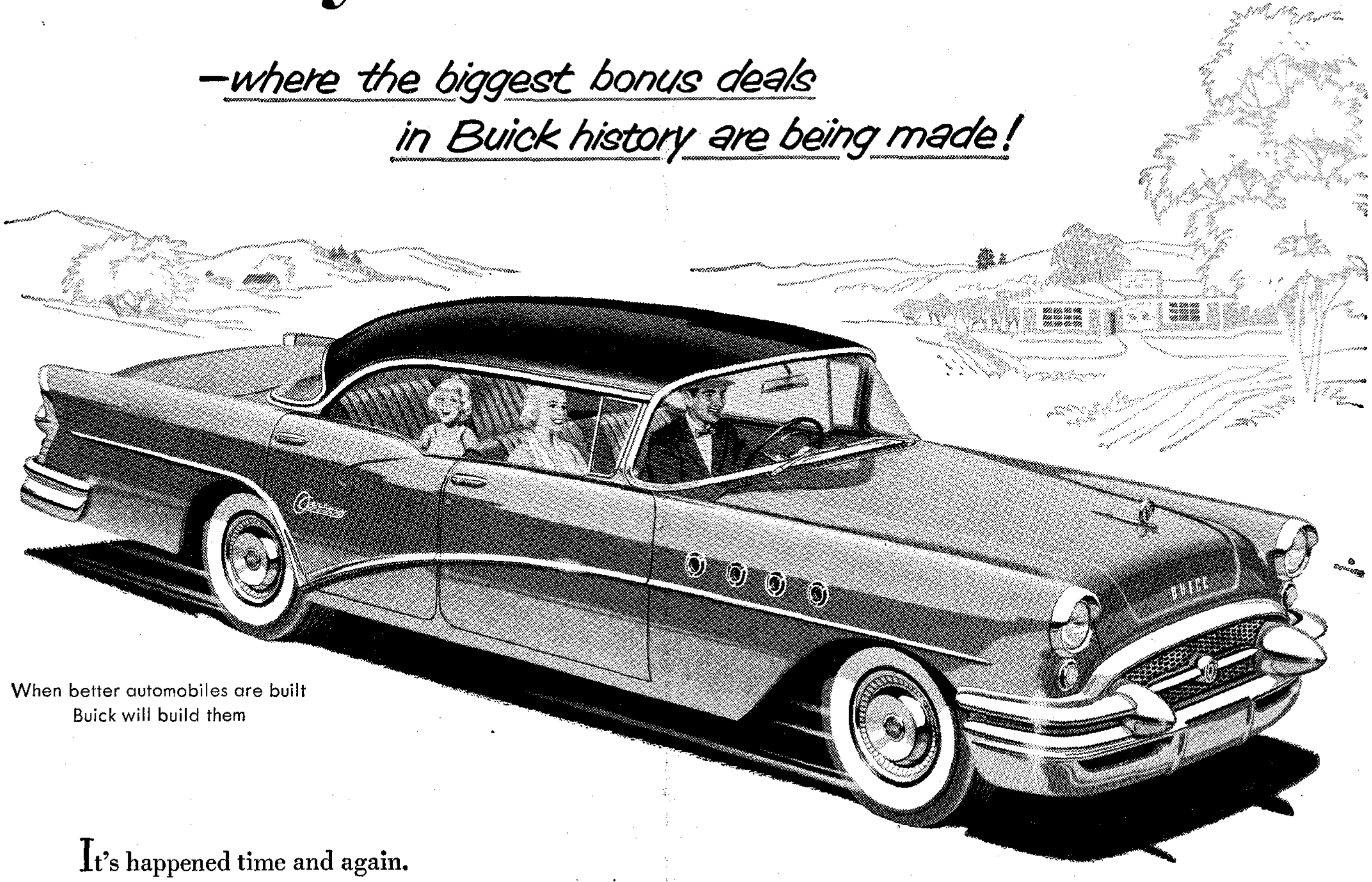

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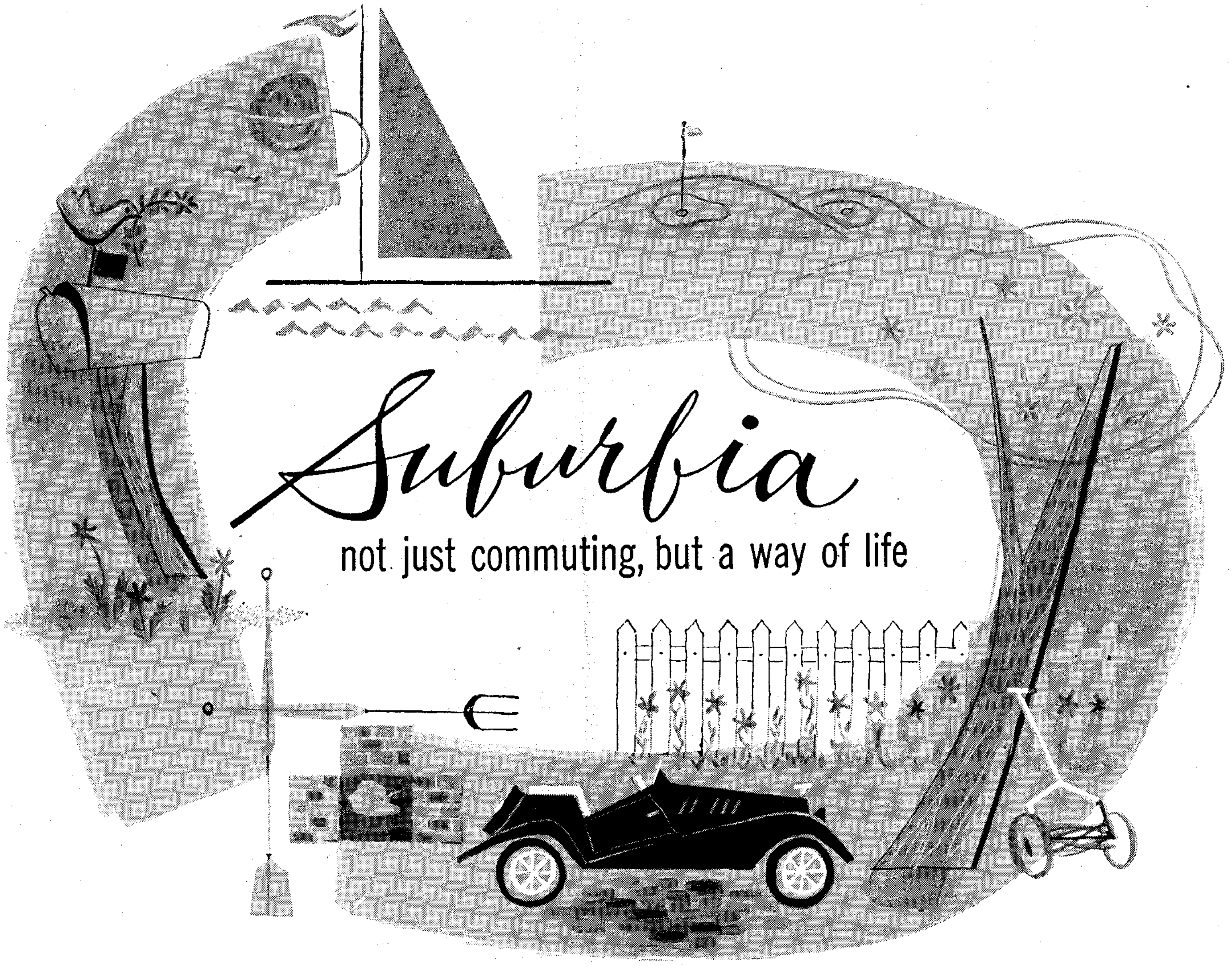
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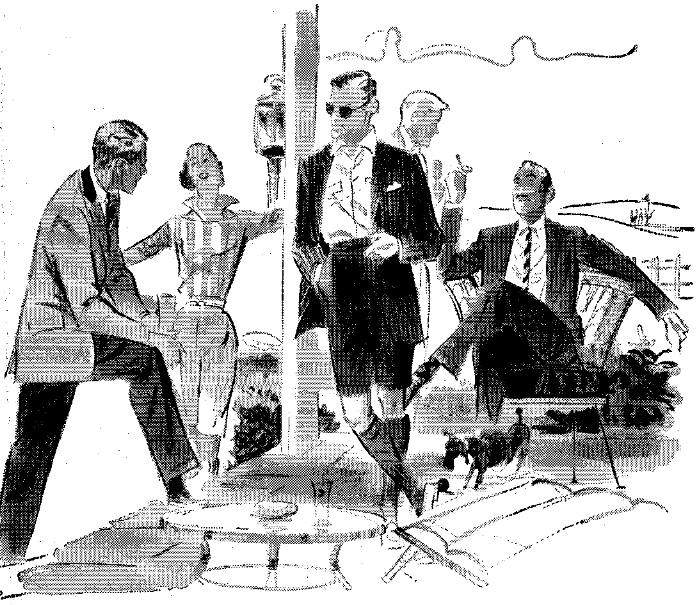

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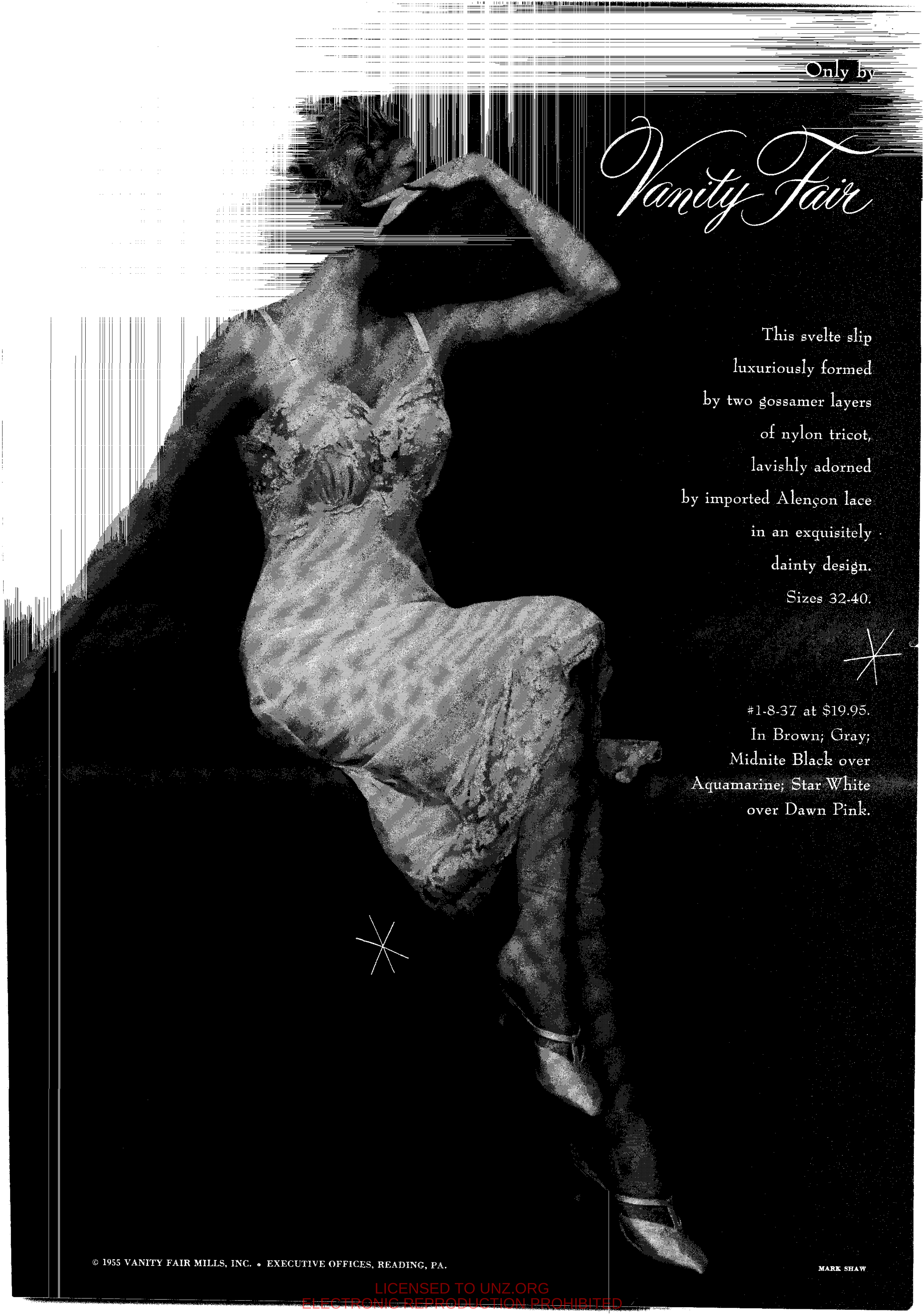

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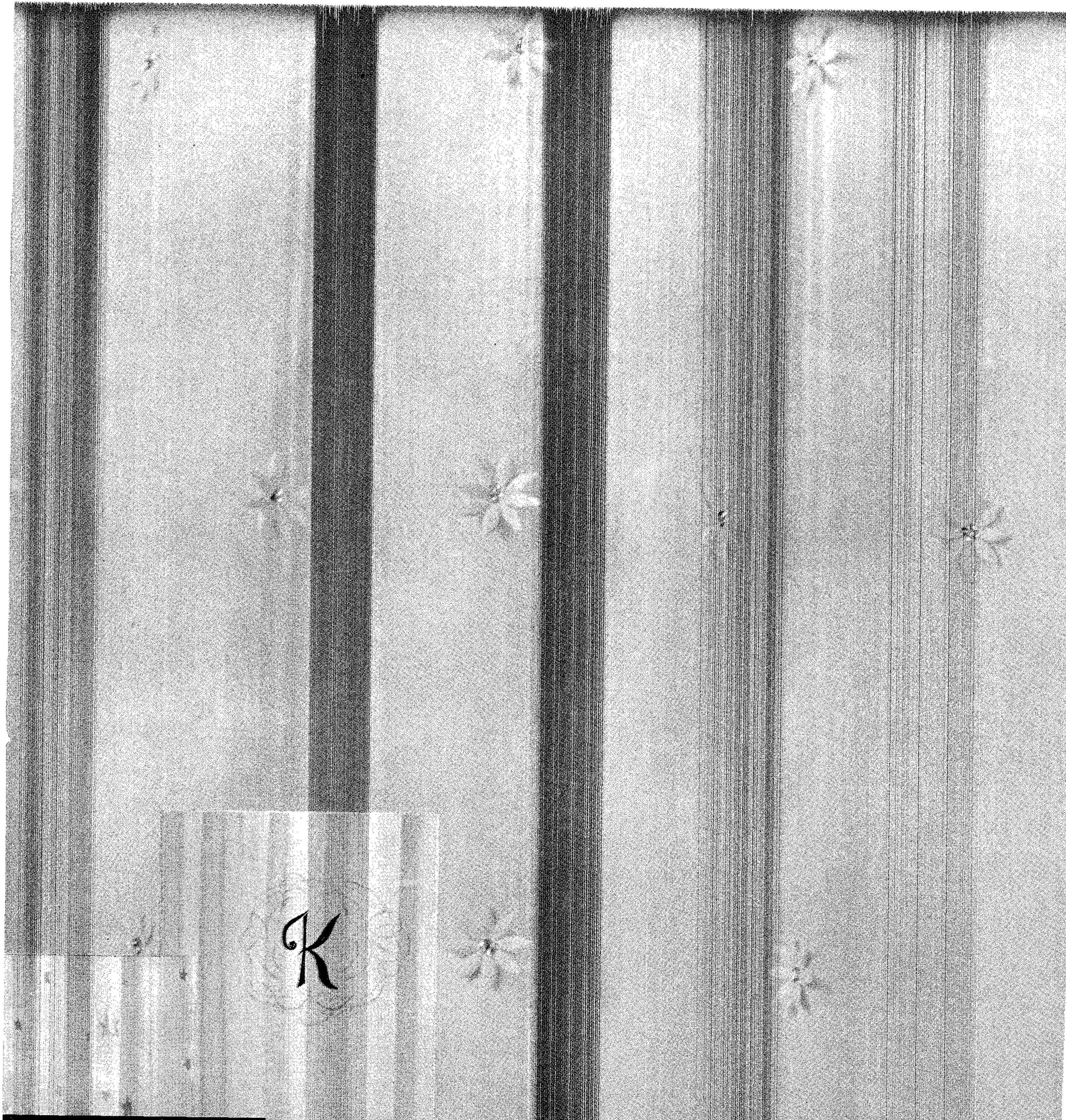

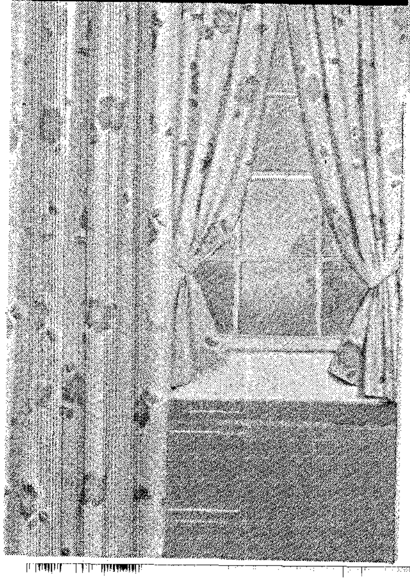

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DAISY CURTAIN, with glitter-centered three-dimensional daisies, $7.95. Matching ruffled Fleecenap drapes (cotton-backed), $7.95. Fleecenap Shower Beret, 59¢.

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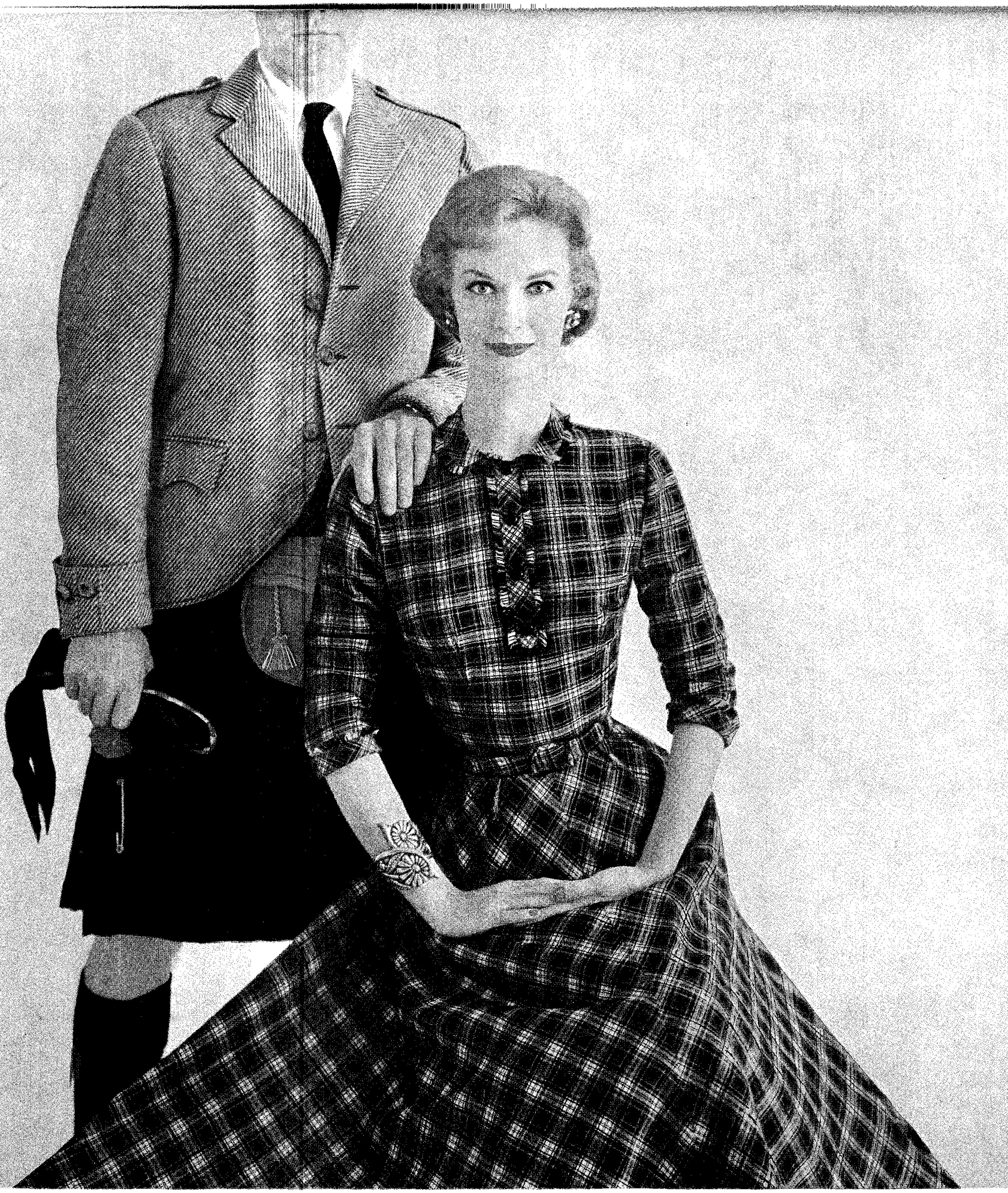

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Woven in Scotland, these beguiling dresses are of real Viyella: a mixture of lamb's wool and long-staple Egyptian cotton. They're astonishingly light, soft and supple. Yet they're warm as a tea-cozy. They wear wonderfully, and they wash. Yes, *wash!* And keep their graceful drape, their torso-flattering shape. Never stretch or bag or shrink. Never, never fade.

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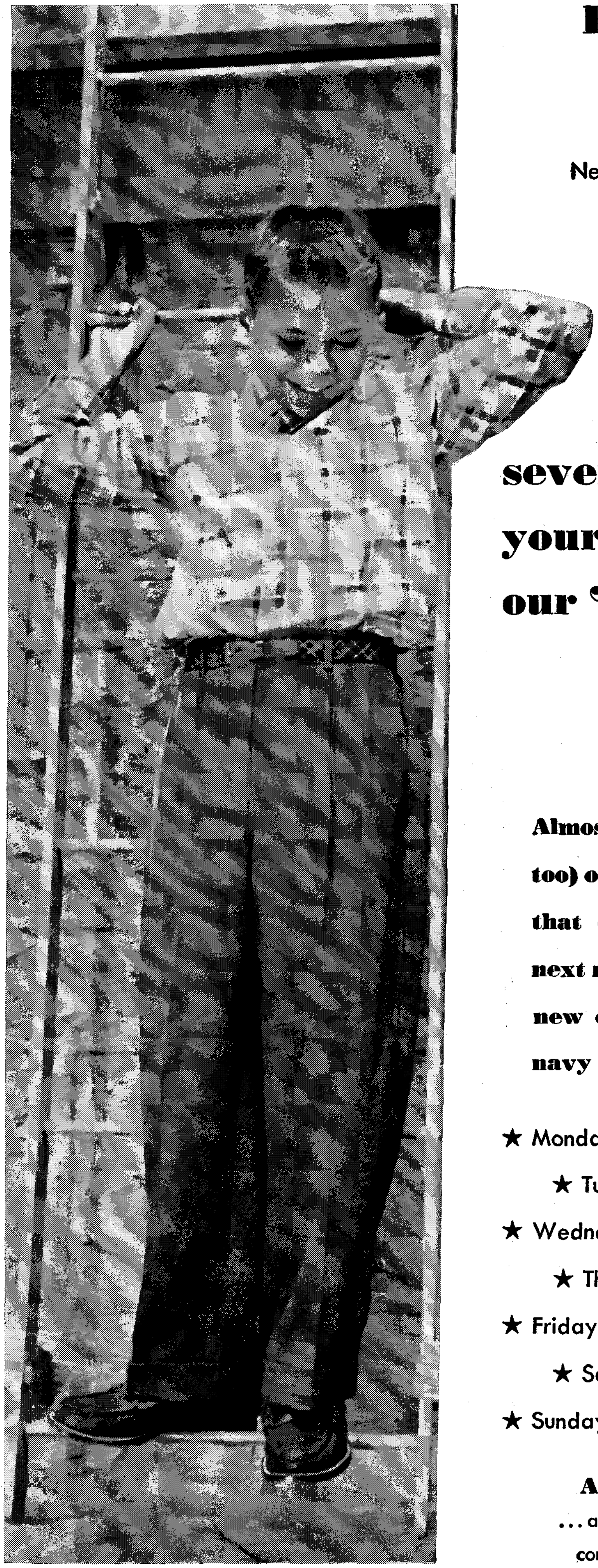

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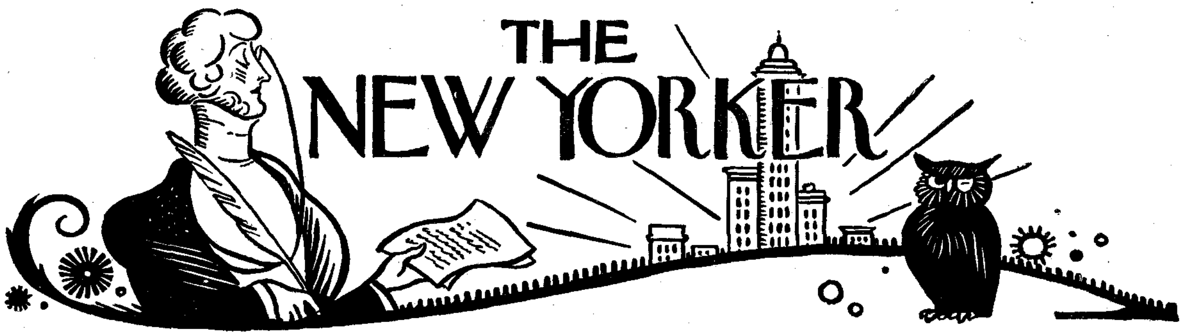
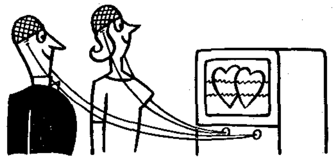


THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

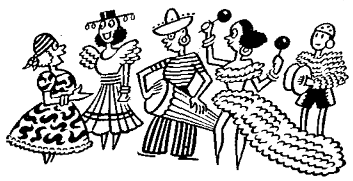
A RETIRED general who went to West Point with President Eisenhower stole a march on his schoolmate last week by boldly disclosing *his* political plans for 1956. This ex-soldier, Herbert C. Holdridge, has announced his acceptance of the candidacy for Vice-President on the Prohibition Party ticket. (His running mate is a professor emeritus of a non-military academy, and thus need not concern us here.) We remember General Holdridge well, for in 1952 he was the Presidential nominee of the American Vegetarian Party. Are we to interpret his retrograde political movement as a clue to the relative strength of the Vegetarians and the Prohibitionists? Or is it perhaps a tipoff that these two austere and scrappy groups—ever in there swinging, ever in there missing—are at last ready to combine, and fight side by side against meat and mead?

Ordinarily, we'd abandon these questions right there. But now we know where to send them—to a British neurologist who has come up with a pair of brain-probing machines that are said to reveal affinities between people. One of the machines resembles a rubber hair net and is called a toposcope, or, for short, Topsy. The other, resembling a television set, is a brain-wave analyzer called Annie. ("Annie" is a fair enough diminutive for "analyzer," we guess, but, considering the composition of the word "wave," we can't imagine how "Topsy and Eva" got bypassed.) Topsy and Annie are specifically credited with being able to advise individuals as to whether they would make suitable marriage partners. Their mentor says they are able to select mates "who can get on well together socially, would not criticize one another, and would make the same mistakes." What a shambles of a marriage that would be! If our wife weren't on hand to criticize us and contribute to the rational balance of our household by never making the sort of mistakes we do, we shudder to think of the lopsided consequences.



Mardi Gras

WHENEVER things in Harlem become especially festive, the chances are that New York's West Indian colony has a lot to do with it. The annual Mardi Gras Parade, which is Harlem's biggest outdoor social event and which we were privileged to attend this year, is the high point of West Indies Day, and few higher points are to be observed anywhere in town. On the afternoon of the fête, flashing an invitation from the West Indies Day Association, we took our place in the gaily festooned official reviewing area, in front of the Dawn Casino, on Seventh Avenue between 139th and 140th Streets. Long before the Parade, which was forming down on Seventh Avenue near Central Park, got started, a full-throated and uninhibited crowd of some forty thousand Harlemites, taking advantage of the Labor Day holiday (Labor Day happens to coincide with West Indies Day), had lined both sides of the avenue's northbound lanes. In the reviewing area were a hundred or so official guests, the majority of them sartorially impeccable West Indians, and among these we spotted two acquaintances from past uptown functions, both members of the Trinidad Athletic and Cricket Club—Ivan Daniels and Joseph Willoughby, who got us a camp chair and offered to interpret what happened for us. Among the other assembled guests, they pointed out, were the Honorable Hulan E. Jack, Borough President of Manhattan and himself born in the West Indies; Mr. David Smithies, British Consul; Mr. F. R. Gullick, the Australian Trade Commissioner; the Honorable Carson DeWitt Baker, a justice of the Municipal Court; and State Senator Julius A. Archibald, a fellow-Trinidadian. The most noticeable figure among the reviewers was a short, jolly, gray-haired woman who had driven up in the Borough President's car to loud applause and was wearing a fancy-striped bandanna on her head and a beautiful ankle-length silk dress over frilly petticoats. Mr. Daniels explained that she was Jessie Waddell, one of Harlem's favorite civic figures and a founder of the Parade nine years ago. He went on to say that her outfit was known in the islands as a Martiniquan gown, the style having originally been introduced to Martinique from France and then modified. "In the old days," he said, "it was always worn by the *porteuse*, the woman who carried the newborn baby in the baptismal ceremony—a custom which, I believe, no longer prevails." He added that the success of West Indies Day was due largely to the efforts of Mrs. Waddell, whose job it was to arrange a Coronation Dance the Saturday before West Indies Day for the selection of the Mardi Gras Queen, as well as to round up all the participating floats, calypso groups, steel bands, rumba dancers, and other assorted performers and see to it that they got under way for the Parade with the minimum of confusion. "An exhausting business," said Mr. Daniels. "I myself was one of the founders of the Parade, and I took an active part in it until last year, when the preparations put me



in the hospital for a week afterward."

After the Mardi Gras Queen, a prettily chubby lady named Mrs. Joan Damas, who was wearing a red crown and a cape that extended halfway down the block, arrived in the reviewing area, the first wave of paraders began to pass. Far from being a calypso group, they were the Nautical Cadets of St. Martin's Episcopal Church, dressed in crisp naval uniforms and ranging downward in age from about twelve to what could have been no more than a jaunty four. They were followed by a carload of flashing-toothed Latin beauties, who drew appreciative cries of "*Ole!*" and "Yea!" from the onlookers. Dancers and drummers came streaming after them, and Mr. Willoughby, who is a songwriter of no mean ability, as well as a cricketer and an employee of Consolidated Edison, offered us an explanation of the rumba step. "You will note the similarity to the strut of the ostrich," he said. "The African natives first copied the step from the ostrich and then brought it with them to the West Indies, where it became fused with the Spanish rhythms."

A surrey drove slowly past, and a hearty, smiling male passenger in a tropical suit waved to the officials and flung out a handful of stage coins. On the back of the surrey was a sign reading, "General Organization of the Combination Business Schools."

"The famous Professor Roach, educator and magician," said Mr. Daniels. "Professor Roach arrived on these shores from the islands in the blackest depths of the depression to start the Combination Business Schools on less than a shoestring. Today it is the largest business school in Harlem by far. He also runs a school for magicians. A very resourceful fellow, the Professor."

Impressed, we watched the Professor's rig move up the avenue spouting coins, to the delight of the scrambling crowd. A gaudy confusion of promenaders followed the surrey. There was a dervish in a Little Lord Fauntleroy suit and a battered derby; the Great MacBeth and his calypso band, accompanied by about two dozen undulating girls on a crêpe-paper float of obscure motif; a group of mamboing girls unfathomably decked out in butterfly costumes; a raffish-looking steel band, miraculously producing solid music from old oil drums; and an assortment of beaters, flailing manfully at everything from bongo drums to empty Pepsi-Cola bottles. From time to time, a knot of onlookers, carried away by a particularly provocative beat, would burst into the street to become impromptu marchers themselves. The Parade finally ended in a clatter of cowboys and cowgirls, both white and black, on horseback. Nobody seemed to know where they came from.

As the crowd broke up, we thanked the Messrs. Daniels and Willoughby for their help, and asked the latter if he had done any songwriting since "Run, Joe," a calypso number with a New York slant that has enjoyed a lively local vogue. "Yes, indeed," said Mr. Willoughby. "I have not been idle musically. My most recent effort, now at the publishers', is a little conceit entitled 'Man, You're Walking Round Dead.' It has the theme that a man should never be too old to enjoy the sight of a pretty girl."

We asked if he could give us a sample.

"Certainly," he replied. " 'If you stop looking to see what's cooking, man, you're walking 'round dead.' "

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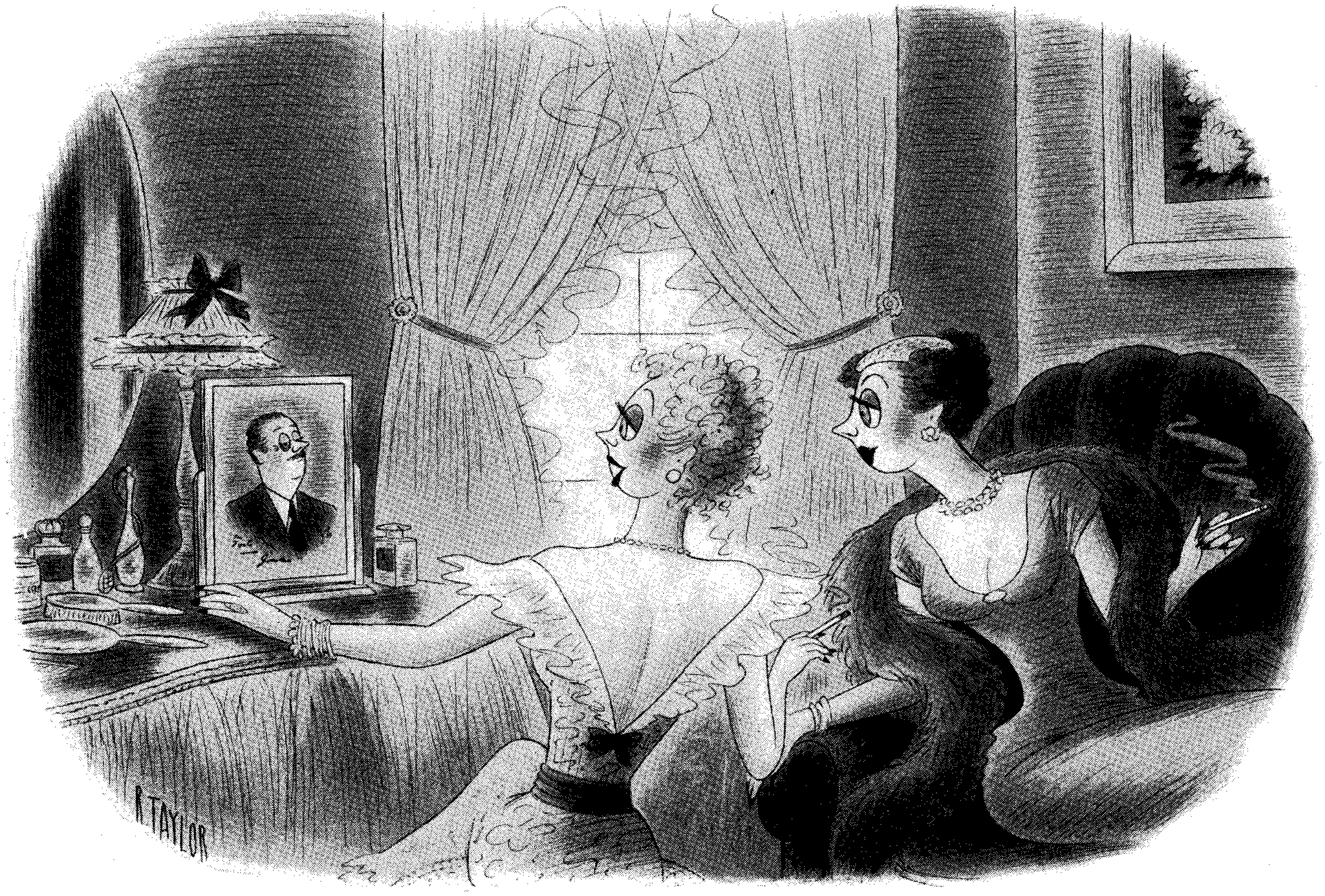
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The menu of the Pantheon Restaurant, at 689 Eighth Avenue, features "Fried Oeuvres."

Relief from Law

WE drove up to Rye on a recent sunny Saturday to examine the works and hark to the tale of Rush Taggart, a downtown lawyer and Harvard man ('13) who does sculpture and makes stained-glass panels and medallions in his spare time. Over the windows of his living room and adjacent conservatory hung a dozen examples of his stained glass—geometrical forms, replicas of sections of windows at Chartres, a Madonna and Child, a scene from Mother Goose (Contrary Mary watering a prolific garden), a mermaid perched on a question mark, a couple of Luna moths, a playful family coat of arms, roosters, and tropical fish, all rendered in splendid translucent blues, reds, greens, oranges, and purples. "A few years ago, my wife and I visited Chartres, got interested in stained glass, and began to read up on it," said Mr. Taggart, a tall, gentle-voiced, powerfully built man with an Old World manner. "She gave me a copy of 'Adventures in Light and Color,' by Charles J. Connick. The book so impressed me that in 1946, when the Presbyterian church in Rye, of which I'm an elder, was looking for stained glass for a new rose window, I recommended the Connick studio, in Boston. I visited the Connicks on behalf of the church—they made the window for us and it's a beauty—and decided I'd like to work in stained glass myself. I got a box of small pieces of glass and experimented with various designs."

Our host escorted us downstairs to his workshop, a big, light room under the conservatory. "First you take a pad and make a full-size sketch of the design," he said. "Then you draw in the lead lines that frame each piece of glass, place tracing paper over the sketch, trace each lead line on it, and cut the sections apart. Now you cut your glass to conform with these sections." He pulled out some colored sheets of glass from a rack and held them up to the light for us to admire; they were handblown, and full of agreeable bubbles and irregularities. "You cut the glass, then groze it, or nibble it away, with a pair of pincers," he said. "Now arrange the pieces in proper sequence on a slab of plate glass, and affix them to it with melted beeswax, inserted under each corner with an eye dropper. Then paint in whatever outlines you want with black or brown oxide of iron. Next, remove the pieces of colored glass from the plate glass and put them in a kiln." He showed us an electric kiln capable of heating glass to twelve hundred degrees. "Keep the glass in for half an hour to an hour," he said. "The oxide sinks into the surface. Then wax the glass and stipple in whatever shading you want. Take thinly rolled copper foil a quarter of an inch wide, put a strip of it around each piece of glass, solder it on, solder a piece of wire around the outside to give strength, and you're through. Stained glass is really a misnomer, because the color is right in the glass. The only stain you can add is yellow, or orange, produced by applying a silver compound to white glass." Mr. Taggart said his hobby is a welcome relief from law. "It's good to do something with your hands, and it opens up a new field," he explained. "Makes you read history—gives you a little window that enriches life."

Rye's grozer and solderer is a partner in Dorr & Hand, of 61 Broadway, and the son and namesake of a lawyer who used to be general counsel for Western Union. "There's very little ancient stained glass on the market," he said as we returned to the living room. "Almost none is known dating from before the twelfth century. The stuff is fragile, and little has come down through the ages. There's some mystery about its origin; early Crusaders may have seen it in the mosques and houses of Mohammedans, who had bits of it in plaster



"He's really everything a girl could ask for in a wealthy man."

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frames, but without painting or figures—purely geometrical. How did it develop its magnificent coloring in such a short time? Chartres dates from the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Later, stained glass went downhill for centuries. It was revived here in the early nineteen-hundreds. My four children think rather well of my work. They tell me that now that I've brightened up the house with it, we can always sell the place for a mortuary."

Logician

YET another note has come our way from one of the writing small fry. This one was attached to a screen door in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and it reads:

DEAR MOTHER,
I have gone over to Clinton's, but don't be surprised if I'm here because Clinton may be out.
Love,
PAUL

Wilder Look

WE dropped in recently on the annual convention of the National Association of Gardeners, at the Governor Clinton, and as a result our head is ringing with remarks about annuals, perennials, shade trees, and fertilizers. We found the gardeners, some seventy-five strong, just winding up a business session in the Florentine Room; a white-haired one, speaking from the floor, was saying, "It's intended to help the small branches."

"He's talking about a new dues-paying system," a gardener we sat down next to told us in a whisper, "and those branches are organizational, not botanical. The Association has twelve hundred active members and fifteen branches. Most of the members are superintending gardeners of large estates, but a few are dealers and nurserymen. There's no special qualification for membership, but to call yourself a superintendent you should have a couple of men under you. The Association's chief official aim, by the way, is 'To establish gardening in America as a true profession—the oldest and noblest in the world.' What do you think of *that*?"

We said we thought it was splendid.

After the matter of dues and branches had been straightened out, the business session broke up and the room was given over to informal conversation.

"Don't use a columnar plant at a corner of the garden," we heard a small, bespectacled man saying. "It's an exclamation point, and what you want is a comma."

We decided to listen in further, and, moving closer, learned from some other gardeners that the small man was H. O. Perkins, assistant professor of landscape design at the University of Connecticut and a guest of the Association.

"Ground cover near the house has come into the picture," a gardener said to Mr. Perkins.

"Yes," said Mr. Perkins, "and have you noticed a trend away from evergreens? First you had hydrangea and spiraea everywhere, then came the all-evergreen phase, and now the swing is back to deciduous."

"What about shade trees?" asked a gardener.

"I feel America is in a rut on them," replied Mr. Perkins. "Silver maple, sugar maple, pin oak, elm. Silver maple, which needs a lot of pruning, is one big headache for the cities of the Midwest."

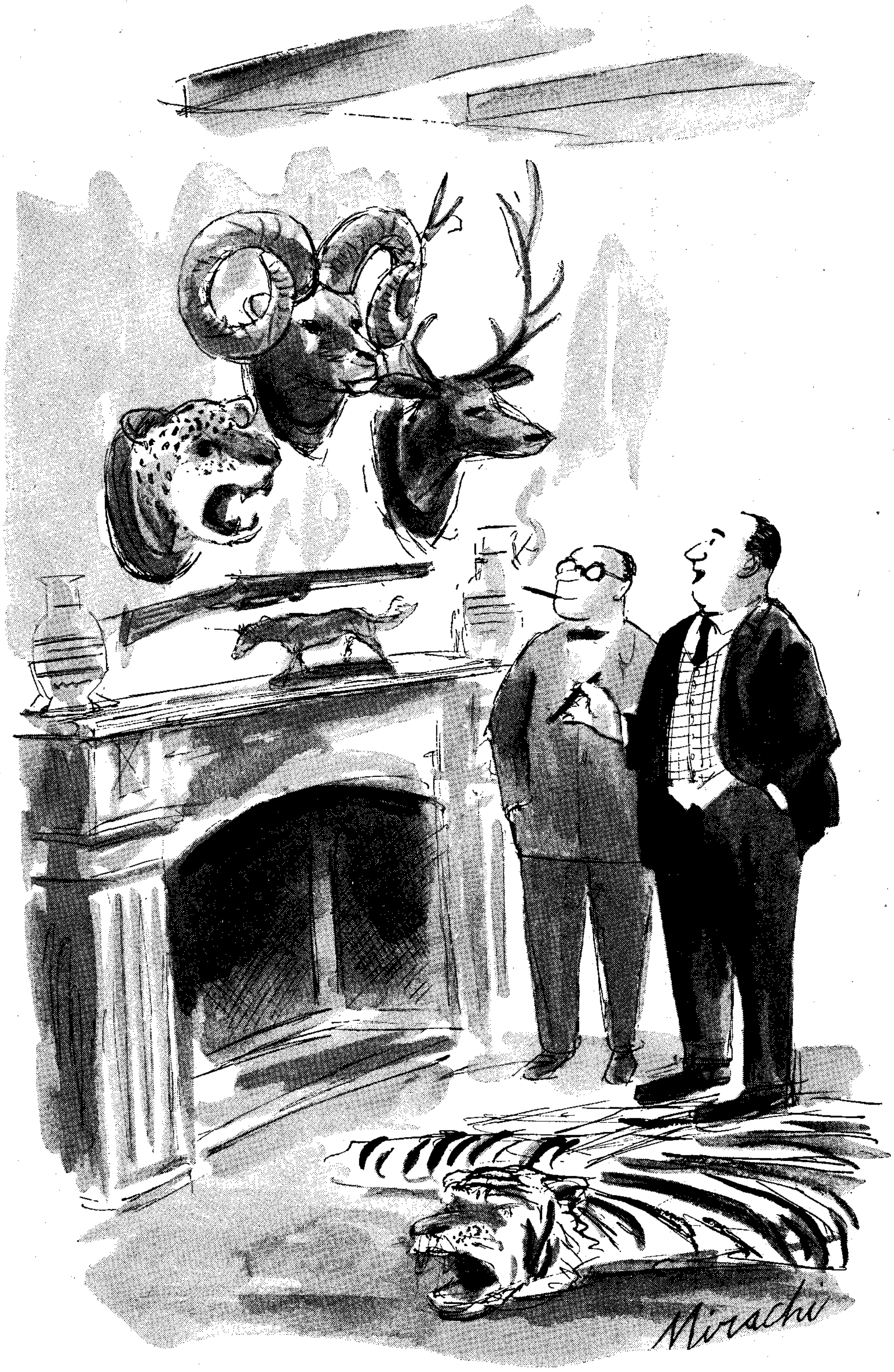
Wandering away from Mr. Perkins and his circle, we passed near a gardener who was asking "Do you know Sir Gladwyn Jebb?" and another who was answering "No, but I believe he's a fine shrub man," and presently we fell in with James W. Dye, the Association's outgoing president. Mr. Dye told us that he has been garden superintendent for seventeen years on the estate of Mrs. William A. M. Burden, in Newport. He then turned us over to an alert-looking man, whom he introduced as Hugh McRae, superintendent of the Washington, D.C., estate of Mrs. Marjorie M. Post, and the Association's incoming president. Mr. McRae was standing beside a small, smiling lady with an English accent, who proved to be Miss Edith A. Medlock, the Association's secretary-editor.

"The big thing right now in estate gardening is sterilizing your soil with methyl bromide," Mr. McRae told us when we pressed him for gardening news. "You apply a pound and a half per hundred square feet, and it kills weeds, weed seeds, and everything else. Then you can start planting from scratch. Amateurs can't safely use it, though."

"There's been a world of progress in zinnia hybrids lately," Miss Medlock said. "Narcissi are coming along nicely, too."

Mr. McRae nodded. "Estate gardens are getting less formal," he remarked. "Not so many circles and squares. A wilder look."

We thanked Mr. McRae and Miss Medlock, and started to leave. As we walked away, Mr. McRae called after us, helpfully but irrelevantly, "Take care of your morning-glories or they'll revert and become a very pesty weed."



"I bagged the bighorn and the cat in the Tetons with a Mauser seven-millimetre. The deer I got with my Buick convertible on the Merritt Parkway."

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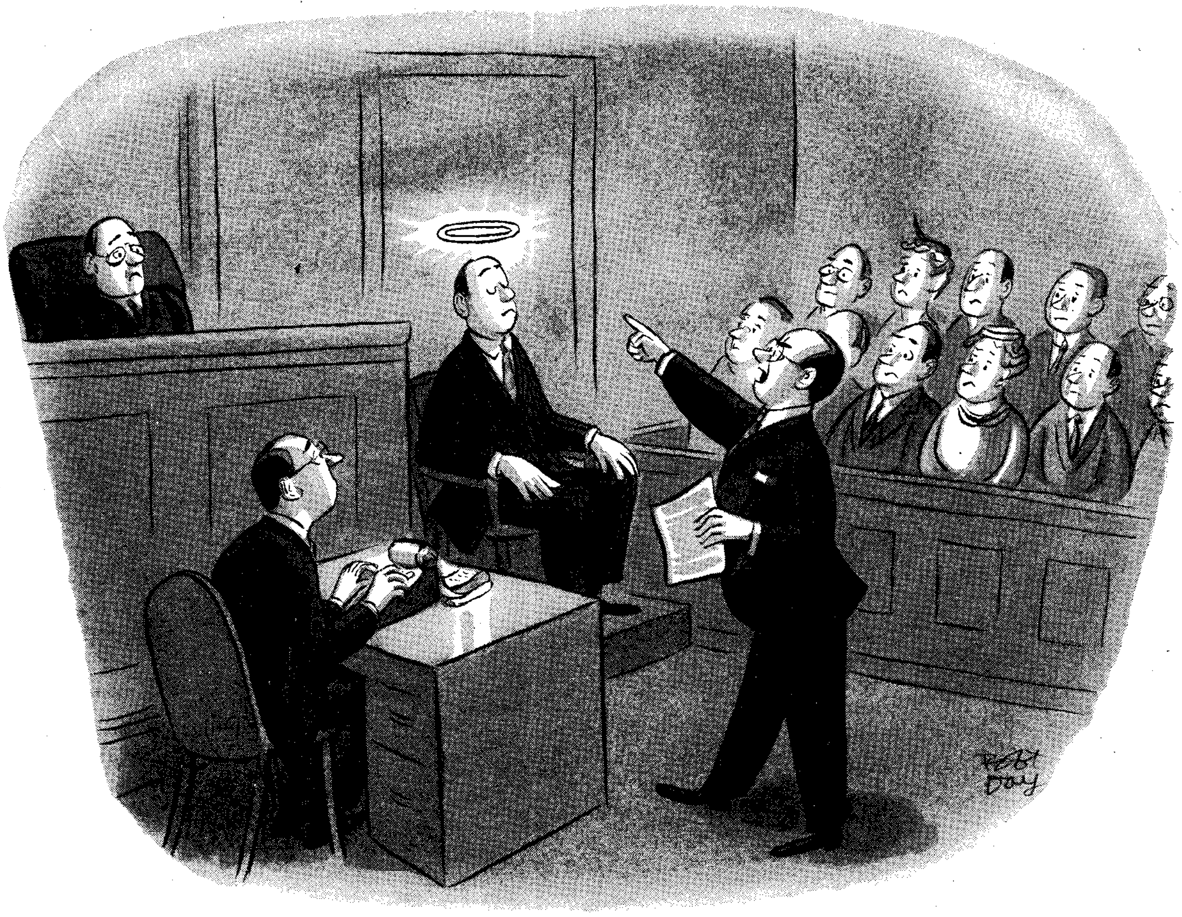
OVERHEARD in Gramercy Park: "Did you know that Isabel's having a baby this fall?"

"How could she possibly? She's the president of the P.-T.A. for next year."

Siobhan of Galway

AN itinerant and perceptive student of the Irish theatre advised us the other day to get in touch with Siobhan McKenna, a young lady from Galway who has stood the English critics on their ears with her version of Shaw's "Saint Joan." Miss McKenna is now here in town, rehearsing in Enid Bagnold's soon-to-open "The Chalk Garden," and we had a chat with her last week in a dressing room of the Ethel Barrymore Theatre. Miss McKenna, a dark, handsome, full-blown woman somewhat resembling Ingrid Bergman, immediately advised us that the Gaelic language is by long odds superior to English. Speaking in a lilting voice just barely flavored with an Irish accent, she told us that her first name, which is pronounced "Shee-vaun," is typical of the Gaelic tongue. "What we do," said Miss McKenna, "is put a dot over the 'b,' which is then rendered 'v' or 'w.' A dot over the 'm' results in a 'w.' You can readily see that this is a grand method of expression. However, I do not think that Gaelic should be the sole means of communication in Ireland. We're much too good at English for that. You must remember that when the English were still swinging from branch to branch, Gaelic was a speech of civilized men. Naturally, when the Irish speak English, a more or less primitive arrangement, they seem superb. For one adjective in English we have eleven or twelve in Gaelic. There are few who can approach our essayists, playwrights, short-story writers, or novelists. I had a hell of a time with 'Saint Joan.' It occurred to me that the nationalism that Shaw was preaching would best be done by having the Maid an Irish peasant. When you think of peasants nowadays, you must think of the Irish, or maybe the Russians, and it was my notion to have all the Frenchmen in 'Saint Joan' Irish, and the English what they are. I was rather afraid of how they would receive this in London, but the English presumably got the point that Shaw was trying to make. 'Saint Joan' was to have come to America, but some confusion prevented that. I translated the play into Gaelic, and found it an easy job. I don't quite approve of having every child in Ireland learn Gaelic by rote, but I do think that any Irish writer of any pretensions should know his native tongue."



"I object!"

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Miss McKenna paused to take a sip of tea from a Lily cup, and swore softly when her teeth became entangled in a tea bag. "I was actually born in Belfast," she went on, "but when I was five, I repaired, with my family, to Galway. My father had become professor of physics there, and I myself pursued the subject for some time. Currently, I should have a hard time reciting Boyle's law. I studied at Galway University for three years, and wound up with a B.A. degree in literature. Before this, I was flung out of a school in Galway and plunged into a boarding school called St. Louis Convent, in Monaghan. Ah, me, I got the theatrical tic there, producing plays, and always me in the fattest parts. It was after my graduation that I joined the Taibhdhearc [Tive-yark], the only Gaelic theatre in Ireland. I thought I was a comedienne. I also thought I was a tragedienne. God knows what I really was. I played 'Anna Christie' once, with what I intended to be an American-*cum*-Scandinavian accent. This was in Dublin, when I finally got there. It was probably awful, but the audience didn't know an American accent any more than I did."

As Miss McKenna sipped some more tea from her Lily cup, we brooded over information we'd recently acquired concerning a mistake some Dublin critics made when they came up to Galway to see her in "The Emperor Jones." In this, she was both a man and a woman, and the man was saluted as the discovery of the age. As a semi-professional, she also succeeded in playing Charlie in "Charlie's Aunt." The estate of Brandon Thomas, who wrote the play, forbids this sort of compound transvestitism, but she got away with it, on the ground that she wasn't a mercenary. Miss McKenna finished her tea and told us that she has made a few appearances in films—"Daughters of Darkness," for one—and has played at the Abbey with the likes of Cyril Cusack, M. J. Dolan, Maureen Delaney, Eileen Crowe, May Craig, and Denis O'Dea, the last being her husband and the sire of a small boy called Donnacha, which means Denis. "This play of Miss Bagnold's is rather a new departure for me," said Miss McKenna. "I've always wanted to demonstrate that I can be as English as the next one, and in this I am cast as a governess in a village on some chalk downs who comes along and fixes everything up. When I read this play, I saw it as a profound sort of thing, and when I gave it to Denis, he was faintly agitated, thinking it might be 'King Lear,' or the like. Then he read it, and he came upon me, glowering. 'In God's name, why didn't you tell me it's funny?' he said. Well, it is funny in a way, but that's merely the telling of it. On the chalk downs of England, it's hard to raise flowers or people. I'm rather fond, actually, of both the flora and the fauna of Albion, perfidious or otherwise."

Split Personality

A GENTLEMAN who is warily precise in his dealings with the Internal Revenue Service had reason to call the outfit the other day and decided to take notes on his telephone conversation. He has submitted them to us, and here they are:

THE GENTLEMAN: "May I speak with the District Director's office?"

A VOICE: "This is the District Director's office."

THE GENTLEMAN: "If an employee of your office is requested to identify himself by a taxpayer, is he permitted to give his name?"

THE VOICE: "Yes, of course."

THE GENTLEMAN: "Thank you. May I have your name, please?"

THE VOICE: "Sorry, I'm not permitted to give that information."

SEPTEMBER MORN

“YOU mustn’t be shocked by anything. That’s the first lesson for the artist,” said Sandy Gray seriously. He was a tall Australian with a brown beard who had formerly been an art critic on an English magazine. He was wearing a black wool shirt, black dungarees, and black rubber boots, and was knocking out a black pipe on Dolly Lamb’s table. It was midmorning, the third week in September. She had come to New Leeds ten days before, to paint the marshes, because her friends John and Martha Sinnott had written her that they had found a little house that she *must* live in—like Thoreau’s, on a pond. This morning Dolly had been painting, on the slope in front of her house, when she saw a strange man striding through the pond toward her, cutting down the pickerelweed with a hunting knife as he came. She shaded her eyes to watch him, but he ignored her anxious figure while making straight for the spot where she was standing—like a guided missile, she fancied. A mild, half-humorous fear crinkled her forehead. She was readily dismayed by the most ordinary encounters; everything for her was numinous—the butcher with his cleaver, the hunters in the woods. Her virgin heart feared the Angel Gabriel in the milkman, bumping along the road in his truck, and did not dare refuse the milk, cream, eggs, and butter he offered her, far beyond her small wants. Behold the handmaid of the Lord: she lived meekly in the age of fable, amid powers that had to be propitiated. The intruder today, in a black, visored cap, swashing through the pond, advanced on her like a superman from a comic book or the linesman from the telephone company. In either case, the same perplexity presented itself: Who was to speak first? “Hello,” she called out bravely when he was twenty feet away. “Hi,” he retorted and flailed his way up the slope to her easel. He studied her painting in silence, scratching his ear. He then walked into the house in his wet boots, and Dolly, blinking, left her easel and followed him. “I’m Sandy Gray,” he stated, in a voice that took her aback by its softness. “Have you got a cup of coffee?” “Only instant,” confessed Dolly. “That’ll do,” he answered. “Fix us a couple of cups.”

Out in the kitchen, as she put on the water to boil and measured out the coffee, she could see him in the living room, hunched on her studio couch, reading her copy of *Art News*, his black cap pulled down and his hunting knife stuck in his belt. Dolly was perturbed. Apprehension had told her who he was even before he introduced himself: a typical backwoods blowhard, according to John Sinnott; a horrible boor, said Martha. He was a former Communist, it seemed, who made sandals in the summertime for the tourist trade, and rode a motorcycle, and used to feed his children on peanut butter and send them to school barefoot, till the S.P.C.C. stepped in. On no account, warned Martha, was Dolly to give him any encouragement if he dropped by to call on her. His fourth wife had just left him, and he was on the prowl again. He would want to be neighborly and to advise her about her painting, but he was only after liquor and somebody to cook his meals for him.

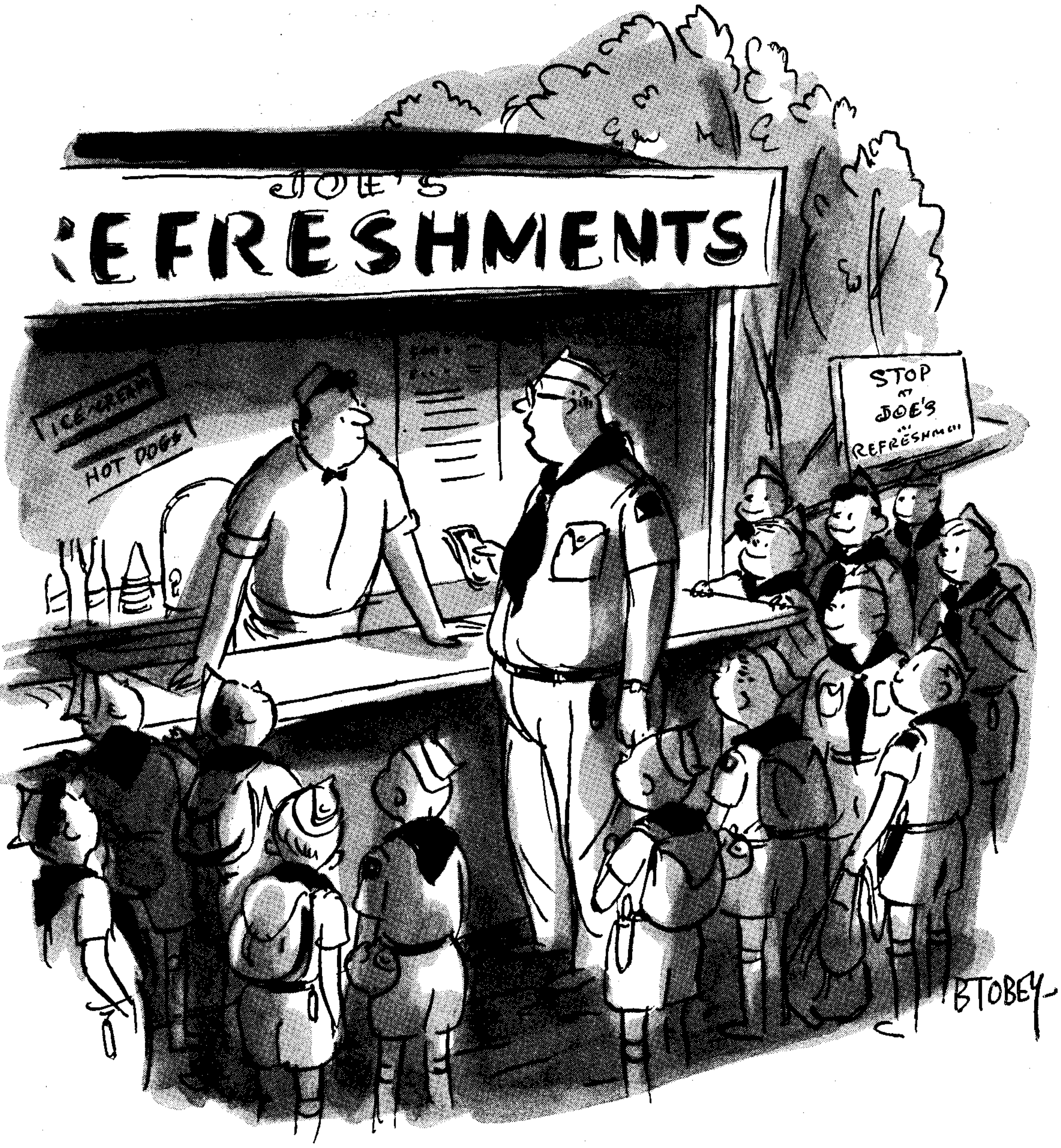
He did not *need* any encouragement, Dolly inwardly cried. He seemed so at home that it was she who felt like the interloper. When he had finished his coffee, he took his cap off, tossed it on the couch, and walked up and down her small living room, his thumbs stuck in his belt, examining her effects just as if he were alone in the house. He opened and closed the door to her bedroom, glanced up the chimney flue, picked up a picture postcard and scanned the message on the back of it. He stood for a long time staring at the books in her makeshift bookcase, then lifted out one, riffled through it, and replaced it, upside down. During this inspection, not a word was spoken. Dolly’s soul was outraged, but her tongue refused to move. She did not know how to forbid him the extraordinary liberties he was taking. He behaved like a higher authority with a warrant to search out evidence of her personal tendency. As she sat, meekly watching, a thread of silvery humor wove in and out of her thoughts, tracing a delicate embroidery. At the same time, suspense began to mount in her; her heart beat faster under her pale-blue shirtwaist and golden chamois jacket. She could not escape the thought that he was here to pronounce a judgment.

On the driftwood table, by the window, there was a bowl of poisonous mushrooms, brought her by the Sinnotts, which she had set up to paint. He bent down to smell them and made a noise of disgust. “Corrupt and dainty,” he said, in his soft, breathy voice. “Throw them out. They stink.” And before Dolly could protest, from her footstool by the fireplace, he had taken the dish from the table, opened the screen door, and flung the deadly mushrooms out into the pinewoods. “Damn you!” cried Dolly, jumping up indignantly. “You’ve just ruined my still-life!” She confronted him, quivering, her arms akimbo, while he watched her, unperturbed, from his greater height. In a minute, Dolly fell back, discountenanced by the grave look of his eyes, which swept back and forth, slowly, across her face, like two searchlights set in the bushy camouflage of hair and beard and brows. Having lost her temper and sworn at him, she found herself mysteriously translated onto a plane of intimacy, and she listened, a little bemused, as he proceeded to give her a lecture on decadence, with illustrations drawn from what he had found in her dwelling. The fact that he claimed to “know” her, without even knowing her name, imparted a sort of dreamlike solemnity to the home truths he was telling her; he descended on her like some meddlesome old prophet twitching the sleeve of a busy monarch with a message from on high.

“Stop hoarding,” he said gently, pointing to her collection of sea shells and to the starfish arranged in a graduated series on her mantelpiece. “It’s your own nail parings you’re assembling there, in neat little piles.” Dolly’s cheeks flamed. She felt as though he had been peeking through her window as she cut her toenails the night before. But the Australians, she told herself dutifully, were a pioneer people, very frank in their speech. Yet even as she strove not to mind, not to be insular and squeamish, tears sprang to her eyes, and she had to wipe them away hastily on the sleeve of her jacket. “*Are* you shocked?” he asked, with a face of polite inquiry. When Dolly nodded mutely, he stood pulling his beard and frowning. She expected that he was going to leave, in disgust with her, and she found that now, contrarily, as always seemed to happen, she wanted him to stay. “You’re angry with me,” she ventured in a small voice. He shook his head. “I try to be honest,” he explained, “and I hurt people, like an abrasive. I want to sand them down to their essentials, scrape off the veneers. When I saw your picture, out there, I knew I had something to tell you.” “You *liked* it?” she said wonderingly. "No! I hated it. It made me want to spew." Her work was sick, he told her—cramped with preciosity and mannerisms. Underneath, he discerned talent, but it was crippled, like some poor tree tortured out of shape by a formal gardener. She needed to be bolder and freer.

Dolly frowned. She had heard this from every one of her teachers and she supposed that it must be true. But it wearied and confused her to be assured that there was a vital force imprisoned inside her that was crying to be let out. How did they *know*, she used to mutter to herself in secret outrage. If there was anybody else inside her—as far as *she* could testify—it was a creature still more daunted and mild and primly scrupulous than the one the world saw. For years she had been trying obediently to be bold and free in her work, and the result had always been discouraging, even to her counsellors. When she "let herself go," her paintings got big and mechanical; she painted drearily, in the style of the teacher who had advised her to be herself. She was tired, moreover, of being told she had talent. She had come to feel that it was like a disease she toted from doctor to doctor, seeking a new opinion, a new treatment. Her last teacher, whom she had stayed with a year, had been a Neo-Romantic; before that, she had had an Intra-Subjectivist, and before that, a Magic Realist. And it was always the same story. Each began, enthusiastically, by undoing the errors of his predecessor. That was the easy part, but what came next, supposedly—the leap forward, the breakthrough—never was accomplished. She parted from each master sadly, with the knowledge that she had disappointed him. Perhaps it was her money, Martha had once lightly observed; perhaps she was like the rich young man in the Bible, who could not accomplish *his* breakthrough unless he sold all he had and gave to the poor. Dolly resented this suggestion; she had been thinking about it in the last few days, pacing up and down the wooded path with her hands dug into her pockets. Everybody, she felt, had been trying to change her, to take something away from her. For the first time, all alone here, in her shack by the pond, with her teeth gritted, she had dared think that it was *she* who had the right to be disappointed. In the silence of her house, her heart murmured against her teachers and well-wishers; *they* had promised miracles and then let her down.

And now, as she listened to Mr. Sandy Gray echoing the familiar cavils, this resentment suddenly exploded. "But I *am* precious!" she exclaimed, leaning forward on the footstool and striking a blow on her chest. "I'm inhibited. I'm afraid of life. I'm decadent. That is *me*. Why can't I paint that if I want to?" Sandy Gray smiled. "You can't paint a negation," he said. Dolly clenched her fists. "What about Bosch?" she demanded, seizing the name arbitrarily as a standard to rally to. "Bosh, my dear girl!" he answered. "You know better than that. Horror isn't a negation—only fear. You mustn't be afraid." Dolly sighed. She could not tell him the truth: that every moment of her life was shot through with terrors; peril stirred all around her, whimsically, in the rustling of the trees, in the sound of the icebox running, or the gurgling of kerosene in the tank of the oilstove. This was what she was straining to show in her painting: the absurd powers that were bending her to their will—nature as animate and



"We'll have nine Cokes and three root beers, two regular grape and one No-Cal."

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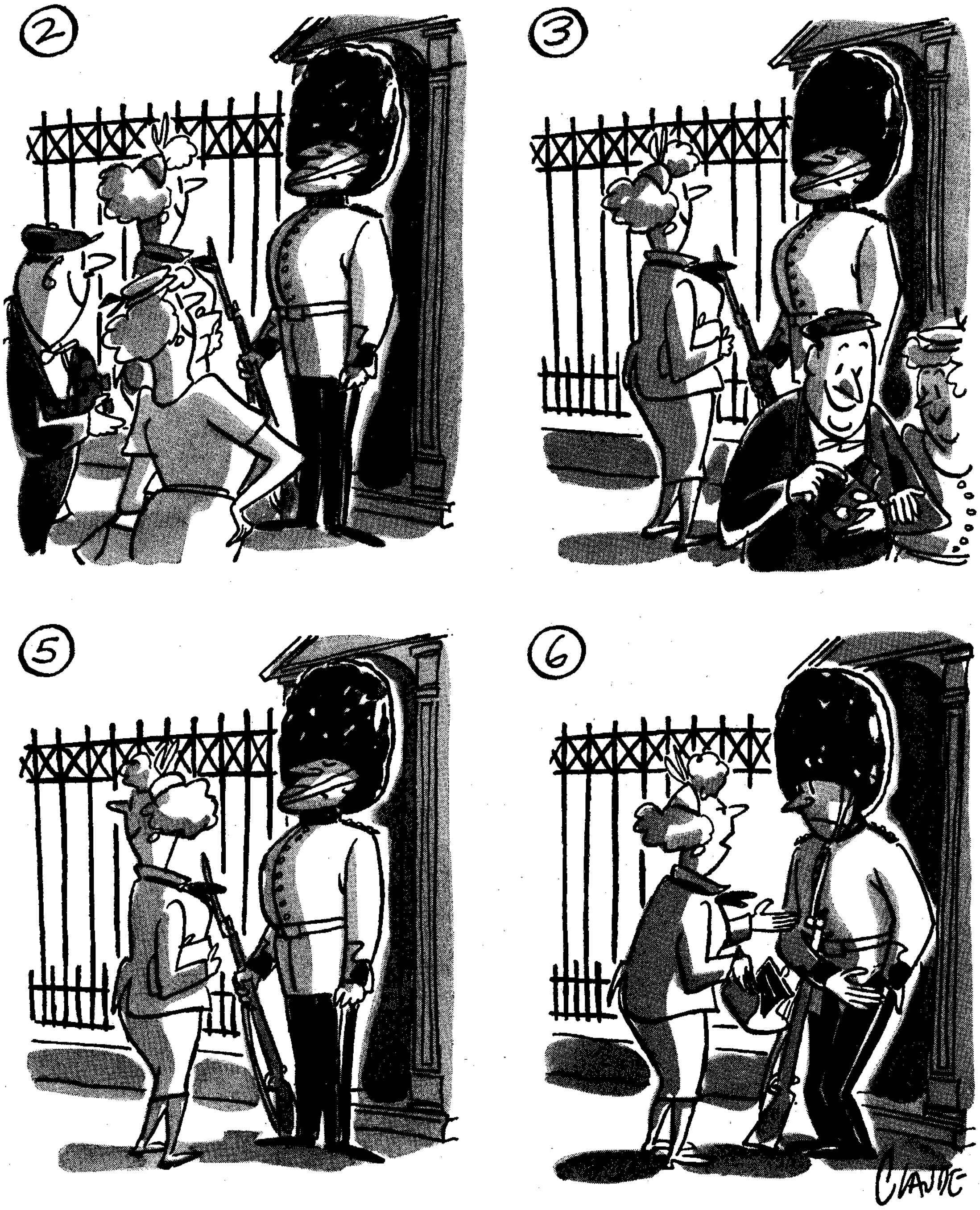
threatening, and people as elemental forces. But what her critics saw in her small canvases was only "meticulous craftsmanship," "timid conceits," "quaint charm." If they did not urge her to break through, they advised her to illustrate children's books.

"Are you afraid of *me*?" Sandy Gray queried. Dolly considered, and then shook her head, smiling. Strangely enough, she was not; she was only afraid of what the Sinnotts would think of her for letting him stay so long. He was so much like one of her bogies that she could deprecate his terrors. He had come out of the pond just like a myth, she said to herself with amusement. She was far more fearful of what she called normal people—John and Martha, for instance. Even if they had not told her, she would have known how her visitor looked to them. She could borrow their sharp eyes, alas, as easily as she could have put on Martha's severe horn-rimmed reading glasses. To the normal vision, Sandy Gray was just another rusticated bohemian, solemn and loquacious and self-vaunting, a not-very-intelligent and pretentious bore. And yet, to Dolly's eyes, there was something Christlike about his appearance. His hair and beard were a soft, delicate brown. His skin was white, and he had deep-set light-brown eyes with strange bluish whites. He carried himself stiffly, almost as if he had a spinal injury, and his long arms were frail. The black shirt and jeans and boots and gruff manners were an armor. He was really a gentle person.

As soon as Dolly had said this to herself, she felt a defiant quiver of pleasure. She had two kinds of friends—those she described to herself as "gentle," and the others. The second kind was always criticizing the first kind and saying they were unworthy of her. The more the second kind criticized, the more she clung to the first. The two aunts who had brought her up belonged to the second category. They themselves were oddities in the New England manufacturing town she came from (one of them smoked cigars and was deaf and enormously fat), yet they always used to complain that she had odd, unsuitable friends. They would never let her choose her pets, either, and all her life Dolly had felt herself in the position of a little girl in a big house stealing out to give a saucer of milk to a stray cat, which, as her aunts used to warn her, was probably diseased. She had loved her aunts, who had died when she was in college and left her their money in trust; she loved John and Martha and all the other sensible, sharp-spoken people who had succeeded to her aunts' place in knowing what was right for her—her trustees, her teachers, and their European-born wives, who fixed her hair for her and put mascara on her quivering lashes and told her when to let her hems down and how to walk into a room. These rational guardians of her interests were all somewhat alike; the world admired them, and so did Dolly. Her "gentle" friends were all different, the only common denominator being the stubborn quaintness of choice that had selected them. She had the queerest collection, picked up on her travels: priests and nuns, elderly doctors with tropical diseases, destitute baronesses, progressive high-school principals, housewives, young soldiers, broken-down artistes; many of her best friends were children. A psychiatrist once told her that she was afraid of being overrun by strong people and sought out weak ones, whom she could protect. But this was not quite exact, Dolly saw. *Everybody* wanted to tyrannize over her, the weak far more insistently, she had to admit, than the strong, who sometimes had other things to think about than telling her what to do.

She was taken in too easily, her trustees said, examining her check stubs. But that was not the case. She knew very well when she was being exploited by the kind of person she called gentle, and she claimed the right to be exploited, hugging it to herself like a favorite rag doll. Down deep, in the bedrock of her soul, there was a mistrustfulness of good sense. Behind every caution she suspected a deprivation; something was being withheld. The demand to see *for herself*, ever since her thirtieth birthday, two years ago, had been developing into a secret mania; she wanted to *live*. Outwardly, she was just the same, quiet and decorous, but in her soul she pioneered obstinately, inverting every notion that was offered her, especially where people were concerned. Much as she loved John and Martha, whenever she was with them she had to fight off the suspicion that her judgment was being constrained.

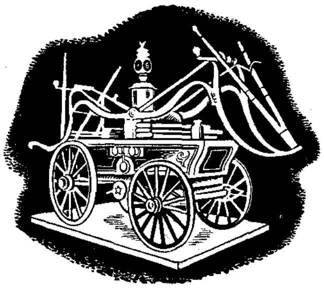
THE night Dolly arrived in New Leeds, the Sinnotts had had her to dinner and put her to bed afterward, in their guest bedroom, despite her insistence that she wanted to sleep in her own house. The water was not turned on yet, John had pointed out, and the house would be damp and cold from having been shut since Labor Day. In the morning, he would settle her in and see that everything was in order. He and Martha were extraordinarily helpful; they loved preparations and bustle and giving advice. In their white parlor after dinner, John had handed Dolly a list of all the people she might need: the plumber, the electrician, the laundress, the odd-job man, the woman who would clean, if she wanted her. Her garbage, he said, she would do best to take to the town dump, and, for one person, it was wiser not to have the milkman but to buy milk from the store



when she needed it. Between them, they had thought of everything. They told her the best places to swim at this time of year, and where to get the freshest eggs. John drew a map showing where mussels were to be found, under the old pier, and where you could dig clams and collect oysters; he marked some good painting sites on it, in red pencil, with stars. Martha made him show where the Indian pipe grew and where a file of cigar-colored boletus marched down a sand road, like a Mexican army on parade. They did everything, Dolly felt, but paint the pictures for her, so eager were they to be useful and to anticipate her needs. It was a sign of love, and she knew it; moreover, it was a sign of intelligence. She was pleased (or had been, until today) with the painting ideas they had given her, which suited her painstaking brush. The frail Indian pipes, gray-white shading into pink, with a delicate black fringe on the petals, like a glass-blower's flowers, had turned out awfully well; the boletus picture was not finished, but the conception was splendid.

And John had done everything for her, without being asked. The screens had been taken down and he had come to put them back when the late mosquitoes bothered her; he had dug her a garbage pit when he saw that she did not like to take the can to the dump, which had a horrible smell, and rats and human scavengers eagerly picking over the refuse. He had chopped some pine wood for her fireplace, and found out what was wrong when the chimney smoked. Martha had come, with extra pots and pans and dishes. She had brought Dolly a cookbook, with the best recipes marked. And she always knew the best; that, to Dolly, was the worst of it. If Dolly followed instructions, everything came out right; if she tried a different recipe from the one recommended by Martha, the result was a disaster. The Sinnotts always knew; it was an instinct with them. And they never compromised or pretended that anything was other than it was. This quality had never failed to amaze Dolly in all the years she had known them—this sense they had of life's topography. Everything in New Leeds was where they said it was and looked precisely as they described it—the good and the bad, the wilted lettuces and withering carrots in the grocery-store bins, the sunset from Long Hill. When Dolly, hopefully, would find that they had been wrong in some particular, it would turn out that she had not followed the directions. John, especially, was a born guide. After a day in Hell, Dolly felt certain, he could conduct a guided tour of all the circles, walking ahead with his long, bounding step, commenting on the architecture, and pointing out the denizens whom it would be worth while to meet.

This trait, to Dolly, was both wonderful and terrible. It was the distillation of all she feared and mistrusted, admired and envied. John and Martha were like parents to her, though they all three were nearly the same age. They could not help thinking for her (no one could, apparently), and if she let them, everything sparkled with high spirits and certainty. In these bright late-September days, they were living, the three of them, in a sort of idyll, full of games and laughter. They made a charming picture. Dolly had studied it, as though in a mirror, or in the still glass of one of the roseate ponds: the dark young man and the two fair-haired girls. In the mornings, John worked on a brochure he was doing for the Historical Society while Martha wrote and Dolly painted, on a schedule he had devised. Nearly every afternoon, they met for a swim or to go musseling or mushrooming. On especially good days, they picnicked on the beach, with a hamper of fried chicken and a cranberry pie. They often had dinner together, cooking over Dolly's fire or eating, more formally, in Martha's pink dining room. They read poetry and argued heatedly about books and pictures; Martha spun theories out of John's and Dolly's perceptions. Late at night, armed with a chart of the heavens and a flashlight, they went out to have Dolly identify the stars for them. There was the promise of a French play-reading at their friends the Coes', about which the Sinnotts appeared to be squabbling.



John did not want them to go, and Martha protested that it would be unkind not to. She had already cast Dolly in the role of the queen, Bérénice, and was sketching out a costume for her, though there was no plan of dressing up. Dolly was troubled by these arguments between the Sinnotts, quick and laughing as they were. In the ten days she had been here, she had become aware of a change in their relations. She could see, behind the screen of persiflage, that John was worried about money and that Martha's play was not going well. Several times it had been on the tip of her tongue to offer them a loan, but the fear of intruding kept her silent. They were going through a period of testing, she sensed, in which no outsider could help. They had come back this year to New Leeds to start a new life, on the scene of Martha's previous marriage. Dolly often wondered whether it had not been a mistake on their part to try themselves out here, of all places, where there were so many bad memories of her ex-husband for Martha to live down. But it was precisely like the Sinnotts to seek out the severest conditions. They would not compromise, Dolly knew, any more than they would drink instant coffee; they demanded the supreme test.

She herself had no doubt about their power of survival; it was her own she questioned as she lay awake at night in her bunk bed, listening to noisy animals that John assured her were nothing but squirrels. Influenced, perhaps, by John's and Martha's hardihood, she, too, felt that she had reached a point of decision. But her own little bark was not even launched yet on the unknown waters that beckoned her, while John and Martha were already at sea, having chosen to sink or swim. It was an awful choice; Dolly could see why they were scared, even though, for once, she thought she knew better than they did and could promise them that it would be all right for them in the end. But they would not believe her if she told them. "You only see the surface," Martha had said once, gloomily, when they had all had a lot of red wine at dinner and Dolly had been telling them what a beautiful life they had made here. "Are you different when you're alone?" Dolly had asked in alarm. No, said the Sinnotts; they had fights, sometimes, but it was not that. It was something else, said Martha. "All this," she declared, with a sweeping gesture that took in her long, shadowed dining room. "We made it, but I can't believe that it's real."

MARTHA did not want Dolly to stay on in New Leeds through the winter. Only till Thanksgiving, she told Dolly firmly. After that, Dolly would not like it. The winds would begin to blow and it would be too unpleasant to go sketching and the people would get on her nerves. But it was just here that Dolly disagreed with her. Despite what Martha said, she felt determined to extend her stay. She did not want only the "best part," as Martha called the fall season; she wanted the whole thing. And it distressed her to be told repeatedly, by both John and Martha, that it would be fatal for her to get to know the people here. She had heard it from them the first night, in their parlor, when her head was swimming with the information that was being pressed on her. Sandy Gray's name, she ruefully remembered, had led the list of persons especially to be avoided if, as Martha said, she had come down here to *work*. That was the point, both the Sinnotts had averred, talking very fast and underscoring each other's words. If you came here to work, there were only a few people you could safely see: the Coes, a couple called the Hubers, who were much older, and one or two others, whose names Dolly could not remember. The rest were *death*, said Martha, stamping out a cigarette.

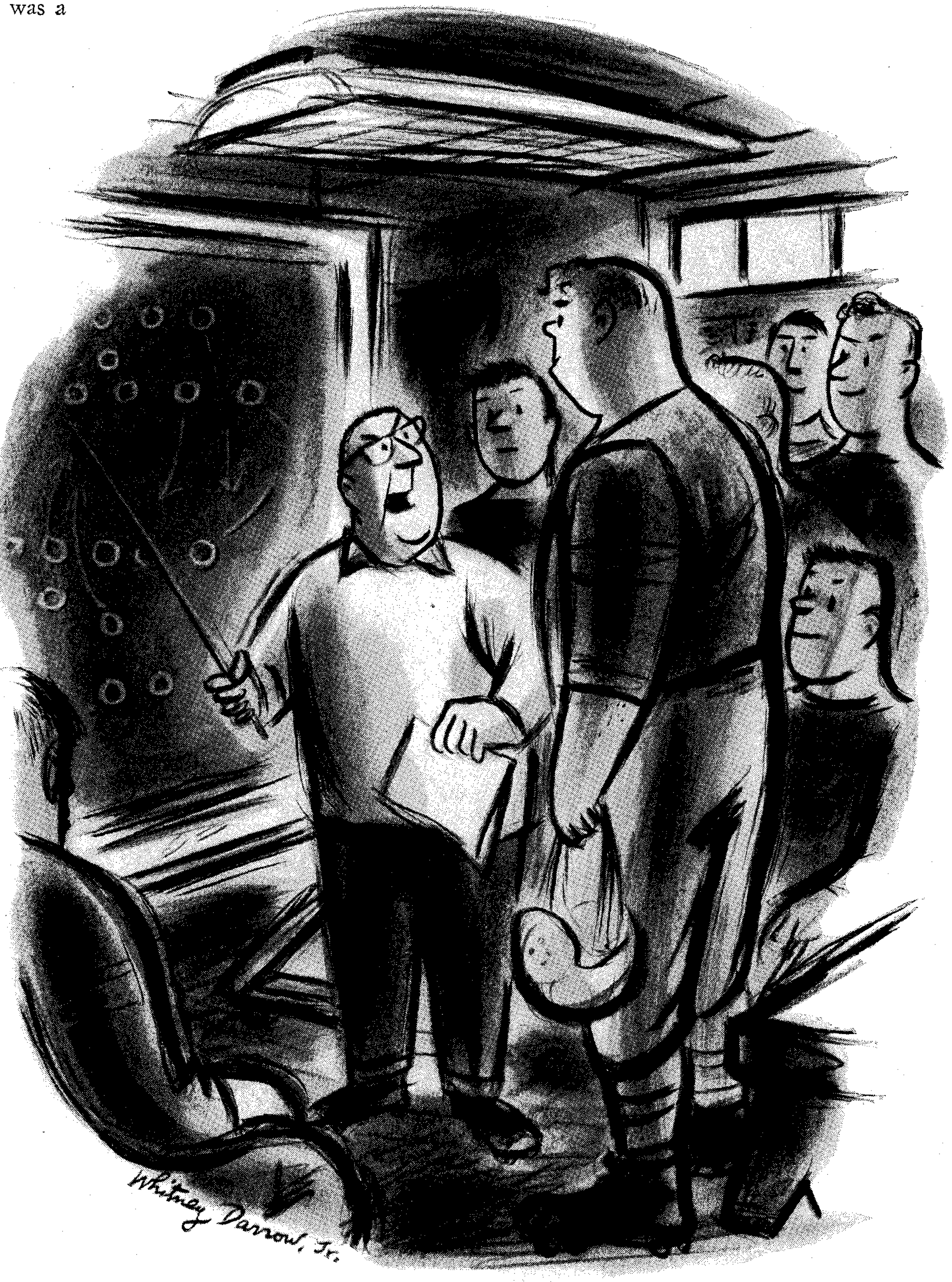
"But why?" Dolly had murmured, sleepy and confused. "They don't work," said the Sinnotts, with an air of having explained the universe. Dolly did not understand. There were lots of nice people who didn't work, she protested, feeling a wayward loyalty spring up toward this criticized group. The Sinnotts shook their heads. The local drones were different, they explained; they had turned New Leeds into a hive of inactivity. According to Martha and John, they were all like Martha's ex-husband, Miles Murphy—a Jack-of-all-trades who had been a boxer, a playwright, a psychologist, a practicing mystic, an amateur philosopher, and who was now taking it easy on his third wife's income. Dolly smiled dubiously; she could see that the Sinnotts were very much excited. These people here, they continued, had no object in life except to see each other incessantly, over a bottle. They did not read; they did not travel, except to go to Trowbridge, the county seat, when one of them was arrested for drunken driving or had to appear in a divorce case. They did not even keep house or take care of their children any longer. Their wants were reduced to a minimum: shelter, something to eat, blue jeans and a Mackinaw, and a bottle of Imperial. They were like people of the future, said Martha—a planner's nightmare of what the world would be like when work had been abolished and everybody took a vitamin pill instead of bothering to cook.

"But why *shouldn't* they live like that if they want to?" Dolly had been saying to herself, over and over again, in a plaintive voice, alone in her shack, as she answered the Sinnotts on behalf of these New Leedsians whom she had never been permitted to meet. "Why *should* they work if they don't have to?" She herself was industrious, even in her pleasures, like a sober little girl making mud pies, but it seemed to her that it was unfair of the Sinnotts to expect the rest of humanity to be like themselves. Moreover, she was curious, which was, she felt, her right as a woman. She was restive, living in an idyll, with two omniscient beings cautioning her not to open Pandora's box, not to light Psyche's taper, not to eat the apple.

"YES!" she cried, jumping up, when Sandy Gray proposed that she come for a walk in the woods with him. "Why *shouldn't* I if I want to?" she said to herself, rubbing her pale curls thoughtfully, as if she were just waking up. She let him lead her off up a hidden trail, leaving her easel where it was and her brushes unwiped. It was a wonderful walk. He knew the woods better than John and Martha; he showed her foxholes and deer tracks and where a skunk had its den. They explored an old logging trail, very much overgrown. He helped her climb over trees that had been blown down by the last hurricane. Brambles tore her stockings, and a hornet stung her, but he hurried down to a little stream and made a mud plaster to put on her cheek. They scaled a high ridge, going cross country, and found a place where you could look out and see seven ponds. Outdoors, he was a different person, courteously doing the honors, as if Nature were his home. His hand was always ready, at her elbow, to help her up a steep spot when she needed it, and he looked the other way when she had to stop to take the stones out of her shoes. They talked about the difficulties of painting from nature, which was always changing just as you got your colors set, and about chess and the Great Barrier Reef. Just before lunchtime, they saw a fawn.

"It looks like you," he said, turning to scan her, with a short, gusty laugh. "The startled fawn." Dolly colored; it was not the first time she had heard this allusion made.

Nevertheless, she *liked* him, she said to herself when they came back at lunchtime and she peered into the little mirror that was tacked up over the kitchen sink. She was a sight. There were burs in her hair and her face was streaked with mud, but her cheeks were glowing. Sandy stayed in the living room, drinking a glass of white wine while she fixed them some lunch: Portuguese bread and hard salami and tomatoes and cheese. He was telling her about his children, who had been handed over to his third wife by a court order when his fourth wife left him. He was suing to get them back. His lawyer was going to show that she was living with a French-Canadian truck driver, down on the bay front, in a house made of cement blocks, and using the maintenance money to buy her paramour presents. "Which one?" called Dolly, slicing the salami. "You mean the fourth or the third?" He meant the third, he said, but the fourth wife was here, too, working at the counter of the Grille. All his wives were here, except the second one; the first was in the graveyard, up by the high school. A very fine woman, he observed—used to be a singer, older than he was, one of the pioneer artists to settle in New Leeds. For some reason, the dead woman's presence seemed obscurely shocking to Dolly. She did not dare ask what she had died of, lest she hear that she had burned up or fallen down a stairway; the New Leedsians, according to the Sinnotts, were always having dreadful accidents that could be laid to drink or someone's gross negligence. "What about the second one?" she murmured, setting down


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Now, here's the way it is. We're the good guys and they're the bad guys. We give you the ball. You run with it from here down to there. The bad guys will try to stop you. O.K. so far?"

Herbert Goldberg

"I guess we don't need a blueprint to figure that one out."

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the plate of bread and cheese before him and slipping into the place opposite.

A dour expression darkened his face. "Ellen," he said slowly, munching a piece of bread. "You've heard about Ellen?" Dolly shook her head. "You must have!" he exclaimed. "Your friend Martha must have told you." Dolly shook her head again. Fear tightened her throat; it was the first time Martha had been mentioned between them, and there was something ugly—a sneer—in the way he pronounced her name. Yet why *should* he like Martha, she asked herself; after all, Martha did not like *him*. "That beats all," he remarked. "Why?" said Dolly, faintly, after a silence. "They were best friends," he said. "Thick as thieves." "Oh?" Dolly quavered, filling his glass with wine and pouring milk for herself. "I loved Ellen," he said, chewing. "She was the only one I loved." "But what happened?" said Dolly. "She left me," he tossed out. "Seven years ago." Dolly drew a quick breath. "Madam Martha put her up to it," he said. "I have proof. I found the letters. I pieced them together from the wastepaper basket." "Letters?" "From Martha to Ellen—general delivery," he said impatiently. "Urging her to leave me, for her soul's sake. Ellen was weak. She didn't want to leave me. She did it because she was told she ought to. Everything Martha did, she copied." Dolly bit her lip; she could see the possibility of this all too clearly. On the other hand, she could see that Martha might have had reasons. The more he spoke of Ellen, who had been young and blond and beautiful and was disowned by her parents when she married him, the more Dolly felt that the marriage had been unsuitable. "Where is she now?" she inquired, pushing a bowl of grapes toward him. "In Mexico." Ellen had gone through her own money, it seemed, and was living with a Mexican on the alimony from her second husband. But Sandy Gray still loved her and still wanted her back. Now that he was between marriages, he had started writing to her again, and she had answered.

Dolly glanced at him thoughtfully from beneath lowered brows. Here was a man, she perceived, who was living on hope. Ellen, his children—he hoped to get them all back at once and start a new life. He had no idea, apparently—she thought with pity—that anything was ever finished. He was still toying, she found, with the notion that he might have sued Martha for alienation of affections; his therapist had told him he should have done it. The word "therapist" prickled Dolly's sensibilities. He had a number of jargon terms that embarrassed her, and she did not care for his Americanisms, which sounded awfully queer in his Australian voice. And his table manners were disturbing. He talked earnestly, with his mouth full, and particles of food kept falling into his beard. All that was unimportant, she said to herself, watching him spit the grape seeds out onto his plate. He had a fearsome sincerity that made good manners seem false.

This sincerity appalled Dolly, for his sake. He was living here in the woods like a mole in a tunnel. The outside did not exist for him, evidently. He was utterly free of self-consciousness—the consciousness, that is, of how he might look to others. It made Dolly feel guilty even to question his hopes, to peep at him through the eyes of the judge in Trowbridge or through the eyes of the woman, Ellen, whose snapshot he took out of his black breast-pocket to show her. She held the snapshot at arm's length, narrowing her eyes to appraise it in the light of his expectations. Ellen was a pretty, blond girl, thin, with a long bob and a pearl choker, wearing a sun dress. Dolly felt as if she knew her; she had known the type in college—the strained, squirrelly débutantes who dropped out in their sophomore year to make a reckless marriage. "She will never come back to you," she said to herself, remorseful for her percipience. "She's lovely," she said aloud, handing back the photograph. He nodded, stowing the picture away with a little pat of satisfaction.

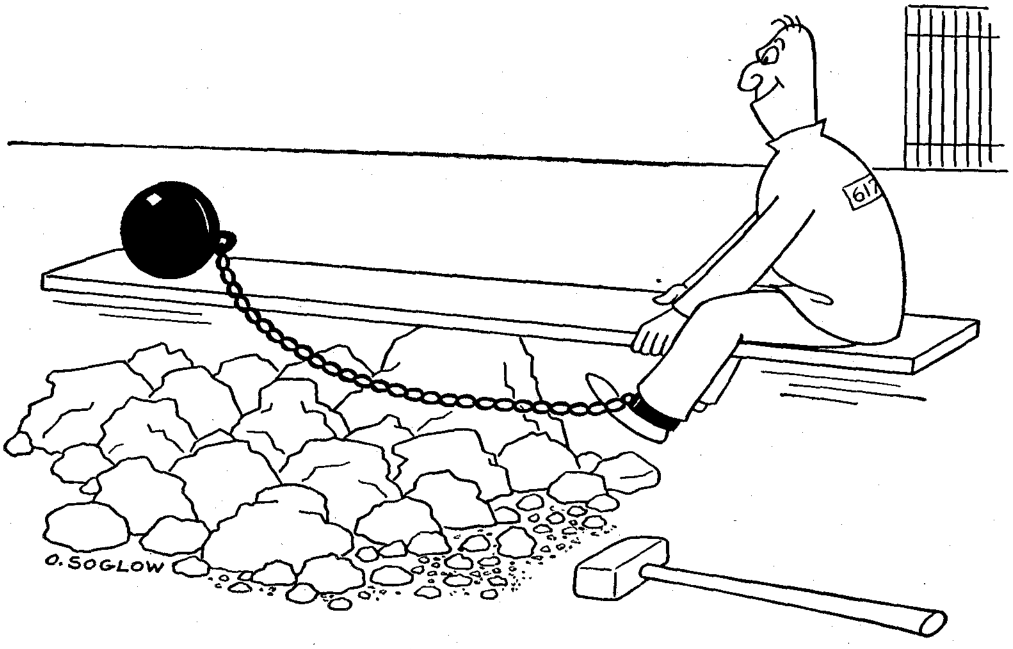
HE remained, musing, at the table, drawing on his pipe, while Dolly washed the dishes. He did not offer to help her, and she was grateful for this. There was not room for two in the little kitchen, Dolly had found; when John Sinnott washed up for her, they kept bumping into each other. She did not want to be at such close quarters, indoors, with Mr. Sandy Gray. In the house, his clothes gave off a slightly sour, musty smell, like that of an unaired closet. His fingernails were clean—she had looked to see—but she could not rid herself of the notion that his white, soft skin was dirty underneath his clothes, which she could not imagine ever going to the cleaners' and coming back on hangers, like middle-class apparel. If he bathed at all, she conjectured, it must be in the pond. She could picture his long white form immersing itself naked, as if in a baptism, with a cake of Ivory soap.

"Would you like a swim?" His voice came suddenly from the sitting room. Dolly started. More than once, she had had the uneasy feeling that he could read her thoughts. "No, thanks," she answered, in a muffled voice. He would expect her to take her clothes off. Even the Sinnotts had been surprised, the first afternoon, when she produced her gray wool bathing suit. "You don't need that here," said Martha, but John had been more tactful and left his underdrawers on, in the water, while Martha swam nude. After that, they had both brought bathing suits whenever they came, which Dolly felt was an imposition on them, for the whole point of New Leeds—she could hear Martha saying it—was that you could go in the water naked.

"Good!" came the voice from the sitting room. "Most people swim too much here." Despite her relief, Dolly again was troubled; she felt that her friends were being criticized. And what was wrong with swimming? She dared not ask. "The natives never swim," the voice answered her silent inquiry. "It's a city person's fad, like cooking in the fireplace." Good Lord, thought Dolly, raising a stricken hand to her cheek. "Wasn't that what they were used for, originally?" she ventured, hanging up the dish towel. "Hell, yes," he said. "They did it from necessity. Now it's phony, an artifice. 'Oh, I adore these old fireplaces,' " he quoted, in falsetto.

Dolly came reluctantly into the sitting room. Her fireplace was not old, but her two wire broilers and an asbestos glove stood beside it, bearing witness against her. She could not make out whether he had seen them. And his point of view was mysterious to her; she could not locate where he stood, with such an uncompromising air. New Leeds, he declared, was being ruined by an influx of smart people with money and artificial standards. Dolly rubbed her eyes. Who did he mean, she asked herself wonderingly. The Sinnotts, if he meant *them*, had no money. And who else could answer to this description? She could only suppose that he must be referring to her. "Who?" she interrupted. "Who are you talking about?" He smiled. "My dear girl," he said. "You must have met them and been entertained in their homes." Dolly shook her head. "I don't know who you mean," she said stubbornly. He puffed on his pipe. "The Coes," he said finally. "The Hubers." And he named off the very people whom Martha had said she could see. Dolly pressed her lips firmly together to stifle the laughter that was bubbling up. "The Coes!" she cried faintly. "You're dreaming." She started to add that she had been served a drink in a jelly glass in their establishment, but prudence closed her mouth just in time; she did not want him to find her with an artificial standard showing. "The Coes are all right," he conceded. "But they're rich people and they want to set the tone. They've formed a choice little group—your friend Martha, of course, and poor old Miles, when they can snag him."

Dolly laughed uncomfortably at the mention of Martha's first husband. "I thought you liked Mr. Murphy," she protested. Sandy Gray nodded. "Miles was my friend," he said sombrely. "Now I don't know him any more. Or he doesn't know me. It's this damned change. He's got a new woman and he's gone respectable. He drives around in a Cadillac wearing a sports jacket. If I ask him to drop in to see me, he explains that his white-wall tires won't take these back roads or his wheels will get out of alignment. Or he's busy with his philosophical work. There's something slick and hard about the guy now that he's got his life fixed up. 'First things first,' I said to him the last time we met, and he stared at me like a boiled lobster." Dolly smiled bleakly at the comparison; she felt touched and troubled by what she was hearing. "Perhaps he *is* busy," she suggested. The fact that she had seen him the other day at the Coes' weighed heavy on her conscience. "First things first," Sandy Gray repeated. "Let me give you an example. I went to see him last month, on my motor bike. I had the idea that I might get him to testify for me, professionally, as a psychologist, about the kids' condition. Miles knows Clover, my third wife, from way back. She grew up here; her father wrote for the pulps. Miles knows she's an unfit mother; she used to take care of his kid for him when he was living with Martha— You know he had



a child by his first marriage? Well, I figured he could drop in to see Clover now and report what he found to my lawyer." Dolly's brows furrowed; a deep sense of horror overcame her; her stomach felt queasy. Her sympathies, by instinct, flew to the mother's side and repelled the idea of spying on her. But she immediately felt rebuked by another inner voice, which told her she was being conventional. Many fathers, she knew, made better parents than many mothers; it was only tradition that shrank from the facts. Moreover, there was spying and spying; in a good cause, she supposed, it was justified. "I told him the whole story," Sandy Gray was relating. "And he sat there at his desk, listening, tapping his foot and doodling on a piece of paper." "So what happened?" said Dolly. "Did he refuse you?"

Sandy Gray snorted. "He never gave me the chance to ask him. He cut me short in the middle of a sentence. 'Well, well,' he said, getting up and looking at his wristwatch. 'Interesting case, Sandy. It will make a judgment of Solomon when it comes to the court in November.' " Despite herself, Dolly laughed. "And that was all?" she murmured, sobering her face. "That was all. He had an engagement, he told me. He went to the door and rang a bell for his wife."

A SILENCE fell. Dolly herself became conscious of the passage of time. She dared not look at her wristwatch, but the sun had left the windows and it must be, she realized, at least four-thirty. In an hour, the sun would set, and nothing was accomplished. She had not gone for the mail or bought her groceries; her brushes and paints and easel were still outside. Yet she tried not to think of these things, which, she told herself, were mere details. Her work, her life, her mind were cluttered with detail. "First things first," she muttered under her breath, like a lesson. An hour ago, she had been on the edge of something—a straightforward relation with a man. And now, suddenly, it was spoiled, by her having, so to speak, underthoughts. The silence, as it continued, propagated trivia; she looked about her and saw crumbs and tobacco everywhere, which she could not wipe up because it would be conventional. The need to make conversation became an uncomfortable urgency, yet she could think of nothing to say but something about the weather. Moreover, she was afraid that John and Martha might come.

She jumped up and touched a match to the fire laid in the fireplace. He turned to watch her as she crouched at the hearth. "How old are you?" he said abruptly. "Thirty-two," said Dolly. "Are you a virgin?" he demanded. Dolly's spine stiffened; she rose, slowly, and backed up against the fireplace wall. Nobody had asked her this question since she was in college. She had often yearned to discuss what was the central fact in her life, but everybody steered shy of it—even her closest friends. Yet now that she had been asked, finally, her tongue remained paralyzed. She stared at him speechlessly, trying to feel indignation.

"Well?" he said. "Are you or aren't you?" Dolly looked at him in anguish. "Don't you know?" he said, ironically.

This, in literal fact, was the case. She had had a single experience, five years before, on a boat, at night, on the deck, behind a stack of steamer chairs. A sailor had interrupted them, and she had fled in shame to her cabin, not sure whether or not the act, as the books said, had been completed. The next morning they had landed, and she had never seen her partner, a young student, again. Since that time, men had made love to her, and she had responded, even while resisting. But they got discouraged too easily; they gave up, like her painting teachers, just when she might have let herself go. Several times, she had nearly made the plunge. She had permitted what her aunts used to call liberties, and was ready to give the final favor, though she still weakly pushed and struggled, when the man, straightening his necktie, would get up and say he was sorry. "*Don't* be sorry!" she had several times cried out, but they took this as mere courtesy on her part. The older she got, the more men hesitated to tamper with her, because they thought she was a virgin, and she could not correct this impression, because she was not sure.

As she stood gazing at Sandy Gray, she felt the gates of her speech miraculously unlocking. She was going to tell; his wish to know was impersonal. After all, she reminded herself, he was in love with another woman. Recklessly, she opened her mouth and took a deep breath, but at that moment he got up and yawned, stretching his long arms. "All right," he said. "I'm sorry. Don't tell me." He picked up his cap from the studio couch. "But I'll tell you one thing," he observed thoughtfully. "You've never been in love."

Dolly's rueful gaze rested, startled, on him. It was true, but how did he know it? Her stubborn nature had known many passionate attachments—to animals, to her teachers, to her friends. But she had never loved a man, in the sense that he meant, except in daydreams. "How do you know?" she said. He shrugged. "I see it everywhere," he replied, gesturing with his cap. "In your work. In the way you stand, backed up against the wall. In your books. *Noli me tangere.*" Tears came to Dolly's eyes for the second time that day. "Don't cry," he said. "I like you. You're a good little child in your pinafore. You love Mummy and Daddy and Nanny and little brother and sister and your Teddy bear. Some day you may grow up to be a woman."

He put on his cap. "Come over to see me," he said. "I live on the other side of the pond, behind that pine grove." Dolly stood watching him go, the way he had come, striking with his knife at the pickerelweed. She felt shattered. A long-sought opportunity had been missed. Another time, if she saw him, everything would be different; she would know him too well to speak openly. It was because he had come to her as a stranger, out of the pond, like a water god, that she had nearly confessed herself. She was tempted to run after him, but another feeling, a sense of proud umbrage, held her where she was. He was wrong about her, she said to herself triumphantly. He had missed the point altogether. She had no Mummy or Daddy or brother or sister. She was an orphan. He was stupid not to have seen that. And John and Martha were right. Thanks to him, she had lost a day's painting. Perplexity smote her. She struck herself a violent blow on the forehead. "Oh, damn!" she cried. "Damn, damn, damn!" She was not certain what she was regretting.

—Mary McCarthy

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SNAKE

I saw a young snake glide
Out of the mottled shade
And hang, limp on a stone;
A thin mouth, and a tongue
Stayed, in the still air.

It turned; it drew away;
Its shadow bent in half;
It quickened, and was gone.

I felt my slow blood warm.
I longed to be that thing,
The pure, sensuous form.

And I may be, some time.

—Theodore Roethke

THE COLONEL'S FOUNDATION

Rutherford Tower, although a partner, was not the Tower of Tower, Tilney & Webb. It sometimes seemed to him that the better part of his life went into explaining this fact or at least into anticipating the humiliation of having it explained by others. The Tower had been his late Uncle Reginald, the famous Attorney General and leader of the New York bar, and the one substantial hope in Rutherford's legal career. For Rutherford, despite an almost morbid fear of clerks and courts, and a tendency to hide away from the actual clients behind their wills and estates, had even managed to slip into a junior partnership before Uncle Reginald, in his abrupt, downtown fashion, died at his desk. But it was as far as Rutherford seemed likely to go. There was nothing in the least avuncular about Uncle Reginald's successor, Clitus Tilney. A large, violent, self-made man, Tilney had a chip on his shoulder about families like the Towers and a disconcerting habit of checking the firm's books to see if Rutherford's "social-register practice," as he slightingly called it, paid off. The junior Tower, he would remark to the cashier after each such inspection, had evidently been made a partner for only three reasons: because of his name, because of his relatives, and because he was there.

And, of course, Tilney was right. He was always right. Rutherford's practice didn't pay off. The Tower cousins, it was true, were in and out of his office all day, as were the Hallecks, the Rutherfords, the Tremaines, and all the other interconnecting links of his widespread family, but they expected, every last grabbing one of them, no more than a nominal bill. Aunt Mildred, Uncle Reginald's widow, was the worst of all, an opinionated and litigious lady who professed to care not for the money but for the principle of things and was forever embroiled with landlords, travel agencies, and shops. However hard her nephew worked for her, he could never feel more than a substitute. It was Clitus Tilney alone whose advice she respected. Rutherford sometimes wondered, running his long nervous fingers over his pale brow and through his prematurely gray hair, if there was any quality more respected by the timid remnants of an older New York society, even by the flattest-heeled and most velvet-gowned old maid, than naked aggression. What use did they really have for anyone whom they had known, like Rutherford, from his childhood? He was "one of us," wasn't he—too soft for a modern world?

The final blow came when Aunt Margaretta Halleck, the only Tower who had married what Clitus Tilney called "real money," and for whom Rutherford had drawn some dozen wills without fee, died leaving her affairs, including the management of her estate, in the hands of an uptown practitioner who had persuaded her that Wall Street lawyers were a pack of wolves. The next morning, when Rutherford happened to meet the senior partner in the subway, Mr. Tilney clapped a heavy but insincere hand on his shrinking shoulder.

"Tell me, Tower," he boomed over the roar of the train. "Have you ever thought of turning yourself into a securities lawyer? We could use another hand on this Smilax deal."

"Well, it's not a field I know much about," Rutherford said miserably.

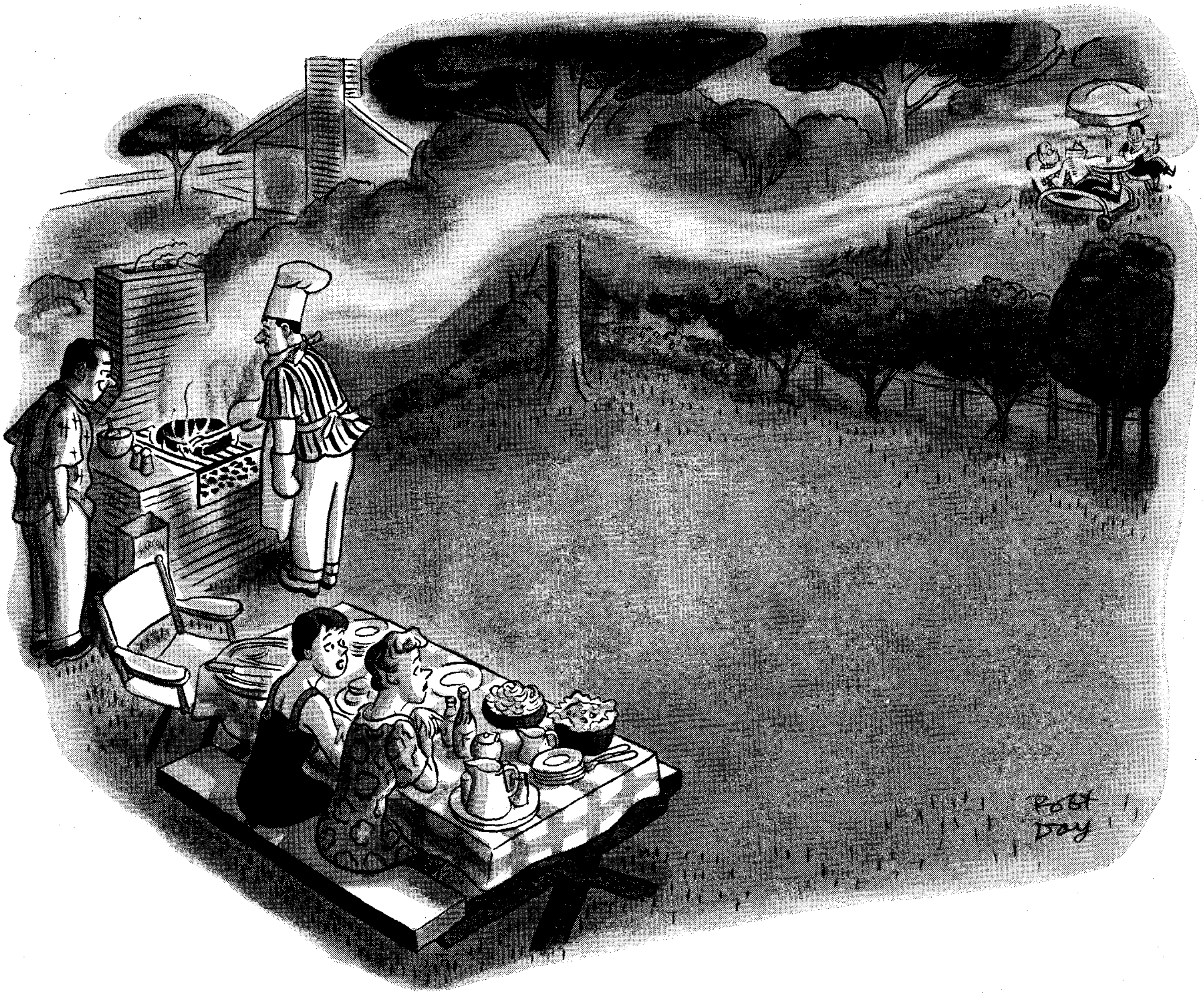
"But, man, you're not forty yet! You can learn. Quite frankly, that Halleck fiasco is the last straw. I'm not saying it's anyone's fault, but this family business isn't carrying its share of the load. Think it over, Tower."

Rutherford sat later in his office, staring out the window at a dark brick wall six feet away, and thought gloomily of working night and day on one of Tilney's securities "teams," with bright, intolerant younger men who had been on the *Harvard Law Review*. The telephone rang, startling him. He picked it up. "What is it?" he snapped.

It was the receptionist. "There's a Colonel Hubert here," she said. "He wants to see Mr. Tower. Do you know him, or shall I see if Mr. Tilney can see him?"

It was not unusual for prospective clients to ask for "Mr. Tower," assuming that they were asking for the senior partner. Rutherford, however, was too jostled to answer with his usual self-depreciation. "If I were the receptionist," he said with an edge to his voice,

"You're barking up the wrong tree, Herbert."



"If the wind doesn't change, we'll have to invite them over."

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"and somebody asked for Mr. Tower, I think I'd send him to Mr. Tower. But then, I suppose, I have a simple mind."

There was a surprised silence. "I'm sorry, Mr. Tower. I only meant—"

"I know," he said firmly. "It's quite all right. Tell Colonel Hubert I'll be glad to see him."

SITTING back in his chair, Rutherford immediately felt better. *That* was the way to deal with people. And, looking around, he tried to picture his room as it might appear to a client. It was the smallest of the partners' offices, true, but it was not entirely hopeless. If his uncle's best things, including the Sheraton desk, had been taken over by Mr. Tilney, he at least had a couple of relics of that more solid past: the large framed photograph of old Judge Webb in robes, and his uncle's safe, a mammoth green box on wheels with "Reginald Tower" painted on the door in thick gold letters. The safe, of course, would have been more of an asset if Tilney had not insisted that it be used for keeping real-estate papers and if young men from that department were not always bursting into Rutherford's office to bang it open and shut. Sometimes they even left papers unceremoniously on his desk, marked simply "For Safe." Still, he felt, it gave his room some of the flavor of an old-fashioned office, just a touch of Ephraim Tutt.

An office boy appeared at the doorway, saying "This way, sir," and a handsome, sporty old gentleman of certainly more than eighty years walked briskly into the office.

"Mr. Tower?"

Rutherford jumped to his feet to get him a chair, and the old man nodded vigorously as he took his seat. "Thank you, sir. Thank you, indeed," he said.

He was really magnificent, Rutherford decided as he sat down again and looked him over. He had thick white hair and long white mustaches, a straight, large, firm, aristocratic nose, and eyes that at least tried to be piercing. His dark, sharply pressed suit covered a figure whose only fault was a small, neat protruding stomach, and he wore a carnation in his buttonhole and a red tie with a huge knot.

"You are in the business of making wills?" the Colonel asked.

"That is my claim."

"Good. Then I want you to make me one."

There was a pause while the Colonel stared at him expectantly. Rutherford wondered if he was supposed to make the will up then and there, like a sandwich.

"Well, I guess I'd better ask a few questions," he said with a small professional smile. "Do you have a will now, sir?"

"Tore it up," the Colonel said. "Tore them all up. I'm changing my counsel, young man. That's why I'm here."

Rutherford decided not to press the point. "We might start with your fami-

A SUMMER GONE

I

The brilliant seaside glitters its farewell
To bathers who pack up their stripes and go
Home from all the cottages that water built;
Deserted on deserted dunes, those stilts
Of slipshod timber watch the sun run out
Among their crooked legs to meet the sea.
The windows, darker as the days go by,
Drink in the liquor of the autumn light.

II

The spiral shells, now empty of their hosts
That noiselessly would hunt the sands at night,
Are not more empty than a house I know
Whose windows, boarded up, are black with dark.
The inner and the outer night converge
On blind astronomers who used to search
The summer sky for stars. The stars that fall,
In quick succession, are not seen at all.

III

Say there was a tree that once you loved
That storms drilled downward. It was but a sign
Of how the seasons wither in a man.
Its leaves will spring into your winter mind,
Until your mind's a winter without spring,
Until your mind is nothing but a spring
That feeds the network of another tree
That storms will work at till the roots are free.

IV

Intrinsic as the crickets are to night,
The summer night is music made by them.
Uncritical, we listen to their themes.
The little orchestras that lure the stars
Down, down from fiery perimeters
Until we seem to touch them with our hands,
Have chirped into a silence. Where are they
Who plucked the hours of our sleep away?

V

Is it love that makes our summers shine?
Ideas of love, I mean. The naked limbs:
Bronze gears that cut the bluest sky to shreds
By running past reclining, sandy heads?
Sweet breasts that hold the very heart of love?
All shapely weights that we are mad to love?
Those beautiful outsides, those thin-skinned maps
Are part of love. Or all of it, perhaps.

VI

The insects scatter on their flimsy wings
And disappear. Sometimes one finds a trace
Of one, and sees a wingless carapace
Erosion has a mind to sculpture in.
Such tiny fans, fantastic skins are they,
One cannot hold them in the hand. The wind
Will bear, invisible upon the air,
Those cenotaphs to nothingness away.

VII

If you have listened to a summer rain,
You cannot think it will not come again:
Dead thunder that put tonnage in a drum,
Light rummaging to crack its fork on sky;
If, sleeping on a sun porch rinsed by rain
(A vine of morning-glories climbed the pane
Outside), you plumbed the very depths of sleep,
You know the silences through which sound seeps.

VIII

Sea purses lie on the September beach,
Miniature, old-fashioned sleighs of black,
The runners clawlike, paired parentheses.
These are egg cases of the skate or shark,
And if they ever held their dangerous young,
Indented by the hand, like dry seaweed,
The horny little shapes hold nothing now.
Each is an artifact that you can hold.

IX

There is a time when feeling knows two things:
The dead bird lying, and the whir of wings.
Those travellers who beat the upper air
Have clarities in mind—a south somewhere,
Where clouds are higher and the sea more blue.
Diviners of the tropics have to go
Where summer is still spoken. Autumn wings
Time the distances between two things.

X

Sad fall, a thousand dyings color you:
The sunburnt skin of leaves. Of love, the view
To take is but another wintry one,
To wait for the new nestings of the sun.
Happy for the leaves that make us sad,
We walk across your fields of richest plaid,
Grateful for the view. We'll have, someday,
That other weather that we salt away.

—Howard Moss

• •

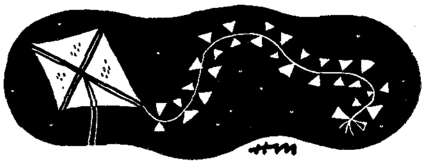
ly, then. Do you have a wife, sir? Or children?"

"My wife is dead, God bless her. No children. She had a couple of nieces, but they're provided for."

"And you, sir?"

"Oh, I have some grandnephews." He shrugged. "Nice young chaps. You know the sort—married, live in the suburbs, have two children, television. No point in leaving them any money. Real money, I mean. Scare them to death. Prevent their keeping down to the Joneses. Fifty thousand apiece will be plenty."

Rutherford's mouth began to feel pleasantly dry as he leaned forward to pick up a pencil. He quite agreed with the Colonel about the suburbs. "And what did you have in mind, sir, as to the main disposition of your estate?"



"I don't care so much as long as it's spent!" the Colonel exclaimed, slapping the desk. "Money should be spent, damn it! When I was a young man, I knew Ward McAllister. I was a friend of Harry Lehr's, too. Newport. It was something then! Mrs. Fish. The Vanderbilts. Oh, I know, people sneer at them now. They say they were

"Of course you don't need a dual-control rear-seat radio speaker, but think how it sets you off from the people who couldn't afford one if they did need it."

vulgar, aping Europe, playing at being dukes and duchesses, but, by God, they had something to show for their money! Why, do you know, I can remember a ball at the Breakers when they had a footman in livery on every step of the grand stairway! Every step!"

"I guess you wouldn't see that today," Rutherford said, impressed. "Not even in Texas."

"Today!" The Colonel gave a snort. "Today they eat creamed chicken and peas at charity dinners at the Waldorf and listen to do-gooders. No, no, the color's quite gone, young man. The color's entirely gone."

At this, the Colonel sank into a reverie so profound that Rutherford began to worry that he had already lost interest in his will. "Perhaps some charity might interest you?" he suggested cautiously. "Or a foundation? I understand they do considerable spending."

The Colonel shrugged. "Only way to keep the money out of the hands of those rascals in Washington, I suppose. Republicans, Democrats—they're all alike. Grab, grab." He nodded decisively. "All right, young man. Make me a foundation."

Rutherford scratched his head. "What sort of a foundation, sir?"

"What sort? Don't they have to be for world peace or some damn-fool thing? Isn't that the tax angle?"

"Well, not altogether," Rutherford said, repressing a smile. "Your foundation could be a medical one, for example. Research. Grants to hospitals. That sort of thing."

"Good. Make me a medical foundation. But, mind you, I'm no Rockefeller or Carnegie. We're not talking about more than twelve or fifteen million."

Rutherford's head swam. "What—what about your board?" he stammered. "The board of this foundation. Who would you want on that?"

The Colonel looked down at the floor a moment, his lips pursed. When he looked up, he smiled charmingly. "Well, what about you, young man? You seem like a competent fellow. I'd be glad to have you as chairman."

"Me?"

"Why not? And pick your own board. If I want a man to do a job, I believe in letting him do it his own way."

Rutherford's heart gradually sank. One simply didn't walk in off the street and give one's fortune to a total stranger—not if one was sane. It was like the day, as a child at his grandmother's table, when she suddenly gave him a gold saltcellar in the form of a naked mermaid with a rounded, smooth figure that he had loved to stroke, only to be told by his mother that it was all in fun, that "Granny didn't mean it." It had been his introduction to senility. Projects like the Colonel's, he had heard, were common in Wall Street. It was a natural place for the demented to live out their fantasies. Nevertheless, as the old Colonel's imagined gold dissolved like the castle of the gods in Valhalla, he felt cheated and bitter. Abruptly, he stood up. "It's a most interesting scheme, Colonel," he said dryly. "I'd like a few days to think it over, if you don't mind. Why don't you leave me your name and address, and I can call you?"

The Colonel seemed surprised. "You mean that's all? For now?"

"If you please, sir. I'm afraid I have an appointment."

After the old man had placed his card on the desk, Rutherford relentlessly ushered him out to the foyer, where he waited until the elevator doors had safely closed between them. Returning, he told the receptionist that he would not be "in" again to Colonel Hubert.

THAT night, Rutherford tried to salvage what he could out of his disappointment by making a good story of it to his wife as she sat knitting in the living room of their apartment. Phyllis Tower was one of those plain, tall, angular women who are apt to be tense and sharp before marriage and almost stonily contented thereafter. It never seemed to occur to her that she didn't have everything in the world that a well-brought-up girl could possibly want. Limited, unrapturous, but of an even disposition, she made of New York a respectable small town and believed completely that her husband had inherited an excellent law practice.

She followed his story without any particular show of interest. "Hubert," she repeated when he had finished. "You don't suppose it was old Colonel Bill Hubert, do you? He's not really mad, you know. Eccentric, but not mad."

Rutherford felt his heart sink for the second time as he thought of the card left on his desk—"William Lyon Hu-

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bert.” He watched her placid knitting with a sudden stab of resentment, but closed his lips tightly. After all, to be made ridiculous was worse than *anything*. Then he said guardedly, “This man’s name was Frank. Who is Colonel Bill?”

“Oh, you know, dear. He’s that old diner-out who married Grandma’s friend Mrs. Jack Tyson. Everyone said she was mad for him right up to the day she died.”

Again his mouth was dry. It was too much, in one day. “And did she leave him that— that *fortune*?”

“Well, I don’t suppose she left him all of it,” she said, breaking a strand of yarn. “There were the Tysons, you know. But he still keeps up the house on Fifth Avenue. And *that* takes something.”

“Yes,” he murmured, a vast impression of masonry clouding his mind. “Yes, I suppose it must.”

“What’s the matter, dear?” she asked. “You look funny. You don’t suppose you could have been wrong about the name, do you? Are you sure it was Frank?”

“Quite sure.”

Buried in the evening newspaper, he pondered his discovery. And then, in a flash, he remembered. Of course! Mrs. Jack Tyson had become Mrs. W. L. Hubert! What devil was it that made him forget these things, which Phyllis remembered so effortlessly? And fifteen million—wasn’t that just the slice of forty that a grateful widow *might* have left him?

THE next morning, after a restless night, Rutherford looked up Colonel Hubert’s number and tried to reach him on the telephone, but this, it turned out, was far from easy. The atmosphere of the great house, as conveyed to him over the line, was, to say the least, confused. Three times he called, and three times a mild, patient, uncoöperative voice, surely that of an ancient butler, discreetly answered. Rutherford was obliged to spell and re-spell his name. He was then switched to an extension and to a maid who evidently regarded the ring of the telephone as a personal affront. While they argued, a third voice, far away and faintly querulous, was intermittently heard, and finally, on the third attempt, an old man called into the telephone “What? What?” very loudly. Then, abruptly, someone hung up, and Rutherford heard again the baffling dial tone. He decided to go up to the house. When he got out of the cab, he took

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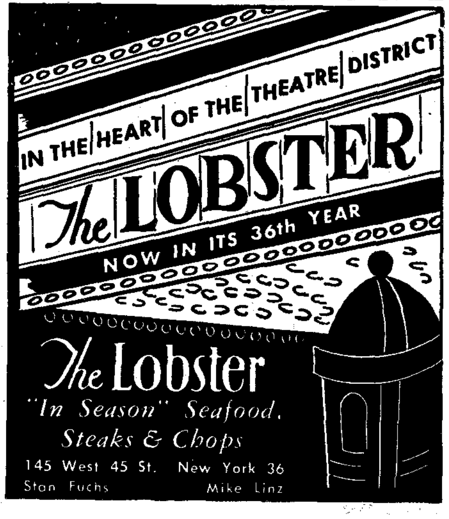

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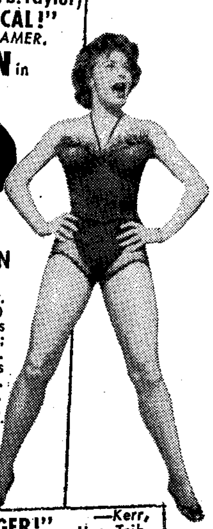

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in with renewed pleasure the great façade. He knew it, of course. Everyone who ever walked on the east side of Central Park knew the eclectic architecture of the old Tyson house, rising from a Medicean basement through stories of solemnified French Renaissance to its distinguishing feature, a top-floor balcony in the form of the Porch of the Maidens. To Rutherford, it was simply the kind of house that one built if one was rich. He would have been only too happy to be able to do the same.

Fortunately, it proved as easy to see Colonel Hubert as it was difficult to get him on the telephone. The old butler who opened the massive grilled doors, and whose voice Rutherford immediately recognized, led him without further questions, when he heard he was actually dealing with the Colonel's lawyer, up the gray marble stairway that glimmered in the dark hall and down a long corridor to the Colonel's study. This was Italian; Rutherford had a vague impression of red damask and tapestry as he went up to the long black table at which an old man was sitting, reading a typewritten sheet. He sighed in relief. It *was* the right colonel.

"Good morning, Colonel. I'm Tower. Rutherford Tower. Do you remember me? About your will?"

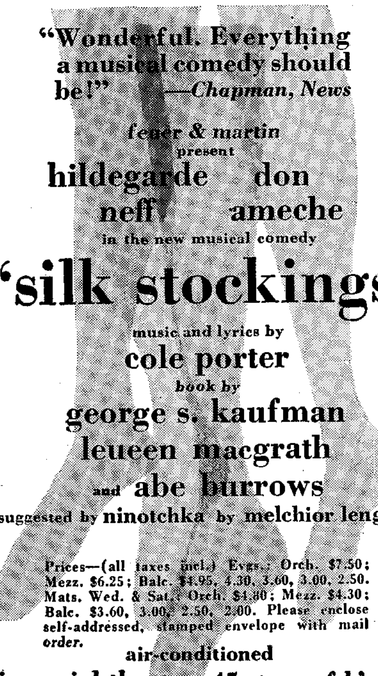
The Colonel looked up with an expression of faint puzzlement, but smiled politely. "My dear fellow, of course. Pray be seated."

"I wanted to tell you that I've thought it over, and that I'm all set to start," Rutherford went on quickly, taking a seat opposite the Colonel. "There are a few points, however, I'd like to straighten out."

The Colonel nodded several times. "Ah, yes, my will," he said. "Exactly. Very good of you."

"I want to get the names of your grandnephews. I think it advisable to leave them more substantial legacies in view of the fact that the residue is going to your foundation. And then there's the question of executors . . ." He paused, wondering if the Colonel was following him. The old man was now playing with a large bronze turtle—the repository of stamps and paper clips—raising and lowering its shell. "That's a handsome bronze you have there," Rutherford said uncertainly.

"Isn't it?" the Colonel said, holding it up. "I'd like Sophie to have it. She always used to admire it. You might take her name down. Sophie Winters, my wife's niece. Or did she take back her own name after her last



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divorce?" He looked blankly at Rutherford. "Anyway, she's living in Biarritz. Unless she sold that house that Millie left her. Did she, do you know?"

Rutherford took a deep breath. Whatever happened, he must not be impatient again. "If I might suggest, sir, we could take care of the specific items more easily in a letter. A letter to be left with your will."

The Colonel smiled his charming smile. "I'd like to do it the simple way myself, of course. But would it be binding? Isn't that the point? Would it be binding?"

"Well, not exactly," Rutherford admitted, "but, after all, such a request is hardly going to be ignored—"

"How can we be sure? Do you see?" the Colonel said, smiling again. "Now, I tell you what we'll do. I'll ring for my man, Tomkins, and we'll get some luggage tags to tie to the objects marked for the different relatives."

Rutherford sat helpless as the Colonel rang, and told Tomkins what he wanted. When the butler returned with the tags, he gave them to the Colonel and then took each one silently from him as the old man wrote a name on it. He then proceeded gravely to tie it to a lamp or a chair or to stick it with Scotch Tape to the frame of a picture or some other object. Both he and the Colonel seemed quite engrossed in their task and entirely unmindful of Rutherford, who followed them about the study, halfheartedly writing down the name of the fortunate niece who was to receive the Luther Terry "Peasant Girl" or the happy cousin who was to get the John Rogers group. By lunchtime, the study looked like a naval vessel airing its signal flags. The Colonel surveyed the whole with satisfaction.

"Well!" he exclaimed, turning to Rutherford. "I guess that's that for today! All work and no play, you know. Come back tomorrow, my dear young man, and we'll do the music room."

RUTHERFORD, his pockets rustling with useless notes, walked down Fifth Avenue, too overwrought to go immediately back to the office. He stopped at his club and had an early drink in the almost empty bar, calculating how long at this rate it would take them to do the whole house. And what about the one on Long Island? And how did he know there mightn't be another in Florida? It was suddenly grimly clear that unless he managed to get the Colonel out of this distressing new mood of particulars and back to his

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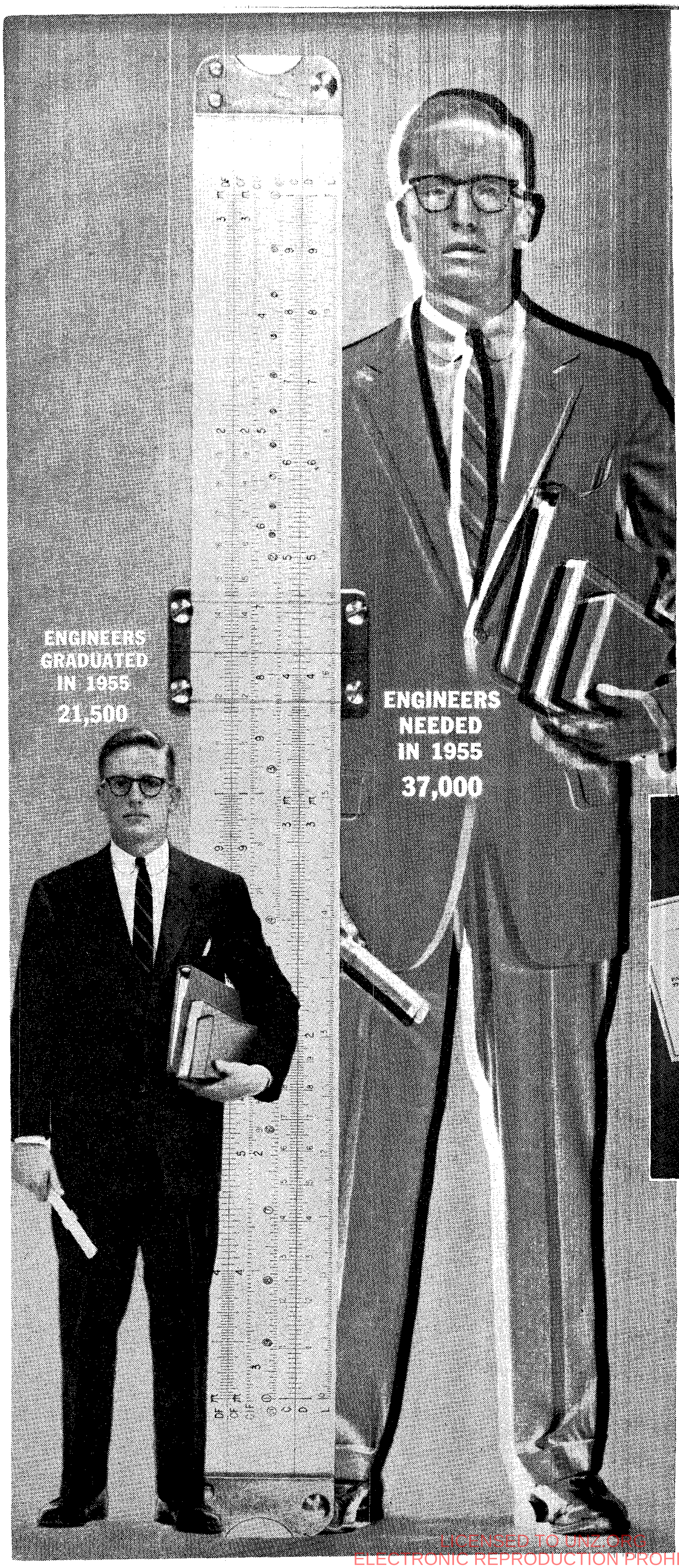
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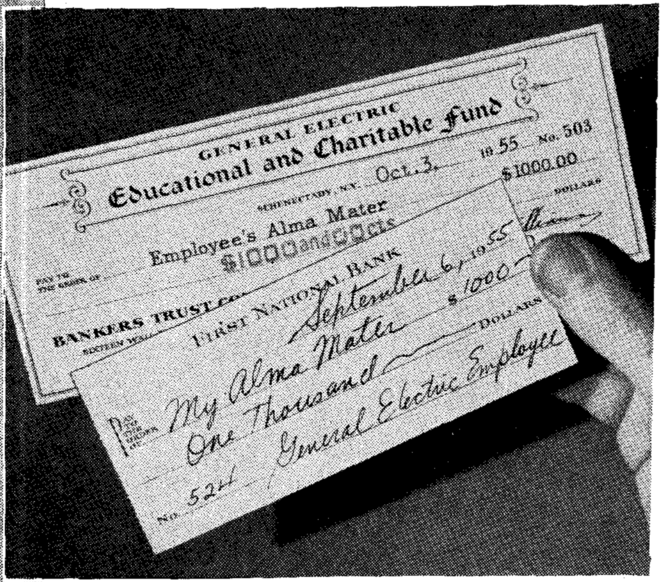
As we see it, industry, working with educational institutions, can do much to solve the shortage. On these two pages are some of the things we believe will help:

*Estimates are from the Engineering Manpower Commission of the Engineers Joint Council.



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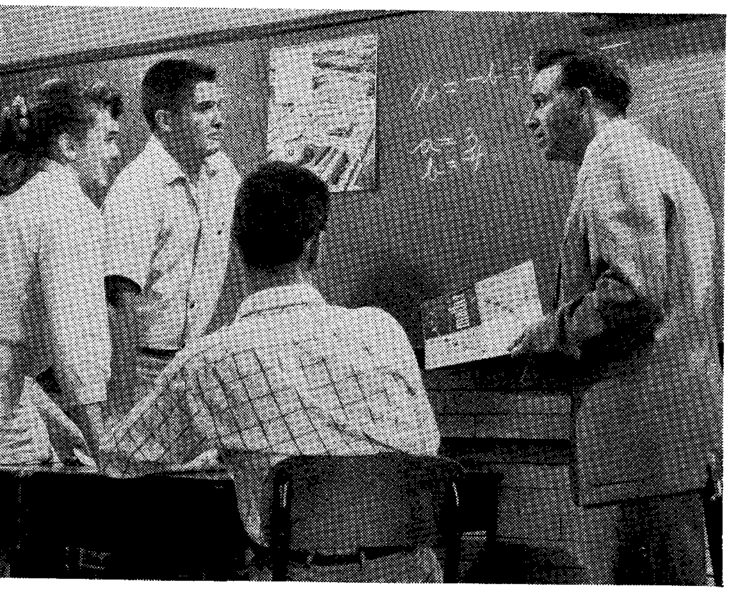

1. **Help guide young people's careers.** More high-school students
▪ will take the courses they need to become engineers if they know
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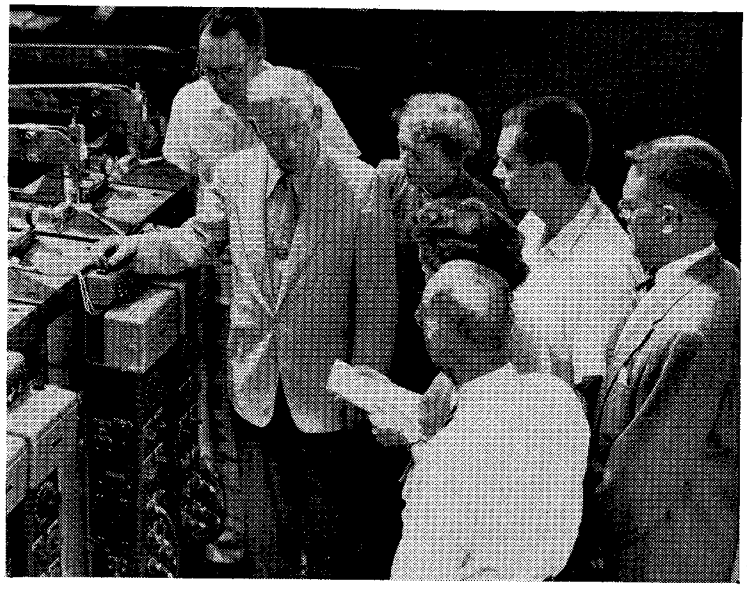
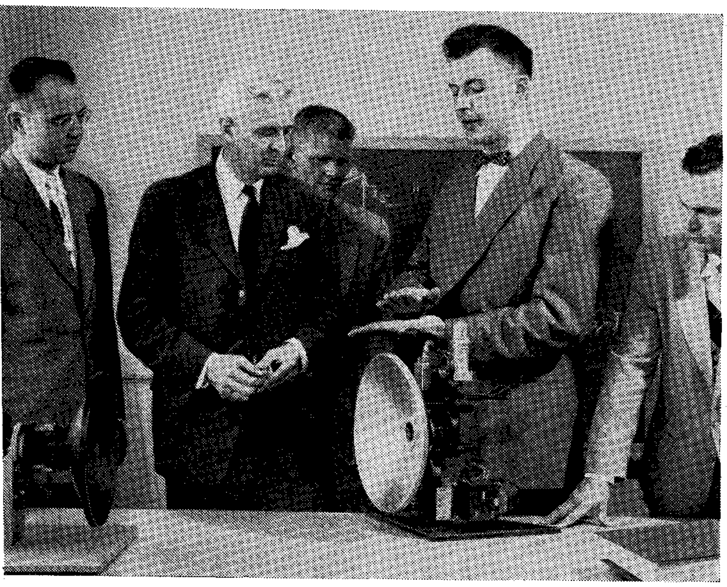
raining aids. (Above, a teacher counsels students, using a
G-E career guidance booklet, "Why Study Math?") In the past 10
years, schools have requested 63,000,000 copies of our training aids.



2. **Bring businessmen and educators together.** An understanding of the role math and science play in business can help teachers prepare students for careers. The group above is the latest of 1,450 high-school teachers to attend G.E.-sponsored summer fellowship programs. Here they have the opportunity to study at several leading colleges and to see firsthand the value of their work to business. We have also conducted conferences for college educators since 1924.



Educate employees on the job. The development of young people
▪ must continue after they start to work. At General Electric,
e have 12 formal educational programs; the oldest — Engineering
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esident — Engineering Services, reviews work of engineers en-
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cally trained men and women have participated in these programs.

5. **Encourage self-development.** Young people with aptitude should be helped to move ahead. For example, the young men above joined our Apprentice Training Program as high-school graduates in 1949; this year they are graduate engineers from the U. of New Hampshire after a 6-year work-and-study program sponsored by our Meter Department. Donald E. Craig, General Manager of the Department, congratulates the men and welcomes them to full-time jobs.

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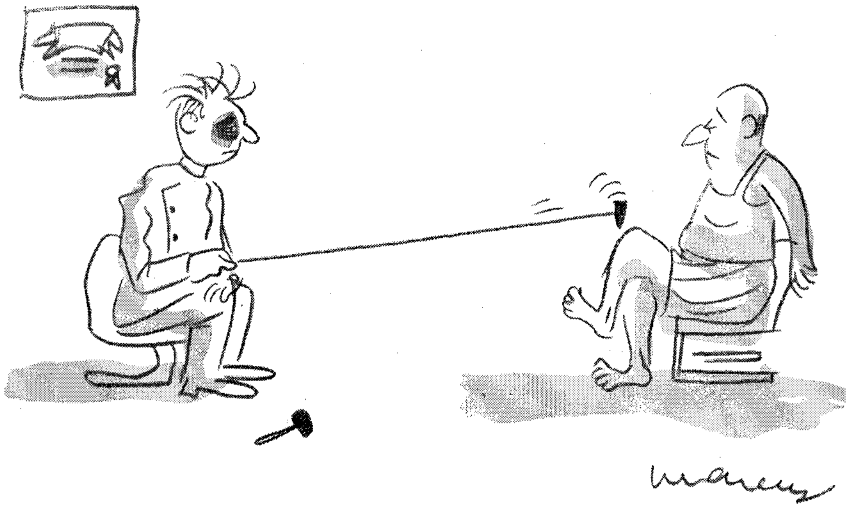

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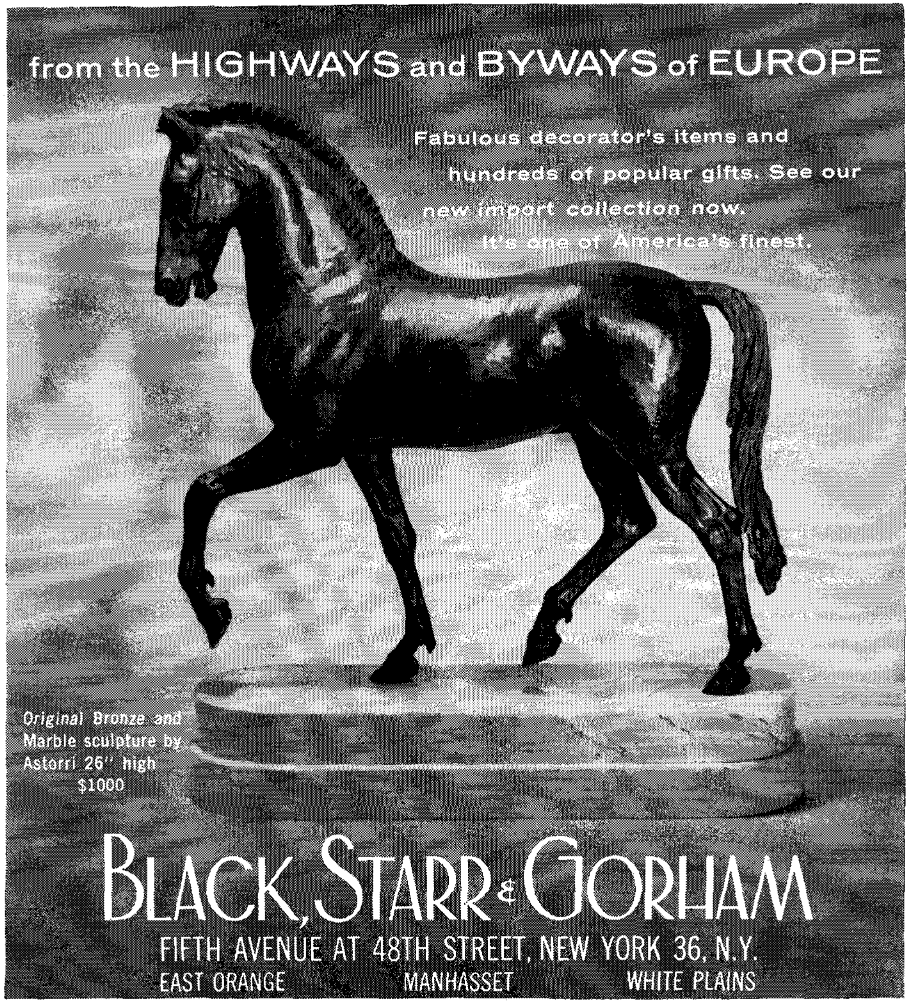

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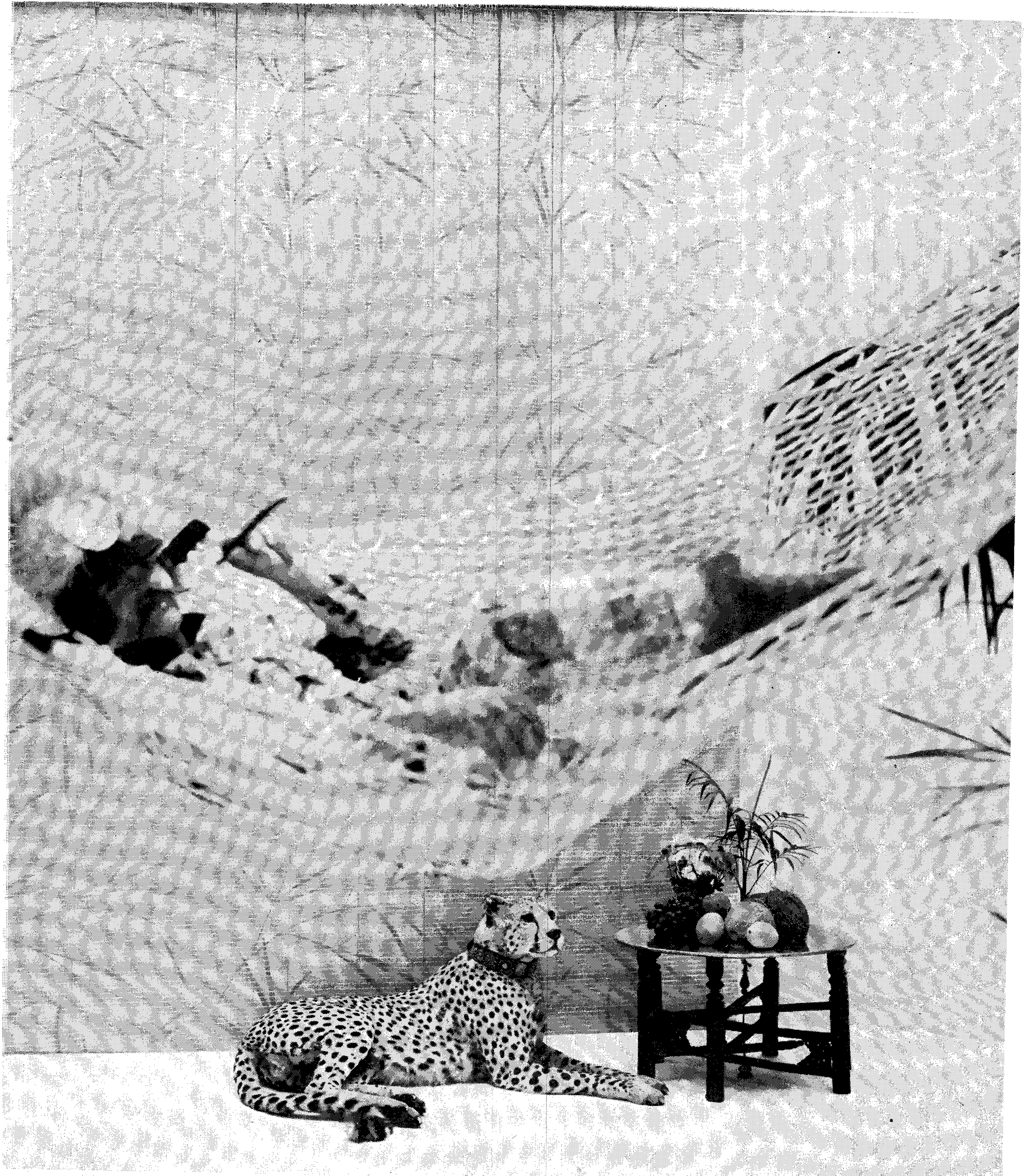
more sweeping attitudes of the day before, there might never be any will at all. And, looking at his own pale face in the mirror behind the bar, he drew himself up and ordered another drink. What was it that Clitus Tilney always said was the mark of a good lawyer—creative imagination?

At his office, after lunch, he went to work with a determination that he had not shown since the Benzedrine weekend, fifteen years before, when he took his bar examinations. He kept his office door closed, and snapped "Keep out, please!" to each startled young man who banged it open to get to the real-estate safe. He even had the courage to seize one of them, a Mr. Baitsell, and demand his services. When Baitsell protested, Rutherford asserted himself as he had not done since his uncle's death. "I'm sorry. This is emergency," he said.

Once obtained, Baitsell was efficient. He dug out of the files a precedent for a simple foundation for medical purposes and, using it as a guide, drafted that part of the will himself while Rutherford worked out the legacies for the grandnephews. This was a tricky business, for the bequests had to be large enough to induce the young Huberts not to contest the will. There were moments, but only brief ones, when he stopped to ponder the morality of what he was doing. Was it *his* responsibility to pass on the Colonel's soundness of mind? Did he *know* it to be unsound? And whom, after all, was he gypping? If the old man died without a will, the grandnephews would take everything, to be sure, but everything minus taxes. All he was really doing with his foundation was shifting the tax money from the government, which would waste it, to a charity, which wouldn't. If that wasn't "creative imagination," he wanted to know what was! And did anyone think for a single, solitary second that in his position Clitus Tilney would not have done what he was doing? Why, *he* would probably have made himself residuary legatee! With this thought, Rutherford, after swallowing two or three times, pencilled his own name in the blank space for "executor" on the mimeographed form he was using.

THE following morning at ten, Rutherford went uptown with his secretary and Mr. Baitsell to take the Colonel, as he now knew was the only way, by storm. While the other two waited in the hall, he followed the butler up the stairs and down the corridor



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Periodically, during the year, Chipp representatives visit many cities to exhibit distinctive Custom Tailored and Special Cut Clothing for Men and Custom Made Clothing for Women. Also, at this time, Chipp carries a complete sample range of exclusive accessories for men. ***Listed below are the names of the*** **cities, hotels and dates of our Fall showing up to and including our Christmas trip. Schedule for 1956 will be sent upon request.**

Atlanta • Dinkler Plaza Hotel
Sept. 29-30, Nov. 3-4, Dec. 15-16

Baltimore • Southern Hotel
Sept. 12, Oct. 17, Nov. 28

Boston • Parker House
Sept. 7-8-9, Oct. 11-12-13, Nov. 21-22-23, Dec. 13-14-15

Buffalo • Statler Hotel
Sept. 26, Nov. 7, Dec. 16

Charleston, W. Va. • Daniel Boone Hotel
Sept. 20, Oct. 25, Dec. 6

Charlotte, N.C. • Hotel Charlotte
Sept. 26, Oct. 31, Dec. 5

Chicago • LaSalle Hotel
Sept. 12-13-14, Oct. 24-25-26, Nov. 28-29-30

Cincinnati • Netherland Plaza Hotel
Sept. 8-9, Oct. 19-20, Dec. 5-6

Cleveland • Statler Hotel
Sept. 22-23-24, Nov. 3-4-5, Dec. 12-13

Columbia, S.C. • Jefferson Hotel
Sept. 22, Oct. 27, Dec. 1

Dallas • Adolphus Hotel
Sept. 12-13, Oct. 19-20, Dec. 2-3

Denver • Albany Hotel
Sept. 15-16, Oct. 27-28, Dec. 5-6-7

Detroit • Sheraton Cadillac Hotel
Sept. 19-20, Oct. 31, Nov. 1, Dec. 9-10

Evansville • McCurdy Hotel
Sept. 15, Oct. 27

Greensboro • O'Henry Hotel
Sept. 28, Nov. 2, Dec. 7

Houston • Rice Hotel
Sept. 6-7-8, Oct. 24-25, Nov. 28-29

Indianapolis • Lincoln Hotel
Sept. 10, Oct. 28-29, Dec. 7-8

Kansas City, Mo. • Muehlebach Hotel
Oct. 3-4, Nov. 14-15

Los Angeles • Biltmore Hotel
Sept. 22-23-24, Nov. 3-4-5

Louisville • Brown Hotel
Sept. 21-22, Oct. 26-27, Dec. 7-8

Lynchburg, Va. • Hotel Virginian
Sept. 21, Oct. 26, Nov. 30

Memphis • Peabody Hotel
Sept. 23-24, Oct. 28-29, Dec. 9-10

Midland • Scharbaur Hotel
Sept. 26, Nov. 7

Minneapolis • Radisson Hotel
Oct. 7-8, Nov. 18-19, Dec. 15-16

New Orleans • Roosevelt Hotel
Sept. 26-27, Oct. 31, Nov. 1, Dec. 12-13

Oklahoma City • Biltmore Hotel
Sept. 28-29, Nov. 9-10, Dec. 9-10

Omaha • Fontonelle Hotel
Oct. 5-6, Nov. 16-17

Philadelphia • Bellevue-Stratford Hotel
Sept. 15-16, Oct. 20-21, Dec. 1-2

Pittsburgh • William Penn Hotel
Sept. 6-7, Oct. 17-18, Dec. 14-15

Princeton • Princeton Inn
Oct. 5-6, Nov. 9-10

Rochester • Sheraton Hotel
Sept. 27, Nov. 8

St. Louis • Chase Hotel
Sept. 16-17, Oct. 21-22, Dec. 1-2-3

San Antonio • Gunter Hotel
Sept. 9-10, Oct. 21-22, Nov. 30, Dec. 1

San Francisco • St. Francis Hotel
Sept. 19-20-21, Oct. 31, Nov. 1-2

Savannah • DeSoto Hotel
Sept. 23-24, Oct. 28-29, Dec. 2-3

Toledo • Commodore Perry Hotel
Sept. 21, Nov. 2

Tulsa • Mayo Hotel
Sept. 30, Oct. 1, Nov. 11-12, Dec. 12-13

University of Virginia • Jameson College Book Store
Sept. 19-20, Oct. 24-25, Nov. 28-29

Washington, D.C. • Willard Hotel
Sept. 13-14, Oct. 18-19, Nov. 29-30

Wilmington • Hotel DuPont
Sept. 9, Oct. 14, Nov. 25

Winston-Salem • Robert E. Lee Hotel
Sept. 27, Nov. 1, Dec. 6

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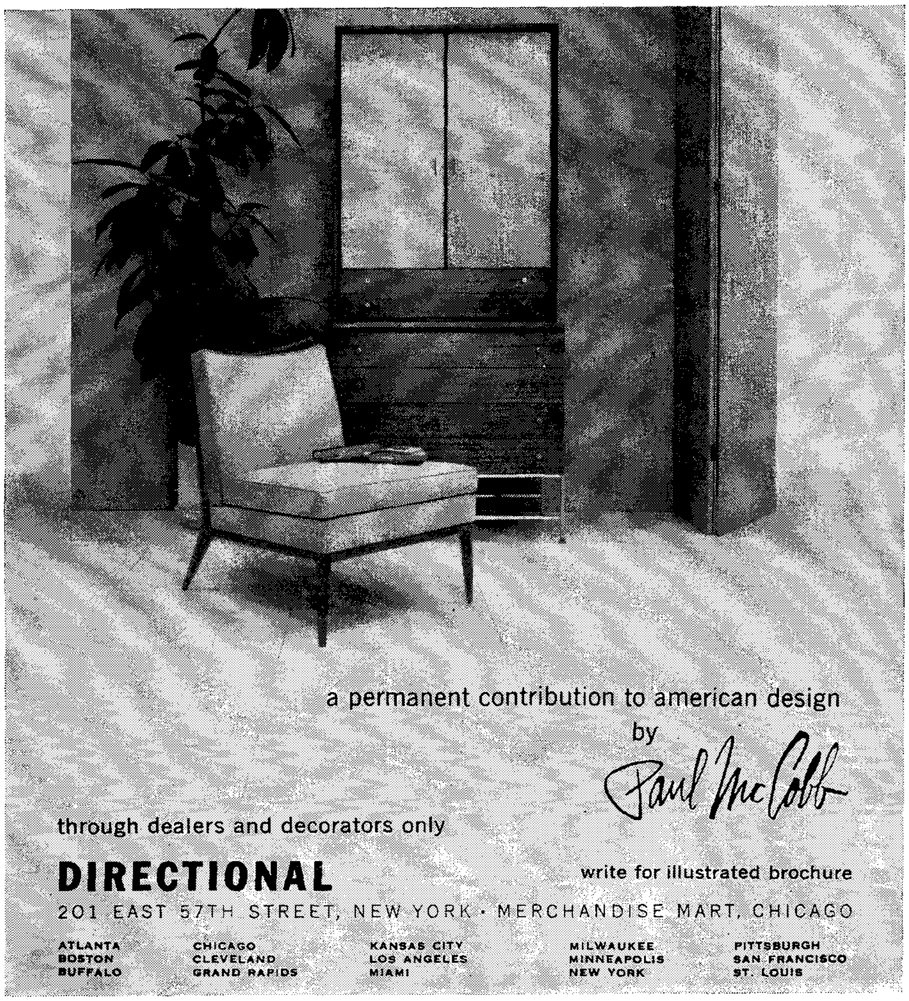

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to the study. Entering briskly, he placed a typed copy of the will on the desk before the astonished old gentleman.

"I've been working all night, Colonel," he said, in a voice so nervous that he didn't quite recognize himself, "and I've decided that it doesn't pay to be too much smarter than one's client—particularly when that client happens to be Colonel Hubert. All of which means, sir, that you were right the first time. My scheme of including in the will all those bequests of objets d'art just isn't feasible. We'll accomplish the same thing in a letter. And in the meanwhile here's your will as you originally wanted it. Clean as a whistle."

The Colonel watched him, nodding vaguely, and fingered the pages of the will. "You think it's all right?"

"Right as Tower, Tilney & Webb can make it," Rutherford said, with the smile and wink that he had seen Clitus Tilney use.

"And you think I should sign it now?"

"No time like the present." Rutherford, who had been too nervous to sit, walked to the window, to conceal his heavy breathing. "If you'll just ring for Tomkins and ask him to tell the young lady and gentleman in the hall to come up, we'll have the necessary witnesses."

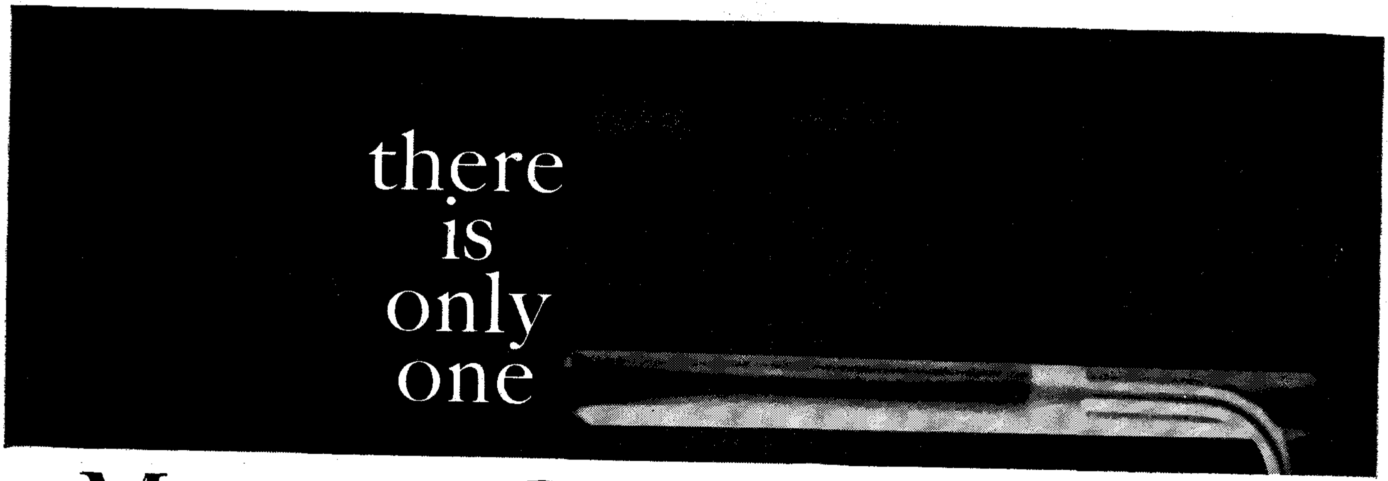
"Is Tomkins covered all right?" the Colonel asked as he touched the bell beside him.

"He's covered with the other servants," Rutherford said hastily. "In my opinion, sir, you've been more than generous."

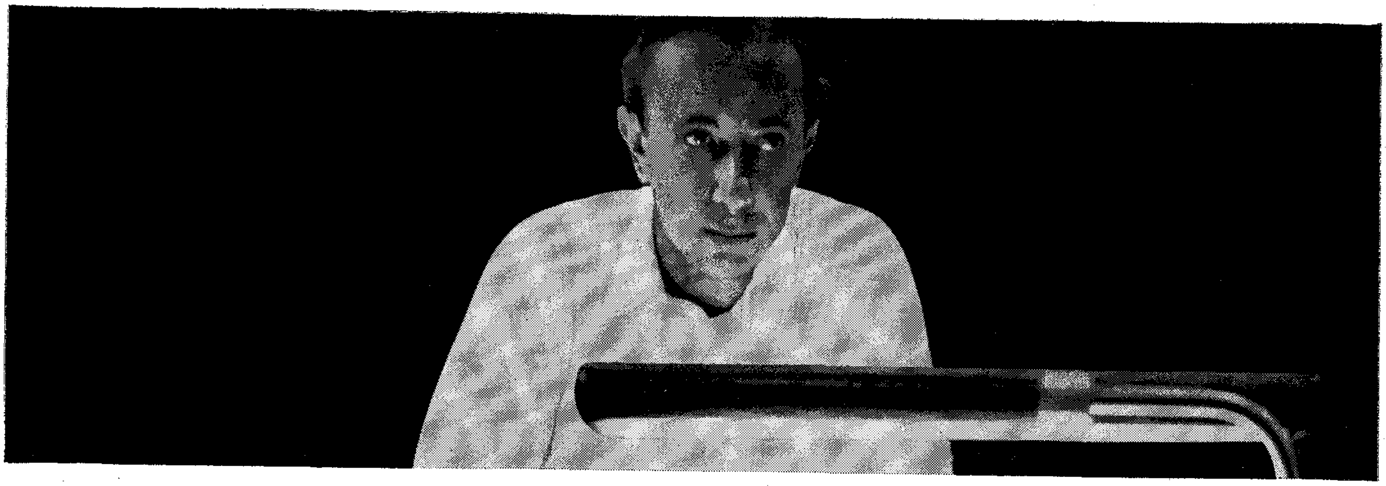
The witnesses came up, and the Colonel behaved better than Rutherford had dared hope. He joked with Baitsell about the formalities, laughed at the red ribbon attached to the will, told a couple of anecdotes about old Newport and Harry Lehr's will, and finally signed his name in a great, flourishing hand. When Rutherford's secretary walked up to the table to sign her name after his, he rose and made her a courtly bow. It was all like a scene from the memoirs of Saint-Simon.

In the taxi afterward, speeding downtown, Rutherford turned to the others. "The Colonel's a bit funny about his private affairs," he told them. "As a matter of fact, I haven't even met his family. So I'd rather you didn't mention this will business. Outside the office *or* in."

Baitsell looked very young and impressed as he gave him his solemn assurance. He then asked, "But if the Colonel should die, sir, who would



there is only one Morton GOULD



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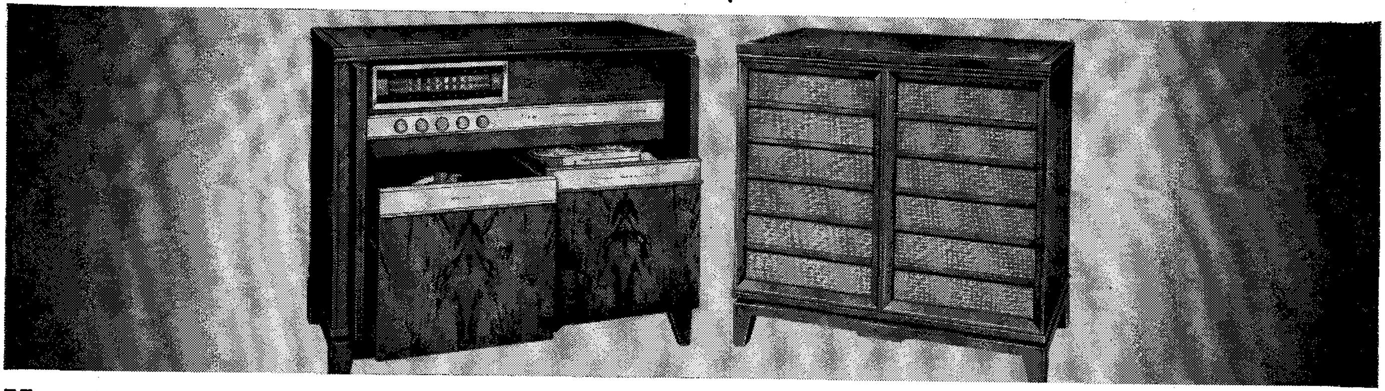

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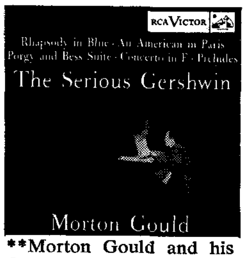
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notify us? And how would the family know about the will?"

"Never mind about that," Rutherford said, with a small smile, handing him the will. "I don't think the Colonel is apt to do very much dying without my hearing of it. When we get to the office, you stick that will in the vault and forget it."

It was risky to warn them, of course, but riskier not to. He couldn't afford to have them talk. There was too much that was phony in the whole picture. He had no guaranty, after all, that the Colonel had either the money or the power to will it. It was the kind of situation where one had to lie low, at least until the old man was dead, and even after that, until it was clear that one had the final and valid will. How would he look, for example, rushing into court to probate the document now under Baitsell's arm if the family produced a later will, or even a judicial ruling that the old man was incompetent to make one? Would he not seem ridiculous and grabby? Or worse? And Clitus Tilney! What would *he* say if his firm was dragged into so humiliating a failure! But no, no, he wouldn't even think of it. He could burn the will secretly, if necessary; nobody need know unless— well, unless he won! And his heart bounded as he thought of the panelled office that Tilney would have to assign to the director of the Hubert Foundation.

A new office was only the first of many imaginative flights in which he riotously indulged. He saw himself dispensing grants to the most important men downtown, called on, solicited, profusely thanked. He calculated and recalculated his executor's commissions on increasingly optimistic estimates of the Colonel's estate. In fact, his concept of the old man's wealth and his own control of it, the apotheosis of Rutherford Tower to the position of benefactor of the city, *the* Tower at long last of Tower, Tilney & Webb, began, in the ensuing months, to edge out the more real prospect of disappointment. The fantasy had become too important not to be deliberately indulged in. When he turned at breakfast to the obituary page, he would close his eyes and actually pray that he would not find the name there, so that he would have another day in which to dream.

WHEN the Colonel did die, it was Phyllis, of course, who spotted it. "I see that old Colonel Bill is dead," she said at breakfast one morning, with-

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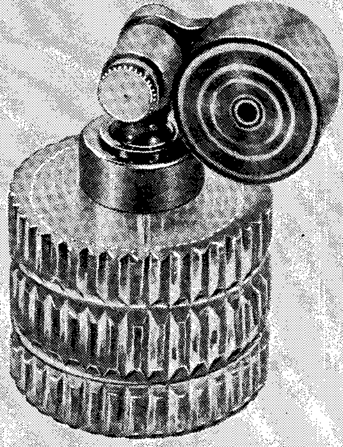

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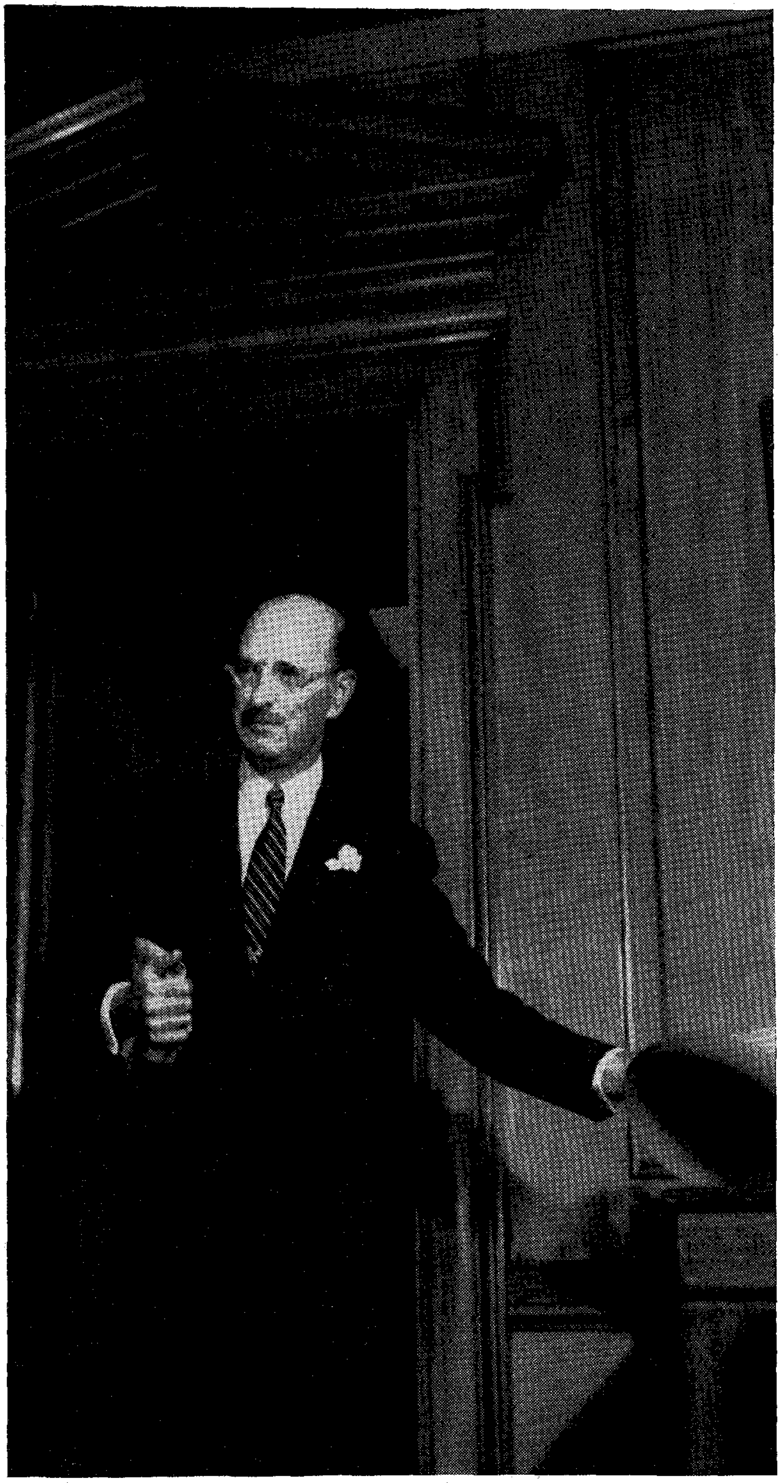

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out looking up from her newspaper. "Eighty-seven. Didn't you say he'd been in to see you?"

For a moment, Rutherford sat utterly still. "Where did he die?" he asked.

"In some lawyer's office in Miami. So convenient, I should imagine. They probably had all his papers ready. Why, Rutherford, where are you going?"

He didn't trust himself to wait, and hurried out. In the street, he bought copies of all the newspapers and went to a Central Park bench to read them. There was little more in any of the obituaries than the headlines—"Former Army Officer Stricken" or "Husband of Mrs. J. L. Tyson Succumbs." He could find nothing else about the lawyer. After all, he reasoned desperately as he got up and walked through the Mall, wasn't it only natural for the Colonel to have Florida counsel? Didn't he spend part of the year there? But, for all his arguments, it was almost lunchtime before he gathered courage to call his office. His secretary, however, had to report only that Aunt Mildred Tower had called twice and wanted him to call back.

"Tell her I'm tied up," he said irritably. "Tell her I've gone to the partners' lunch."

For, indeed, it was Monday, the day of their weekly lunch. When he got to the private room of the downtown club where they met, he found some twenty of them at the table, listening to Clitus Tilney. Rutherford assumed, as he slipped into a chair at the lower end of the table, that the senior partner was telling one of his usual stories to illustrate the greatness of Clitus and the confounding of his rivals. But this story, as he listened to it with a growing void in his stomach, appeared to be something else.

"No, it's true, I'm not exaggerating," Tilney was saying, with a rumbling laugh. "There are twenty-five wills that they know of already, and they're not all in by a long shot. Sam Kennecott, at Standard Trust, told me it was a mania with the old boy. And the killing thing is, they're all the same. Except for one that has forty-five pages of specific bequests, they all set up some crazy foundation under the control of—guess who—the little shyster who drew the will! Sam says you've never seen such an accumulation of greed in your life! In my opinion, they ought to be disbarred, the lot of them, for taking advantage of the poor old dodo. Except the joke's on them—that's the beauty of it!"

Rutherford did not have to ask one

No time to stare

Gladwin Hill's hobby, he confides, is "sitting and staring into space." Readers of The New York Times know he rarely gets a chance to indulge it. He's too busy covering space to stare into it.

Glad Hill is one of nine regional correspondents The New York Times keeps footloose to cover big "local" stories all over the country. His territory includes Southern California, Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico and West Texas. His assignments include everything from atomic bombs to zoology.

Covering space with news and in quest of it has been Glad Hill's job since undergraduate days at Harvard. He got out in 1936, joined The Associated Press in New York, did reporting, rewriting, editing, columning, and roving coast to coast writing feature stories.

In 1942, the AP sent him to London as a war correspondent. He covered the first U. S. bombing mission against Germany. He covered the Normandy invasion from a bomber, filed the first eyewitness story. When Paris was liberated, he reopened the AP bureau there.

In 1945, he joined The New York Times. He covered the First Army, SHAEF, Frankfurt after V-E Day, and then Berlin. He was among the first correspondents into Poland, was denounced by the Russians as "a journalistic gangster" for reporting their depredations there.

Since his return to the U. S. in 1946, Glad Hill has chased news for The New York Times from his base at Los Angeles. He has shivered at 30 below covering Marine training in the Sierra Nevada, sweated at 120 above covering Army tests in the Arizona desert, sweated out radioactivity covering atomic tests in Nevada.

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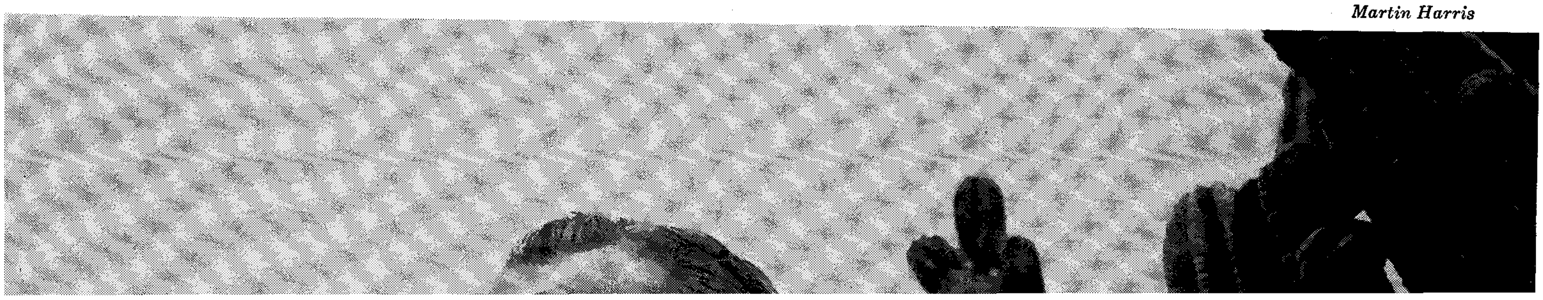

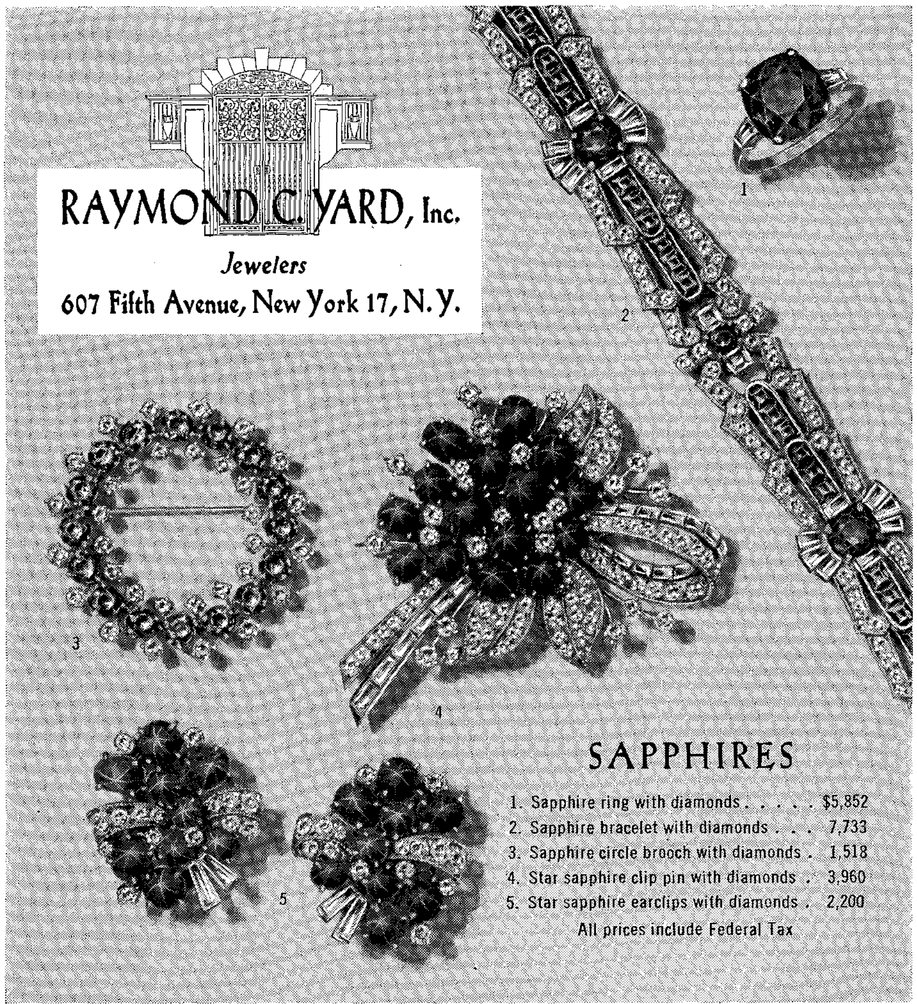
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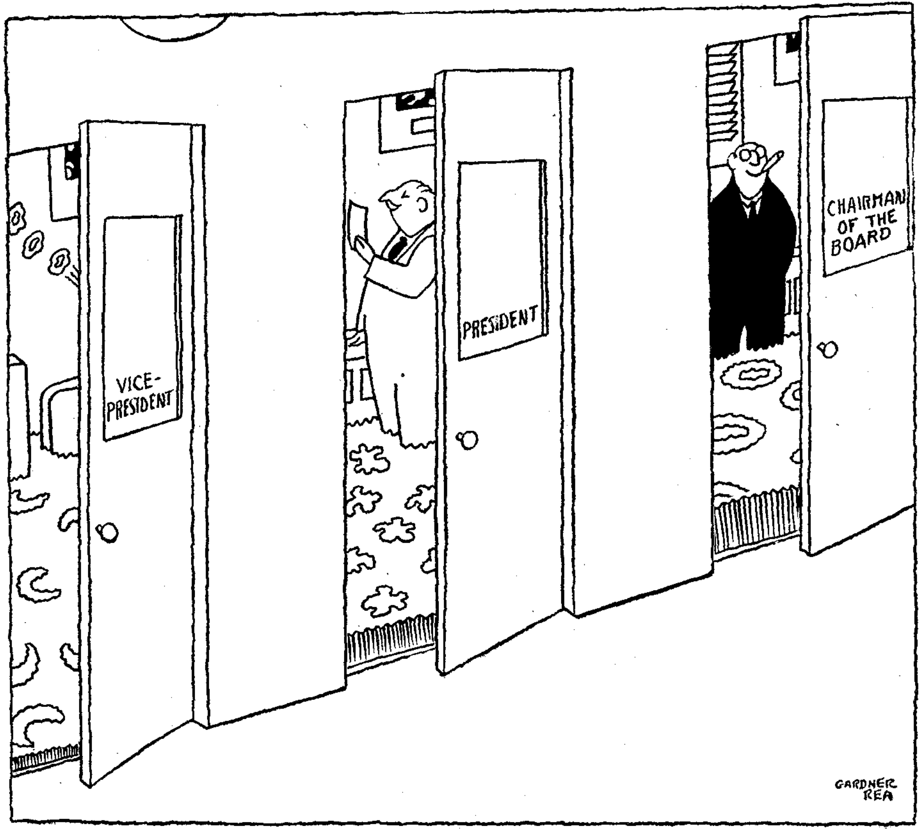

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of his neighbors the name of the deceased, but, feeling dazed, he did. The neighbor told him.

"Did any of the big firms get hooked?" someone asked.

"Good Lord, we have *some* ethics, I hope!" Tilney answered. "Though there's a rumor that one did. Harrison & Lambert, someone said. Wouldn't it be wonderful?" Tilney's large jowls positively shook with pleasure. "What wouldn't I give to see old Cy Lambert caught like a monkey with his fist in the bottle!"

Rutherford spoke up suddenly. His voice was so high that everyone turned and looked at him. "But what about the man with the *last* will?" he called down the table to Mr. Tilney. "Why is it a joke on him?"

"You mean the man in Miami?" Tilney said, flashing at Rutherford the fixed smile of his dislike. "Because the old guy didn't have that sort of money. Not foundation money. The big stuff was all in trust, of course, and goes to the Tysons, where it should go."

Rutherford concentrated on eating a single course. It would look odd, after his interruption, to leave at once. When he had emptied his plate, he wiped his mouth carefully, excused himself to his neighbors, and walked slowly from the room.

Back at the office, however, he almost dashed to Baitsell's room. Closing the door behind him, he faced the startled young man with wild eyes. "Look, Baitsell, about that will of Colonel Hubert's—you remember?" Baitsell nodded quickly. "Well, he died, you see."

"Yes, sir. I read about it."

"Apparently, he's written some subsequent wills. I think we'd better do nothing about filing ours for the time being. And if I were you I wouldn't mention this around the office. It might—"

"But it's already filed, sir!"

"It's *what*?"

"Yes, sir. I filed it."

"How could you?" Rutherford's voice was almost a scream. "You haven't had time to prepare a petition, let alone get it signed!"

"Oh, I don't mean that I filed it for probate, Mr. Tower. I mean I filed it for safekeeping in the Surrogate's Court. *Before* he died. The same day he signed it."

Rutherford, looking into the young man's clear, honest eyes, knew now that he faced the unwitting agent of his own devil. "Why did you do

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that?" he asked in a low, almost curious tone. "We never do that with wills. We keep them in our vault."

"Oh, I know that, sir," Baitsell answered proudly. "But you told me you didn't know the relatives. I thought if the old gentleman died and you didn't hear about it at once, they might rush in with another will. Now they'll find ours sitting up there in the courthouse, staring them right in the face. Yes, sir, Mr. Tower, you'll have to be given notice of every will that's offered! Public notice!"

Rutherford looked at the triumphant young man for a moment and then returned without a word to his own office. There he leaned against Uncle Reginald's safe and thought in a stunned, stupid way of old Cy Lambert laughing, even shouting, at Clitus Tilney. Then he shook his head. It was too much—too much to take in. He wondered, in a sudden new mood of detachment, if it wasn't rather distinguished to be hounded so personally by the furies. Orestes. Orestes Rutherford Tower. His telephone rang.

"Rutherford? Is it you?" a voice asked.

"Yes, Aunt Mildred," he said quietly.

"Well, I'm glad to get you at last. I don't know what your uncle would have said about the hours young lawyers keep today. And people talk about the pressure of modern life! Talk is all it is. But look, Rutherford. That blackguard of a landlord of mine is acting up again. He now claims that my apartment lease doesn't include an extra maid's room in the basement. I want you to come right up and talk to him. This afternoon. You can, can't you?"

"Yes, Aunt Mildred," he said again. "I'm practically on my way."

—LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS

•

WHAT PAGE OF THE PHILADELPHIA "INQUIRER" D'YA READ?

Almost everyone has read—and believes—the legend that the Liberty Bell cracked while tolling for John Marshall's funeral July 8, 1835. This legend is not only found in schoolbooks but in official Government Guides.

It has been established that the Bell was not in the tower that year, and that the crack must have occurred before then.

—*August 25th issue, page 3.*

And here is the Liberty Bell, cracked in 1835 tolling for the death of that architect of the supremacy of the Constitution, Chief Justice John Marshall.

—*Same issue, page 8.*

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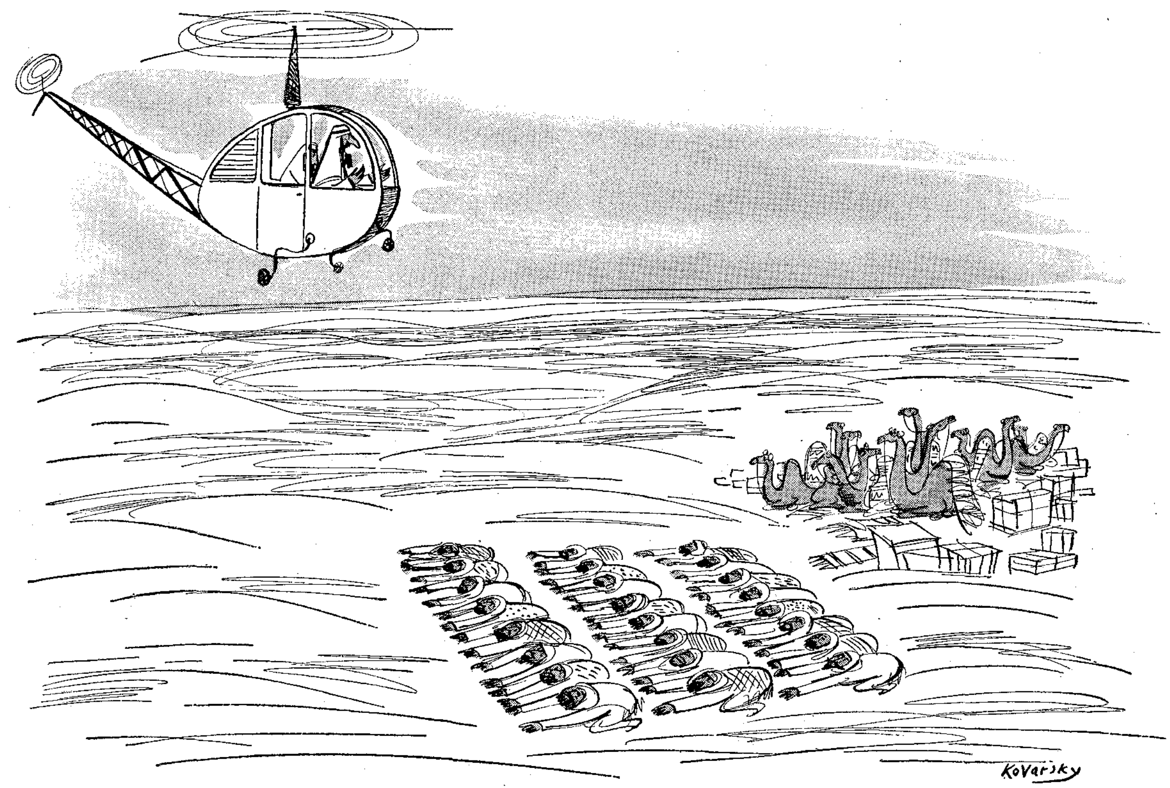
THE THEATRE

IN LINE OF DUTY

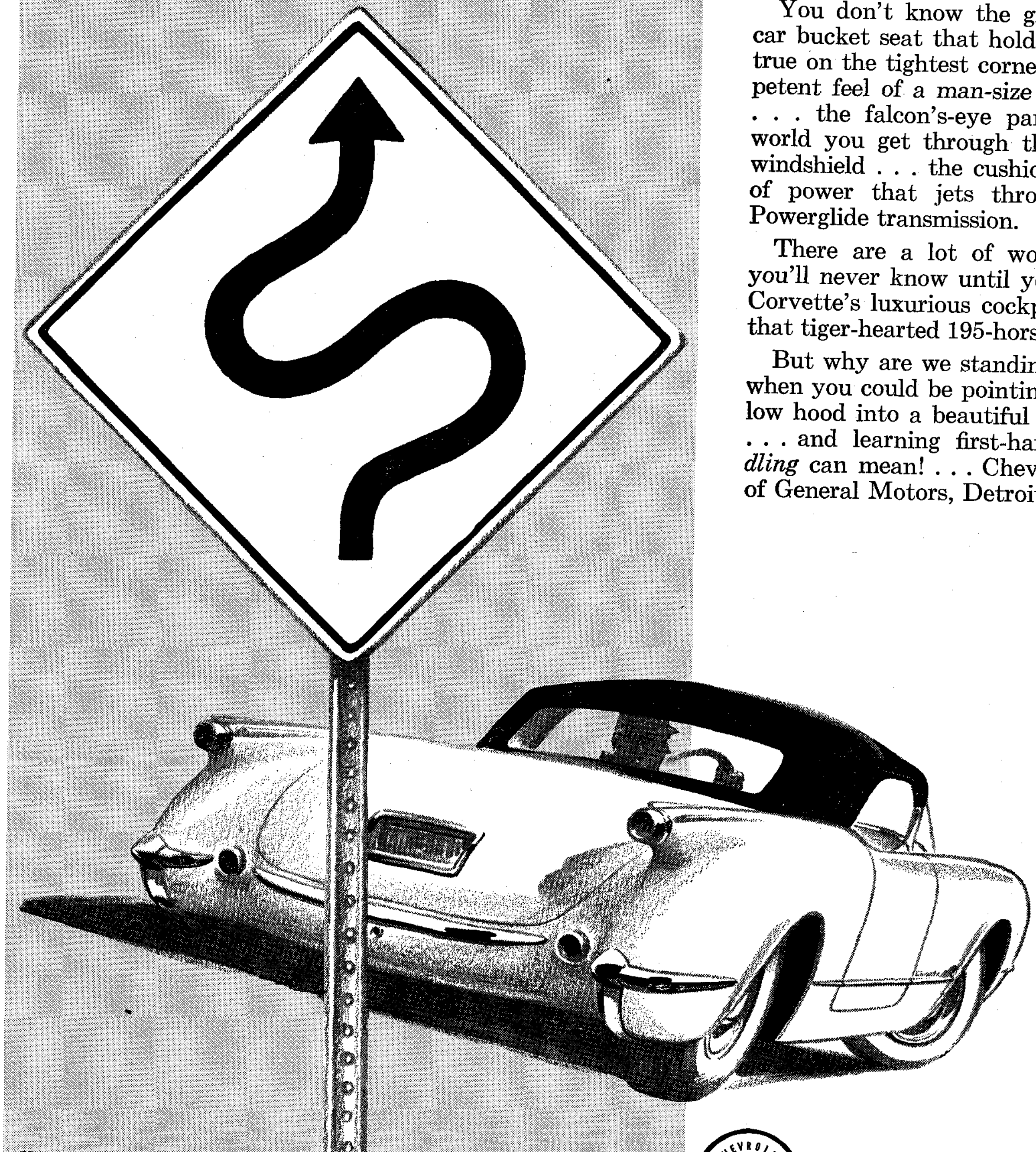
WE missed the first section of the three-fifteen ferry in from Fire Island. This was largely because my wife felt obliged to stop and talk to a woman whose three-month-old gray kitten had got stuck under a house and couldn't come out. Its name was Fluff. For all I know, it is still under the house. Missing the ferry made us just too late to catch the four-eight train from Bay Shore to Penn Station, so we had to pay a man twenty dollars to take us in by taxi. There was some further confusion here because we got into the wrong cab at the dock. The driver said he was employed by the Bay Shore Taxi Service, which was the one we had called, but the truth was that he worked for another taxi service and neither he nor his car, an old Pontiac, was prepared to undertake so long and perilous a journey. It cost us two dollars and another half hour to get that straightened out, and by the time we finally stepped into the Packard driven by George Bright, or Light, I was slightly depressed. On the trip in, my wife slept fitfully and I finished "The Genius and the Goddess," by Aldous Huxley. The last three sentences of this novel read, " 'Drive carefully,' he said as he opened the front door. 'This is a Christian country and it is the Saviour's birthday. Practically everybody you see will be drunk.' " Otherwise, it didn't seem to be much of a book. The hell with these cultivated authors, I thought, making a note to look up the word "symbiosis." It was naturally pretty late by the time we got to our apartment, which hadn't been aired out since June, and there wasn't time for anybody to take a bath. We ate swiftly and in comparative silence at a restaurant where it seemed likely that I was the only diner who hadn't worn a pair of shoes in three months. The food was excellent, but the bitter circumstances of life were against it. We got to the Plymouth at seven-fifty-five, and in about ten minutes the curtain went up on the revue called "Catch a Star!"

I am furnishing you with this tedious snatch of autobiography so that you can discount to some extent my low opinion of this offering. The discomforts and frustrations of the long trip in, that is, would probably have been forgotten in the presence of a superior revue, but this was one without any particular quality one way or the other, and there is a chance that it struck me as worse than it really was. Its principal merit, I should say, was a tremendous and touching anxiety to please on the part of everybody concerned. Every member of the cast was evidently prepared to knock himself out for a morsel of appreciation, and the people who wrote the sketches and music had unmistakably exerted themselves to the utmost, too. A fresh man, I'm sure, would have been charmed by so much desperate vivacity; a partially exhausted one, I'm afraid, only found himself a little more so. The conspicuous defects of the show were the lack of any great originality or style in the material provided for the performers, and the absence of any comedian, singer, or dancer quite capable of investing his or her rather routine business with the bit of extra magic that would have lifted it above merely acceptable entertainment. There were a few highly professional actors, and a lot of very engaging ones, in "Catch a Star!," and some of the songs and sketches were sound enough, at least in inspiration. Unfortunately, however, there were no genuinely electric personalities, to use a phrase that repels me exactly as much as it does you, and the humor and sentiment in the writing were of a competent but fairly obvious design. The music was somewhat brassy, overpercussive, and generally monotonous.

To deal briefly with the specific, I was moderately well pleased with the sketches that had to do with a rich woman shopping around in a matrimonial agency, with the habits of ladies who infest matinées, with a moving picture called "Marty," and with the art of Tennessee Williams, though parodies of this school of playwriting enchant me less and less as time goes on. These pieces were the work of Danny and Neil Simon, and the performers most active in them were David Burns, Pat Carroll, and Jack Wakefield. It appeared to me that the authors suffered a bit from their reluctance to hold their



This makes you glad there are curves



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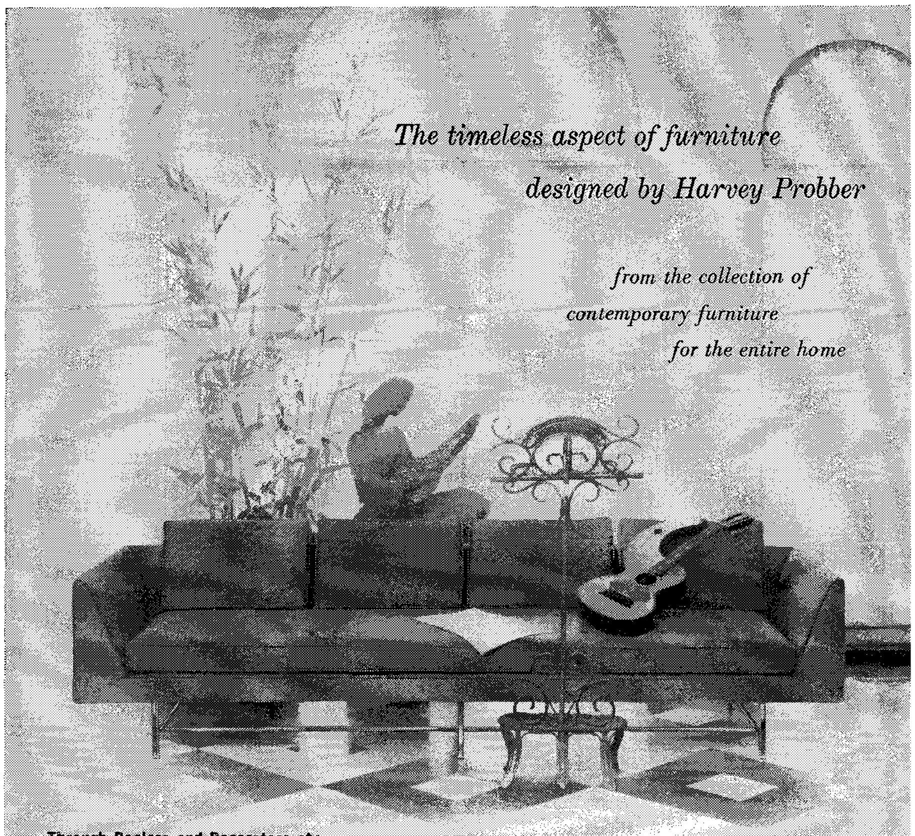
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material down to an effective length, as well as from their inability to think up really bright endings, and I also felt that Mr. Burns, Miss Carroll, and Mr. Wakefield were bearing down too heavily *on* their jokes, especially the bad ones. However, much of it was pretty funny. Of the songs, I liked "The Story of Alice," which was concerned with a young woman of that name who appeared to have a lot the matter with her; "To Be or Not to Be in Love," in spite of some dispirited lyrics; and "Gruntled," in spite of the fact that the "couth," "ept," "kempt," and so on joke has been beaten a little thin by many willing wits. Seven composers and lyricists were credited with these donations, and I haven't the energy to sort them out. The singers mainly involved were Helen Halpin and Trude Adams. They seemed like quite agreeable girls.

On the grimmer side of the ledger were "Carnival in Court," a distressing calypso effort having something to do with divorce; "Foreign Cars," a song about the difficulties of making love when so cramped, which was delivered by Miss Adams, who had the good sense to muff many of the words; and "One Hour Ahead of the Posse," a horrid mingling of ballad and ballet that I thought was intended to be a burlesque of something, though I was, I guess, mistaken. For the record, some of the hitherto unmentioned, but prominent, contributors to "Catch a Star!" were Elaine Dunn, Marc Breaux, Undine Forrest, Sonny Sparks, Wayne Sherwood, Kay Malone, Denny Desmond, and Calvin Holt. The settings were designed by Ralph Alswang, and if I had had my .22 along, I might have had a very cheerful time shooting out all the little colored lights.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

A 571 year-old Watertown auxiliary policeman, who became involved with a 19-year-old Vermont girl and her 13-year-old step-sister, found Municipal Judge Elijah Adlow in a charitable mood yesterday, although Boston cops wanted him charged with abduction and contributed to delinquency.

"The older they are," soliloquized the jurist, "the gayer they get."—*Boston Record.*

Dismissed.

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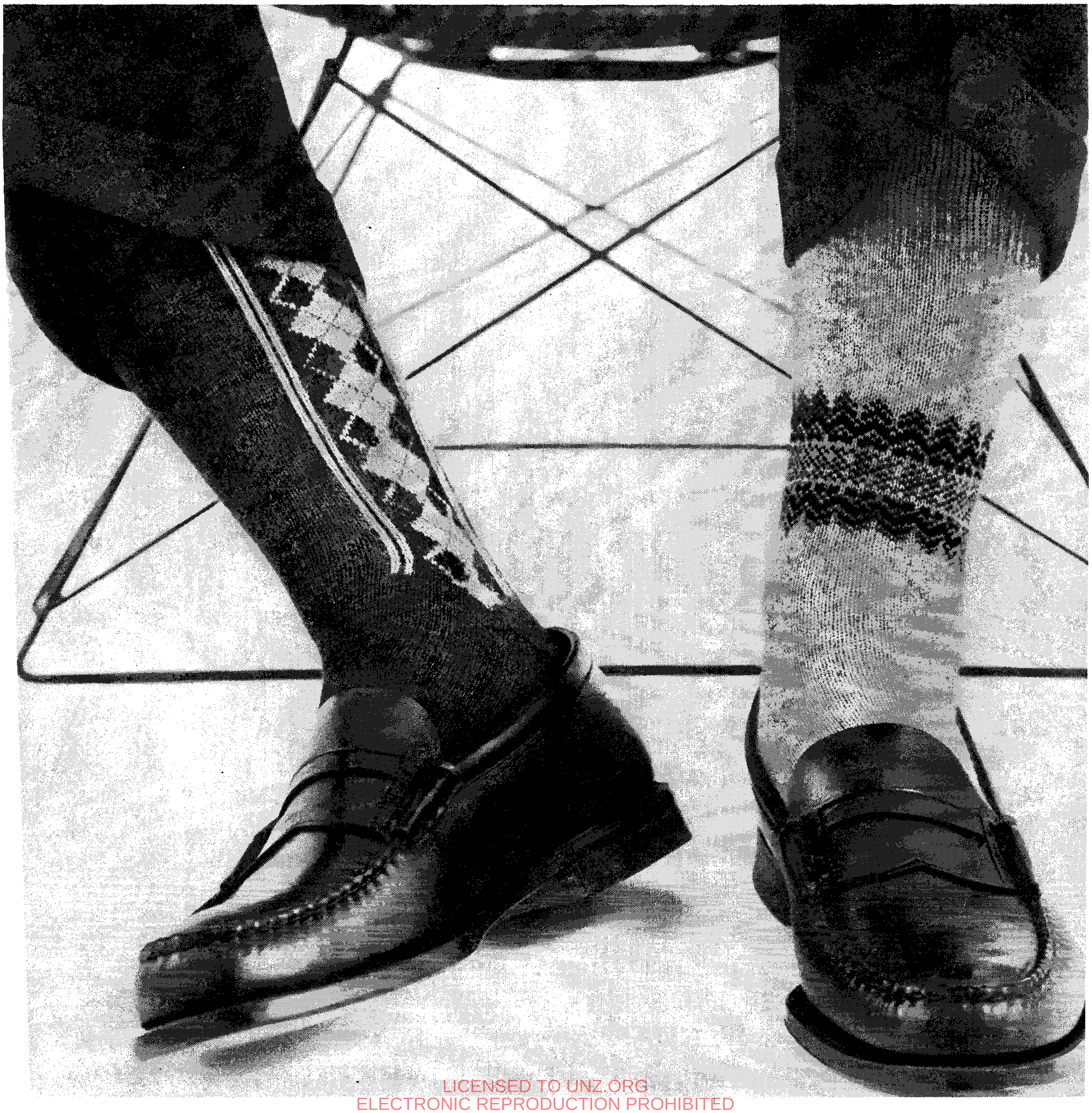

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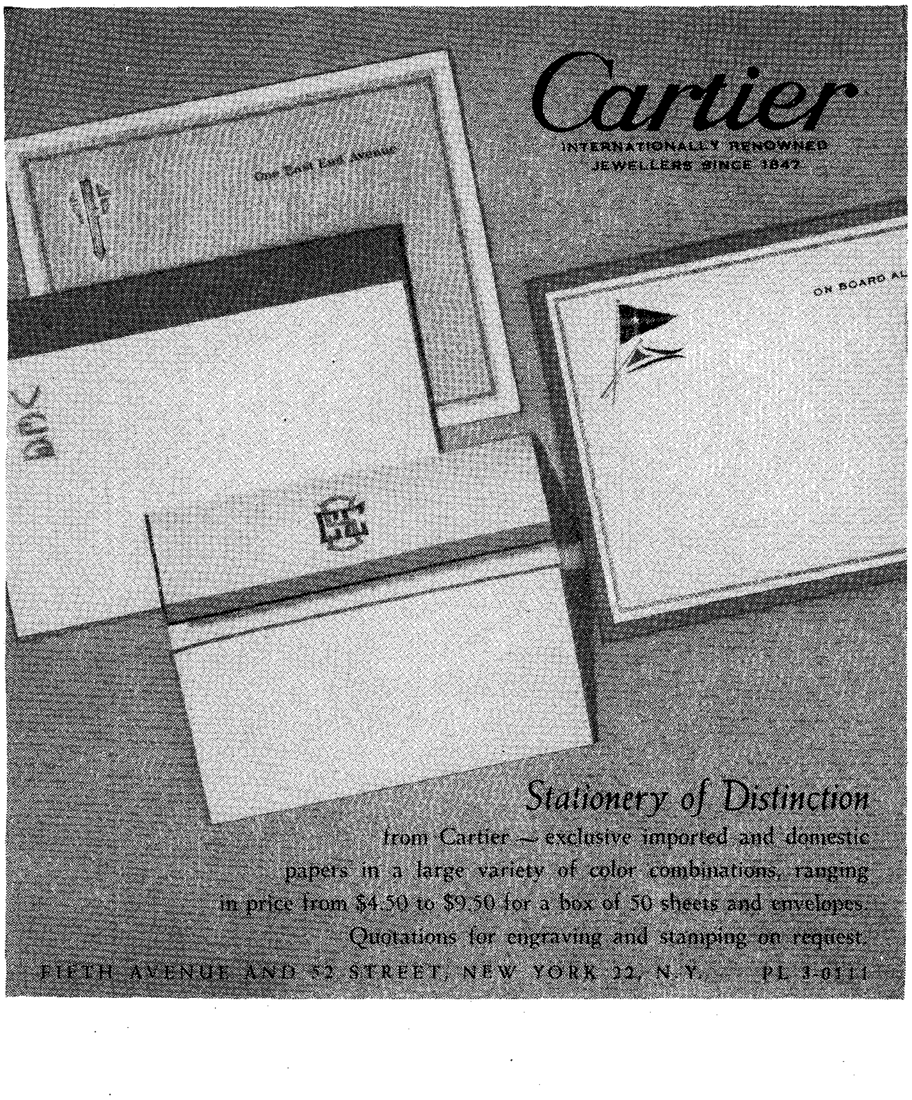

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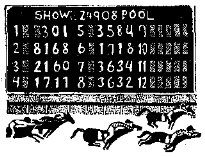
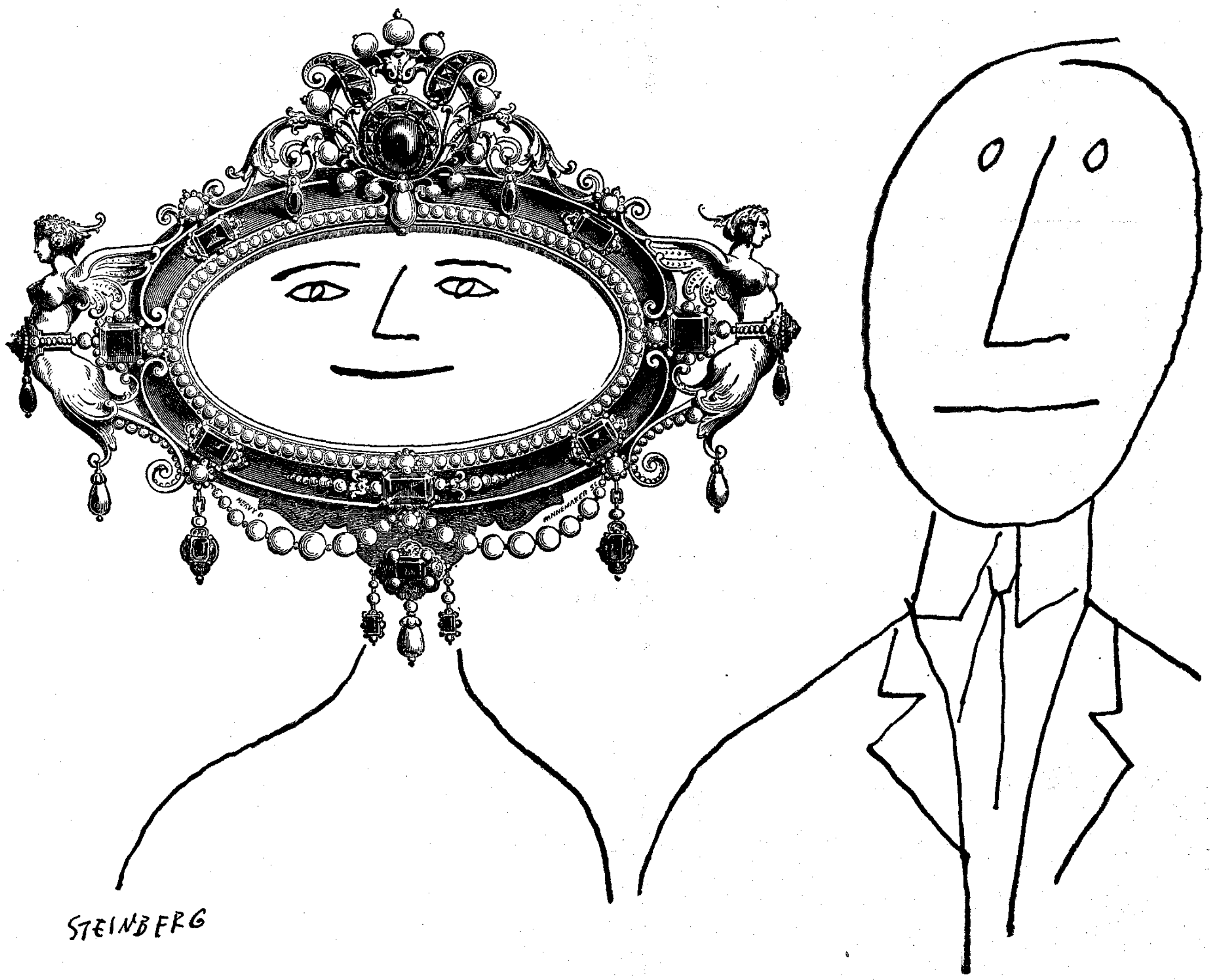
THE RACE TRACK

S. R. O.



IT was a trying week at Aqueduct for all concerned. To begin with, an overwhelming crowd of more than forty-eight thousand people turned out on Labor Day, and last Saturday not even picture-book weather and lively finishes could make up to some of us for the unhappy ending of the Discovery Handicap. As you've probably heard, Montpelier Farm's Saratoga, one of the better three-year-olds—he ran second to Nashua in the Flamingo, the Preakness, and the Dwyer Stakes—hurt his right rear ankle and broke down so badly that the chances are we won't see him on a racecourse again. Still, the Discovery was pretty exciting to watch, for Racing Fool set a brisk pace over most of the mile and a furlong, Power was close up, and the five other runners were not far behind. Saratoga, who was odds-on, even though he carried a hundred and twenty-nine pounds (from seven to nineteen more than his opposition), went well enough as far as the turn into the stretch, then began to shorten his stride. After that, it was anybody's race, and in the last fifty yards Breckinridge Long's Westward Ho, a plain, rangy bay colt by Lochinvar, beat Illusionist by less than a length. Power, a newcomer, was third; he's a son of Cosmic Bomb—the handsomest one I've seen to date—and worth keeping in mind. Saratoga barely made it to the finish line, and had to be taken off the track in a horse ambulance, but some of his backers weren't too downcast. You see, he was coupled in the betting with Westward Ho, because both colts were trained by Frank Bonsal, and even though Saratoga came in last, those who had bet on him collected a $3.70 mutuel. If Westward Ho had been on his own, I daresay he would have paid 20–1.

There's a certain satisfaction in seeing a big crowd at any track, because it shows the popularity of racing. All the same, one likes to move about the stand and the betting ring with a reasonable amount of elbowroom, and that couldn't be done at Aqueduct on Labor Day. On the whole, the afternoon wasn't much fun. For the record, the Bay Shore Handicap went to Red Hannigan; that was something of a surprise



AND SHE DID IT ALL BY HERSELF

Once there was a woman and she had a husband. As if that wasn't enough to bear, he insisted on doing things. He had a saw in the basement and a lot of queer looking gismos . . . almost as queer as the things that he made. Once he came up with a wheel-barrow, but the wheel turned out to be square. And then he made a dog house, when they didn't have a dog.

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But things went on from there. While she sewed, her husband sawed, and the house was as gay as could be. Her family had never looked nicer—her money had never gone farther — and she had never felt prouder. Because, you see . . . she did it all by herself, with the help of Simplicity Printed Patterns.

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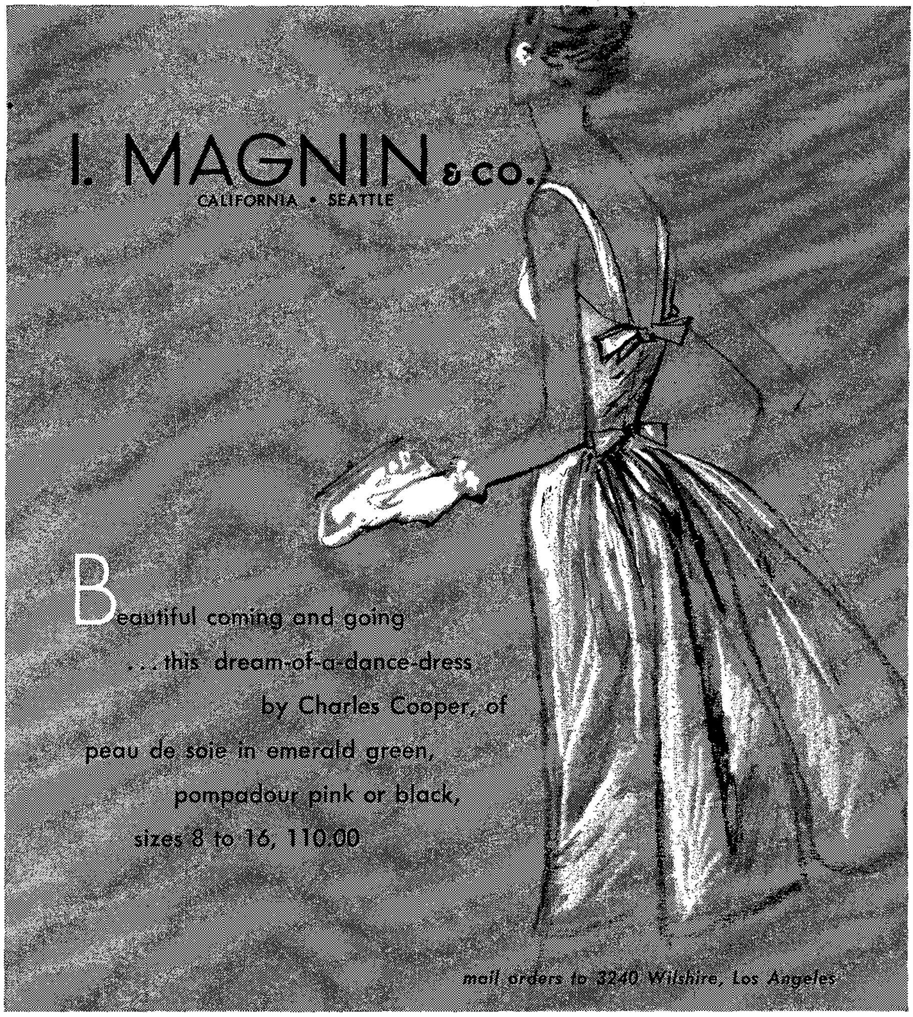

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to me, for his past performances had given me the notion that he didn't like the course. An up-and-coming runner who apparently does like it is Searching. Earlier in the meeting, she beat Blue Banner in the Vagrancy Handicap, and the other afternoon she won the Joe Palmer Handicap, in which High Voltage was among the also-rans. No doubt Searching will have a big following for the Beldame this weekend.

WHEN I was in Chicago recently, almost every horseman I met was bubbling over about a two-year-old humdinger named Swoon's Son, and they weren't wrong. In the Washington Park Futurity, he broke from the fourteenth post position—just about the worst possible—and with one burst of speed opened up a lead of at least half a dozen lengths; he went on to win in a canter in the remarkably fast time of 1:09⅗ for the six furlongs. It was his sixth victory in a row, and the purse of $91,405 brought his earnings to $221,120. You won't see him hereabouts this year, since he's not in the Belmont Futurity, or the Garden State Stakes in Jersey. E. Gay Drake, a Kentuckian, who owns him, is reserving him for the Breeder's Futurity, at Keeneland, where he'll probably have what amounts to a walkover. Needles, who won the Hopeful Stakes so impressively at Saratoga last month, isn't in the Futurity, either. As it happens, he let his backers down rather badly in the World's Playground Stakes at Atlantic City last weekend, running third to Busher Fantasy and Espea. Needles was ridden by Arcaro, and some excuse-makers suggested that he missed his regular jockey, Choquette. It's possible. Busher Fantasy is owned by the Maine Chance Farm, whose luck may have turned; its Jet Action won the Washington Park Handicap and a purse of $96,000 the previous Saturday. By the way, Jet Action is the fellow his stable thinks can beat Nashua.

REFLECTED GLORY: On the fence near the Rockaway Boulevard entrance to Aqueduct is a big white board, and on it, in green letters three feet high, is "Aqueduct, Home of Nashua."

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Concert Records

IN 1804, the German poet Friedrich Hölderlin completed his celebrated translation of the Sophocles tragedy "Antigone," and a hundred and forty-five years later, in 1949, the German composer Carl Orff, himself a devoted scholar of ancient poetry, set it to music for singers and an orchestra. It was given its first performance the same year, at the Salzburg Festival. Part of the work—the final two of its five scenes—has now been introduced to this country, on a Columbia long-playing record, and listening to it is an unforgettable experience. It soon becomes apparent that this is no operatic rendering of the classic, or even a musical interpretation, in a strict sense, but an inspired attempt to turn the speeches into rhythmic declamation without resort to melodic frills. Rarely has a musician of Orff's calibre given himself so entirely to the service of a text.

It may be true that, as I have heard it maintained, Hölderlin's version of "Antigone" is somewhat overblown, but this is beside the point, or so I feel; after all, Orff, who is primarily a composer for the stage, has surely had access to other versions of the original, and therefore it would appear that the story appealed to him most strongly in the form that Hölderlin gave it. And so, laboring as a consecrated director might to give each word of the familiar story what he believed to be its precise value, Orff has created a rigid and, to my mind, absorbing reading of the climactic episodes of the masterpiece.

As I have said, it is chiefly the rhythmic aspects of the speeches that have exerted a hold on Orff; for long stretches, the singers remain on a single tone, with only the rhythm furnishing emphasis. Orff seems to be saying that there is no need to paint the lily—that the story itself is too terrible and too well-known to need musical ornamentation, much less musical transformation, but that it does require powerful expression. Here and there—notably in the course of Antigone's long lament in the fourth scene, and again, in the final scene, as the awful awareness of what has happened is gradually borne in upon Creon—the vocal line leaps and twists and pulsates, and the effect is thrilling, but

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these are merely the breakthrough points in the wall of tension that constitutes Orff's main musical structure. An odd sort of instrumentation is employed for the same purpose—to build tension. The orchestra consists of harps, string basses, flutes, piccolos, oboes, English horns, and trumpets; a large percussion section, made up of timpani, xylophones, wood drums, bells, glockenspiels, cymbals, triangles, bass drums, tambourines, castanets, Javanese gong chimes, a small anvil, and a set of stone slabs; and six grand pianos, which, in addition to being played in the customary manner, must be played with various kinds of mallets and plectra. Yet, for all this complicated equipment, the orchestra is used sparingly. Only once, in a tantalizingly syncopated section of that long lament of Antigone's, does it come to the fore, and then it is to help bring into the open the wild mood that at most other times lies just beneath the surface of this fascinating work.

Whether or not it makes sense for a composer to devote himself to a task that has so little actual music connected with it, the fact remains that Orff's "Antigone" is remarkably impressive on its own terms. And the present performers do marvellously well by it. (Orff, by the way, is very strict in his refusal to permit any deviation from his scores, and he personally supervised this recording.) Christl Goltz, soprano, sings the title part; Hermann Uhde, baritone, is Creon; Josef Greindl, bass, is the messenger; and Hilde Roessl-Majdan, contralto, is Eurydice. They are supported by members of the Vienna Symphony Orchestra, along with the Vienna State Opera Chorus, and the entire ensemble does a brilliant job under the direction of Heinrich Hollreiser.

Carl Nielsen's Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, which is given a fine performance by Yehudi Menuhin and the Danish State Broadcasting Symphony Orchestra in a recording lately issued by His Master's Voice, is a vigorous, melodic, and altogether attractive work, and one wonders why it should have taken so long to get here. Nielsen, a Dane who was famous in Denmark during his own lifetime (1865-1931) but little known elsewhere, composed the concerto in 1911. His first international recognition came after the Second World War, when some recordings of his work, made in Copenhagen, were acclaimed in England. . . . The astonishing Louisville Orchestra, which every year commissions, plays, and records dozens of new works, by

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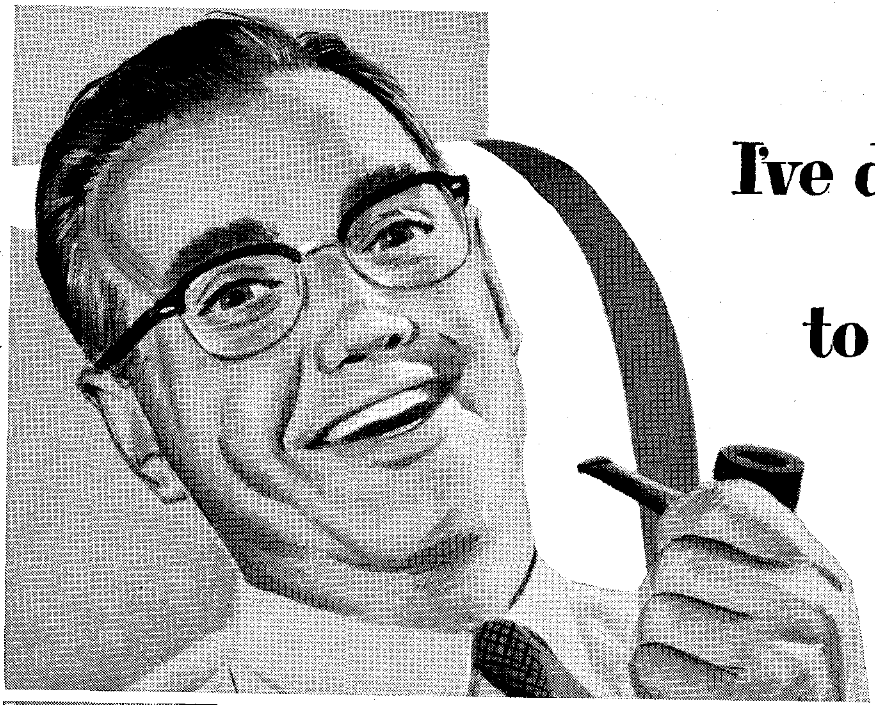

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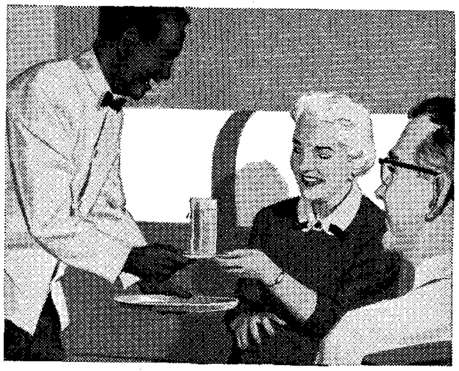

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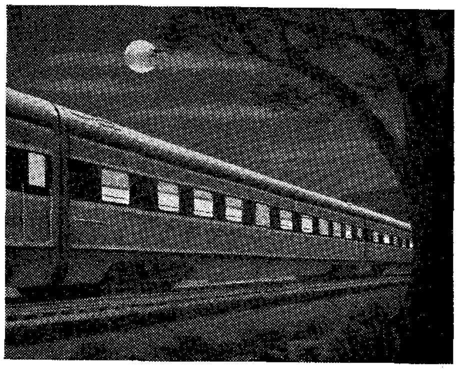

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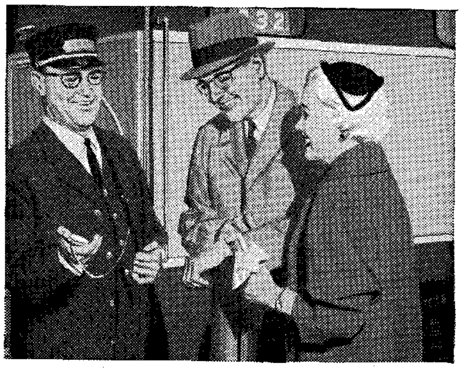

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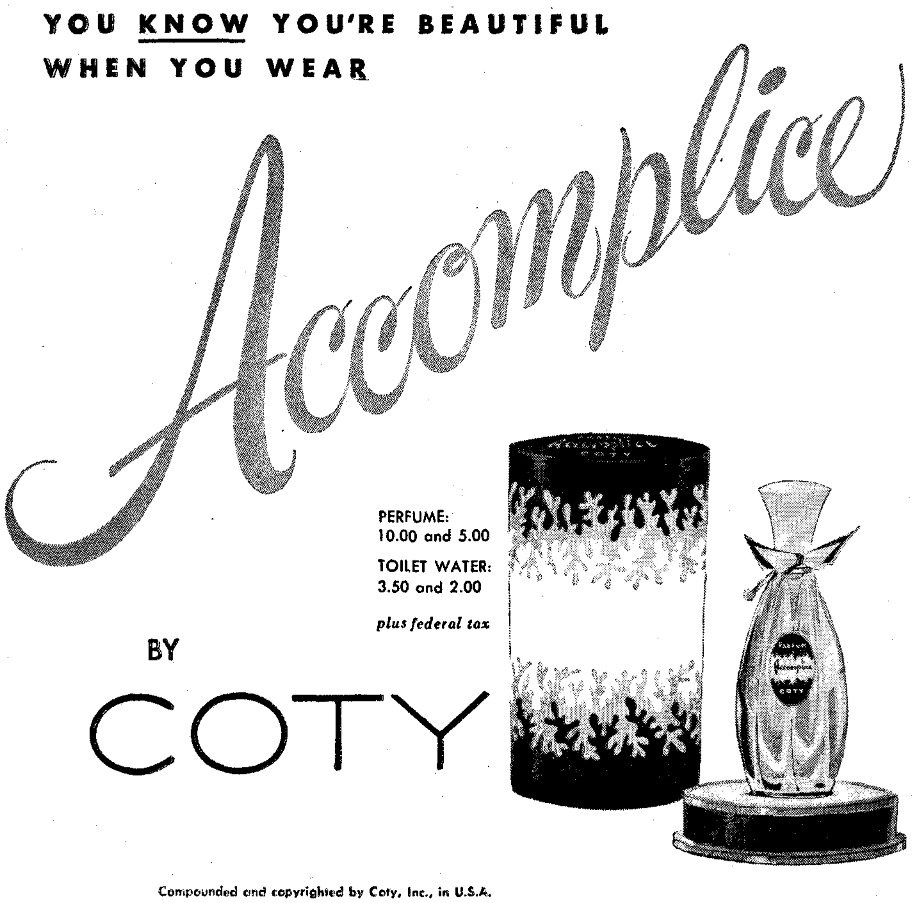
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composers of all nationalities, can be heard on a Columbia record in three such works, two by native composers and one by a Frenchman. As it happens, the French composition, Jacques Ibert's "A Louisville Concerto," is at once the shortest, the lightest, and the most effective of the three. A breezy, expertly handled creation, it offers a tonal impression of Louisville, beginning and ending with its proud present and, in between, summoning up memories of the cakewalk, the blues, and other musical strains in its past. Paul Creston's "Invocation and Dance," which shares one side of the record with Ibert's work, has a great deal of rhythmic propulsion, but that's about all I can say for it; it might have caused a minor sensation if it had been produced a year or two before Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps." The other side is taken up by Henry Cowell's Symphony No. 11 ("Seven Rituals of Music"), a pretentious pedestrian composition that seeks to give musical definition to man in his childhood, man at work, man in love, man at play, man in his "mystical imagination," man preparing for war, and man dying. Cowell obviously feels pretty hopeless about the whole business.

Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra have devoted an entire record (Columbia) to a variety of pieces by Richard Yardumian, a Philadelphian whose works are frequently performed by this group in home concerts. The first piece, "Armenian Suite," which was written when the composer was barely out of his teens, is an appealing collection of Armenian folk tunes, arranged and in some cases interwoven by Yardumian. It hints of interesting developments to come, but, unfortunately, Yardumian seems to have quickly abandoned this sort of thing in favor of the twelve-tone scale, and in the succeeding compositions—"Desolate City," a Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, and "Psalm No. 130," the last a tenor solo with orchestral accompaniment—he is revealed as an increasingly complex writer who has curiously cast away both his birthright and his charm. —D. W.

•

A BOSTONIAN'S ODE TO CENTRAL AND PROSPECT

Mr. Olmsted, Mr. Vaux,
You did design some lovely paux—
Wisteria, lakes, and rugged raux
Make pleasing prospects as one waux.

—Hamlen Hunt

Merle Wolverton

From the good earth, the good life

"14% OF THE POPULATION GROWS MORE THAN ALL OF US CAN EAT!"

"Seems to me one of the reasons we live so much better in this country is because we farm so much better.

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"Now I'm sure one big reason for the farmer's efficiency in this country is the help he gets from industry. Take my case.

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NORMANDY: EASY RED WITHOUT MATILDA

WHEN I first came to the ancient, illustrious, minuscule city of Bayeux, as an American newly entitled to vote, the book I carried in my pocket was the 1926 edition of the Hachette *Guide Bleu* for Normandy. In it, the capsule description of the city began:

> Bayeux: 7,026 inhabitants (*les Bayeusains*), former capital of the Bessin [the low-lying area between Caen and Isigny], seat of a bishopric, is situated in the verdant plain watered by the little River Aure. Its cathedral is one of the most beautiful of France, and the "tapestry of Queen Matilda" constitutes a curiosity unique of its kind. Bayeux, which is as the bird flies but 7 k. 5 from the sea, is the point of access of the small shore resorts of the Bessin.

After a résumé of the city's two thousand years (it was the Roman city of Augustodurum), the *Guide* threw in a bit of interpretive reporting:

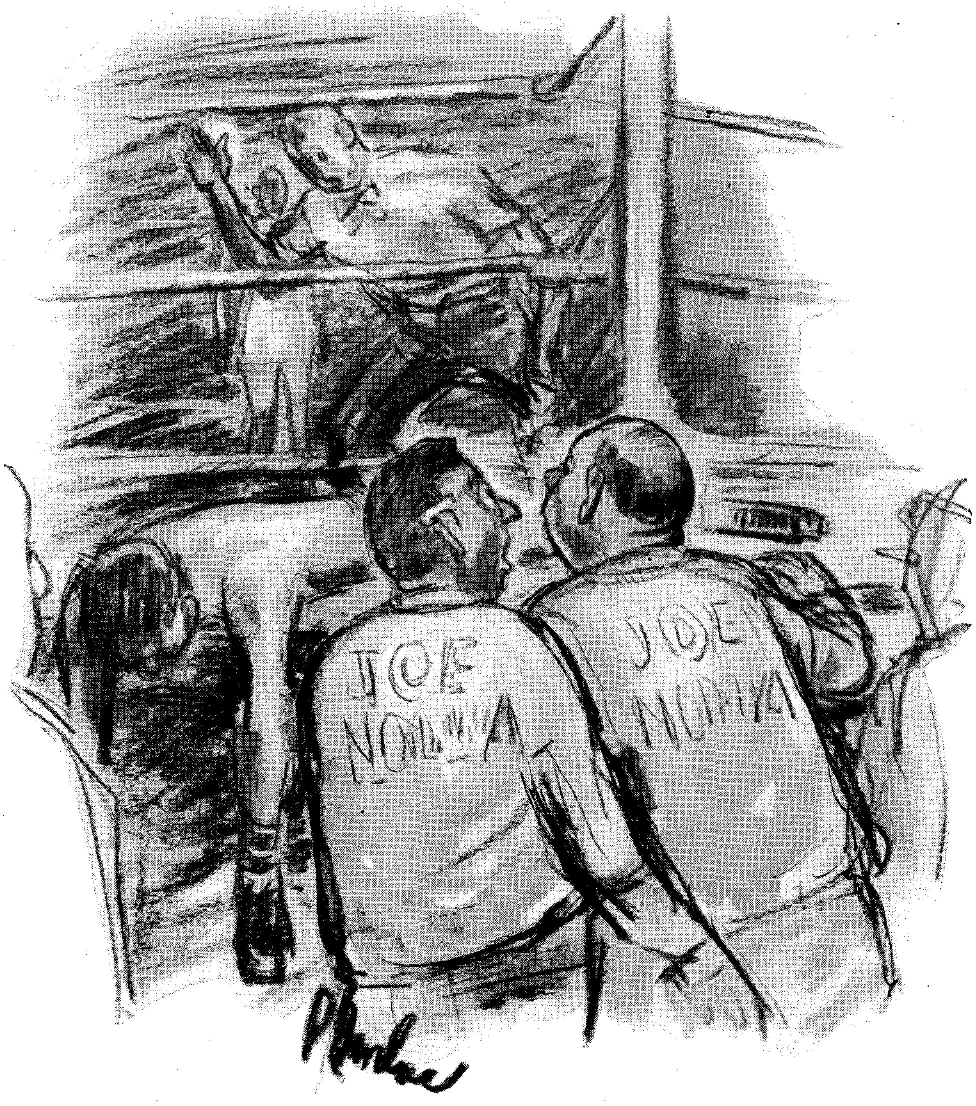
> On the eve of the Revolution the old city was above all a city of the Church. . . . It was also a city of bourgeois and retired government officials. . . . The immense changes of the nineteenth century have hardly touched it; it remains a city of priests and *rentiers*, where the rich stockmen of the region meet on market days. It may be seen what interest Bayeux has for those enamored of the past.

Nearly all the next nine pages were devoted to the cathedral and to the "tapestry," which is, to be more precise, a narrative cartoon strip embroidered on linen, telling Matilda's husband's side of his conquest of England, along with the events leading up to it. At the time the cartoon appeared, her husband, William the Bastard, was just beginning to be known as William the Conqueror. (Lebatard is still a common surname in Bayeux, but those who bear it claim no royal descent.) The tapestry was a publicity release. Because it was in pictures, the vast illiterate majority got the general idea, and the running legend made its points in extremely easy Latin for the benefit of the small literate minority. The cartoon is simple and stylized, with plenty of violent action, like "Smilin' Jack." Matilda and her ladies added a border of uninhibited medieval female fantasies for the beefcake, or reverse-cheesecake, trade. She had the tabloid formula cold. As a consequence, her version of that prototypical colonial war has prevailed in popular history. Harold, according to William's wife, was not only a crude fellow but a cad. He maintained a love nest in England while getting himself engaged to a fine, pure girl in Normandy. It was both as a jilted future father-in-law and as a bilked legatee that William launched his expedition, and any attendant territorial acquisitions were purely incidental to his civilizing mission. (In a lost sequel to the tapestry, of which we have only a description by a Norman monk, Matilda is thought to have shown how the Normans improved sanitary conditions in England and taught the natives to wear blazers.)

Last June, when I decided to go back to the part of Normandy that includes Bayeux, I bought the latest edition (1952) of the *Guide Bleu*, in order to be prepared for any striking changes. This time I read, under "Bayeux":

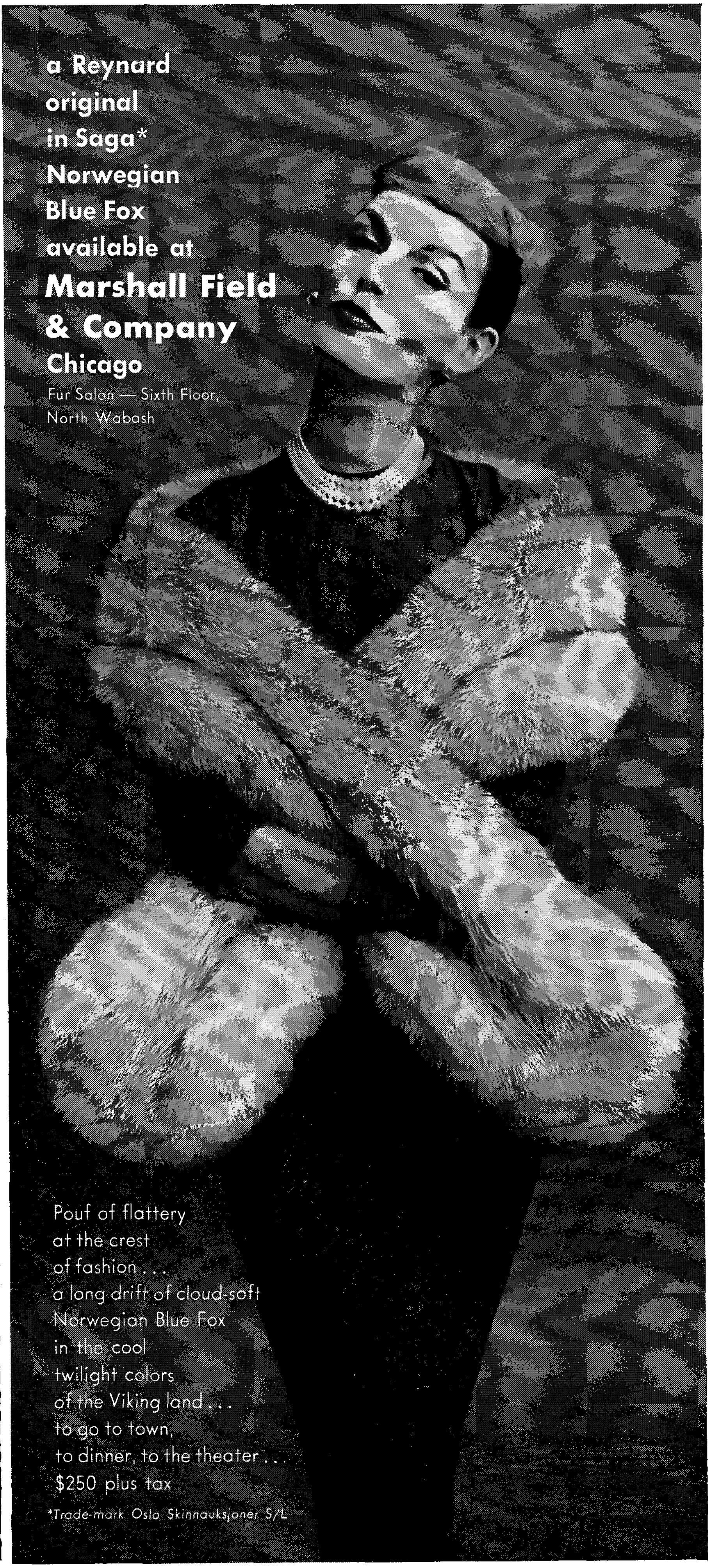
> City of 10,246 inhabitants (*les Bayeusains*), former capital of the Bessin, seat of a bishopric, is situated in the verdant plain watered by the little River Aure. Its cathedral is one of the most beautiful of France, and the "tapestry of Queen Matilda" constitutes a curiosity unique of its kind. Bayeux, which is but 7 k. 5 from the sea, is the point of access of the small shore resorts of the Bessin. . . . On the eve of the Revolution, the old city was especially an ecclesiastical city, where the people of the Church supported numerous beggars; it was also a city of retired bourgeois and government officials. . . . The immense changes of the nineteenth century hardly touched it; it remains a city of priests and *rentiers*, where the rich stockmen of the region meet on market days. It may be seen what interest Bayeux has for those enamored of the past.

This reassured me, although I was momentarily shaken when Michel, a White Russian chauffeur I had hired to drive me down from Paris in a rented car, reported that there was no such



"Well, there goes that lead he piled up on points."

place. I rallied, though, when I found he had been asking directions to something he called "Boolioo." Michel had escaped from the Ukraine in 1920 and had eventually made his way to Paris, where he found so many fellow-escapees that he had never had to rely on French as a medium of conversation. This was no handicap to his profession of driving for hire, since most of his clients were American tourists who knew even less French than he did. I had visited the former Augustodurum once between the 1926 and 1952 editions of the *Guide Bleu*, when it was the headquarters of the Allied Twenty-first Army Group, Field-Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery commanding. That was soon after the Allied landing in Normandy in June, 1944—the Army Group included the British Second and American First Armies—and for a while it looked as if the Field-Marshal might install himself there *en permanence*, like William in his English capital city of Winchester long ago. The British occupied Bayeux on June 8th, which was D-plus-2. The Germans pulled out of the verdant plain without defending the city, so it was freed without damage. They fell back on the stronger position in front of Caen, fifteen miles to the southeast, where they held for the next seven weeks, penning the British into the Bessin. (It has been contended since by one school of military historians that the Marshal was holding the Germans out of the Bessin, but if he was, it was in the manner of the Rhode Islander who stuck his hand into a hole after a weasel. "Have you got him?" the fellow's brother yelled. The weaseler yelled back, "No, he's got me!") During all this period—longer than the Austro-Prussian War of 1866—the enemy made no serious bombing attack on Bayeux. Pursuing some higher strategic aim, they forwent attack upon the military vehicles swarming up from the beachhead. As these vehicles arrived, the British military police channelled them into a series of traffic circles around the center of town, and from the air the place must have looked like a shooting-gallery target, with the cathedral in the middle to mark the bull's-eye and the Hôtel du Lion d'Or, which was the Army Group command post, in the next ring outside it. The circles were designed to let the lorries get around the town on their way to forward areas, and the military police maintained the circular pattern so staunchly that visiting jeeps bound for the Lion d'Or were sometimes forced to revolve around the city until their gas



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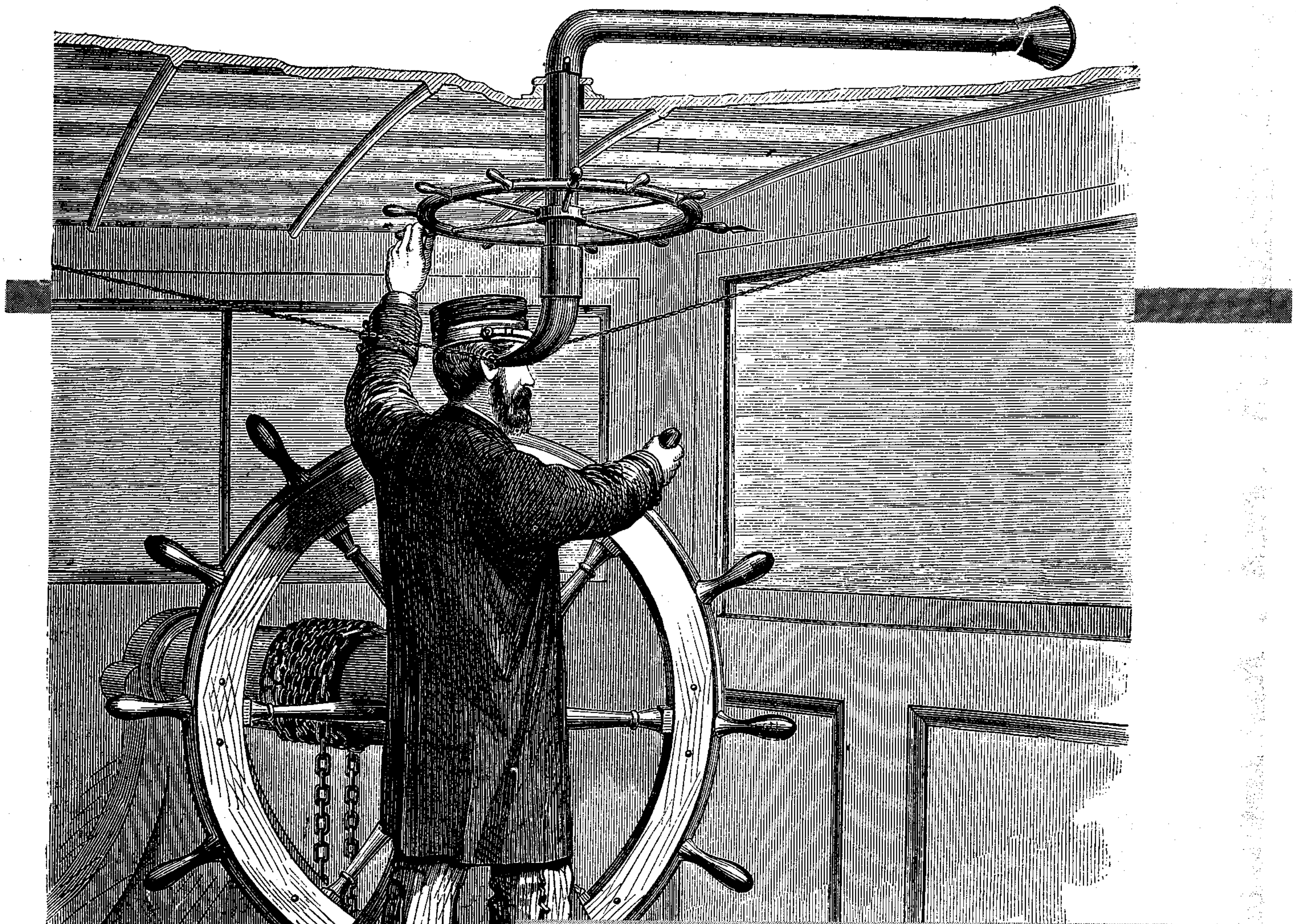
Thrilling Saga of the Open Sea

"Captain, Sir," said Plimsoll,



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THE KANSAS CITY STAR.

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CHURCHES FIRED IN RIOT

Thrilling Saga of the Open Sea

"It would take the S. S. United States 1,080 trips to carry all the Newsweek families with incomes of $7,500 or more."
From an Advertisement

CAPTAIN JARED P. FIDDLEY peered intently into the fog of the Newfoundland banks, then turned his gaze upon the familiar figure of old Tobias, who was approaching with a steaming cup of coffee.

Tobias and Captain Fiddley had grown gray together on this run. For 1,079 trips now the liner under the command of the grizzled sea dog had been serenely carrying Newsweek families with incomes of $7,500 or more.

And so Captain Fiddley was not prepared for trouble when the voice of First Mate Plimsoll, obviously under considerable strain, spoke on the intercom.

"Captain, sir," said Plimsoll, "would you mind stepping down to A deck? I'm afraid a rather nasty situation has arisen."

"Come, Mr. Plimsoll," said the captain sternly into the microphone, "what is this all about?"

"I can't tell you, sir," said the first mate, "or it might panic the passengers."

"Very well," said Captain Fiddley, and, instructing Tobias to put down the coffee pot and take over the wheel, he turned his steps in the direction of A deck.

There he discovered Plimsoll and two burly crewmen holding a dejected figure – a fat passenger with a mustache.

"This fellow," said Plimsoll, indicating the passenger, "aroused my suspicions the minute he came aboard. I don't know why – just an aura of evil about him, as though he might be a secret Time reader."

"Come, come," rapped the captain. "Facts, Plimsoll, facts."

"Yes, sir. Well, I had him checked. The Newsweek people gave him a clean bill of health–old subscriber, in fact. But apparently their interest was aroused. They put their own investigators on the case, made inquiries in Washington, and this radiogram has just arrived.

"This man's income last year was–$7,499."

The captain reeled with the shock. All too clearly he could envision the results if word of this leaked out–men, women and children trampling one another in a wild race for the lifeboats. Even if the ship reached New York safely there would be the quarantine officers. They had been courteous about the case of cholera on trip No. 987, but this – a case of under $7500-ism – this, they could not overlook.

"Plimsoll," the captain said, "you know what must be done."

"Yes, sir," he replied. The captain turned his back. There was a muffled scream, a splash in the dark waters, a moment or two of wild thrashing, then silence as the great ship sailed on.

His record was safe, the captain thought, but wait – the two crew members. With the knowledge they possessed they could blackmail him the rest of their lives. He turned again to Plimsoll and wordlessly indicated the two sailors, who were leaning far over the railing gazing into the phosphorescent wake of the vessel.

Firmly, the first mate placed a hand on the back of each, shoved. There were two more splashes. No – three. Captain Fiddley was alone on A deck.

Back on the bridge, he wrote in the log, with a firm hand, "First Mate Plimsoll and Seamen Jolly and Roger, lost overboard attempting to rescue a passenger with an income over $7,500 and a paid-up subscription."

He closed the log book and peered out into the fog.

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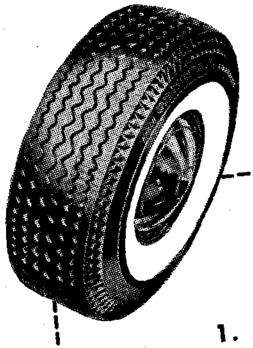

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ran out or their occupants gave up and went away. A dream of the Bayeux shopkeepers had come true: There were tens of thousands of potential customers. But there was nothing to sell except Camembert cheese, which is produced in the region, and which was prevented by the battle line from taking its normal course toward Paris. A flood of Camembert had backed up on Bayeux. Shopwindows normally devoted to other kinds of merchandise were full of cheese. There is no mass market for Camembert in either the British or the American Army. Caught in an outer eddy of the traffic whirlpool one evening, a jeep driver and I made three two-and-a-half-mile circuits between walls of window-displayed Camembert. I at last got out and bought some, telling the driver to pick me up on his next time around. When we arrived back at the First Army press camp, at Vouilly, near Isigny, I offered to share the cheese with colleagues, jeep drivers, and, finally, in desperation, Army press-relations officers, but none would have any. A supply of Camembert is not the sort of thing you keep under your cot indefinitely, even in a well-aired tent. I wouldn't throw mine away, though, and I didn't have to, because while I slept, the late Ernie Pyle stole it from under me and threw it away himself.

Another of my memories of the city in its phase of atypical animation is an occasion when I allowed myself to believe that even in wartime a French-speaking American willing to pay adequately might find a French meal in Bayeux. I failed miserably, involving in my failure a jeep driver, whom I had kept away from Vouilly and the mess tent. Determined to restore the situation, I thought of M. François Coulet, the former *chef de cabinet* of General de Gaulle, who had been placed at the head of the civil government of liberated France—it consisted entirely of the Sous-Préfecture of Bayeux at the time—by the French Provisional Government, in London. It had been important to the Free French to take over smoothly in Bayeux, in order to set a precedent. The Western Allies, it is painful to recall, had not recognized the Provisional Government as the government of France, even provisionally, and the Free French feared the same kind of *fait accompli* that had faced them after the landings in North Africa. So before anybody in Washington had time to dredge up a Darlan, the Gaullists had popped M. Coulet, a strong personality, into Bayeux. The *fonctionnaires* there had accepted him without any fuss, and

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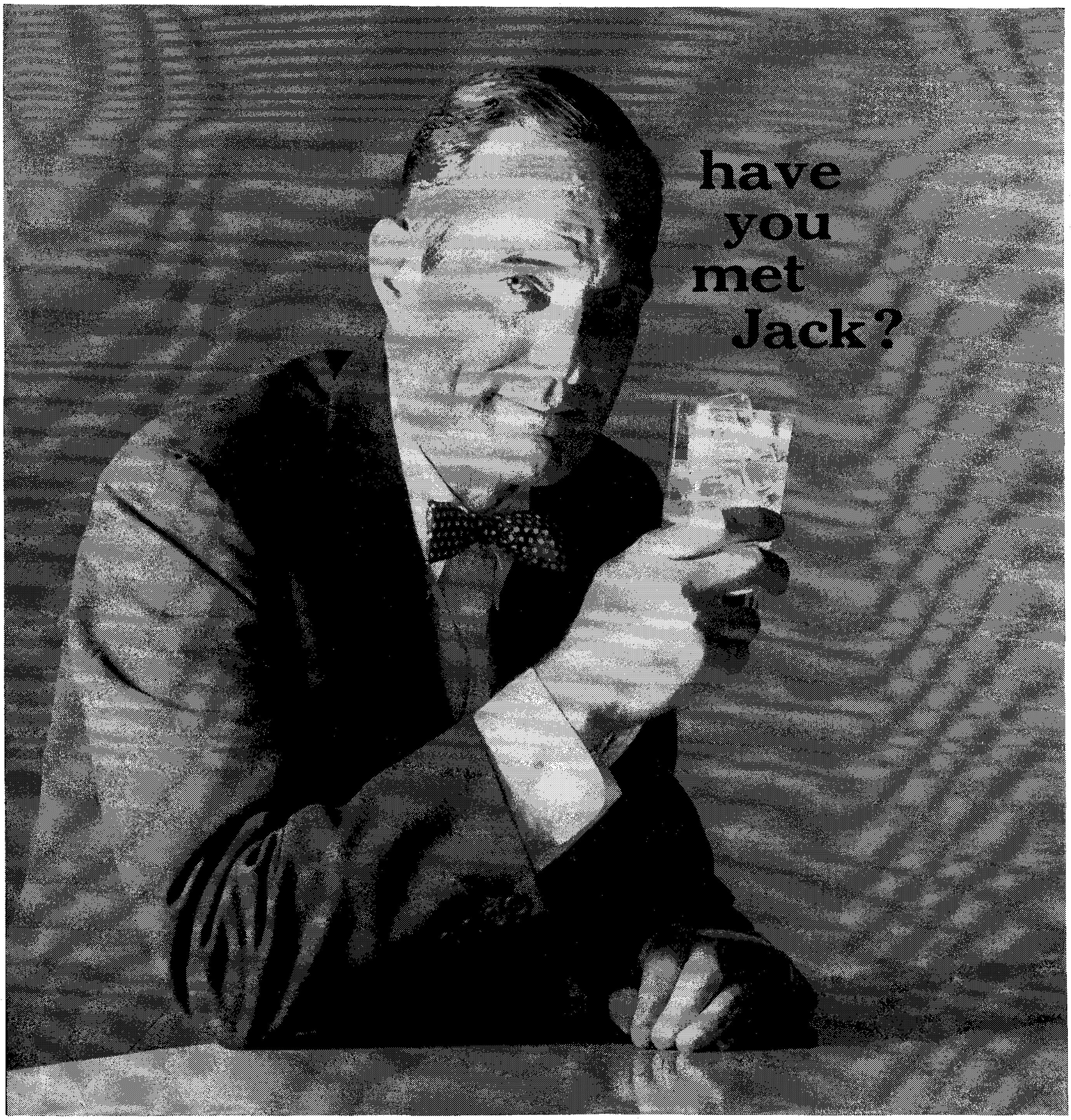

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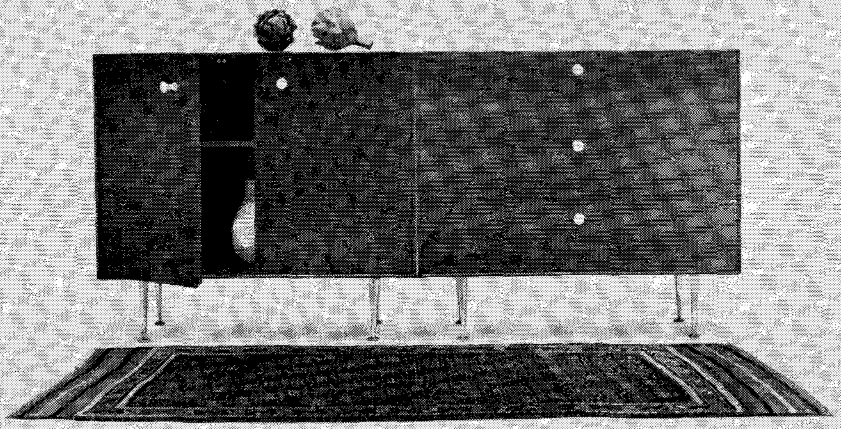

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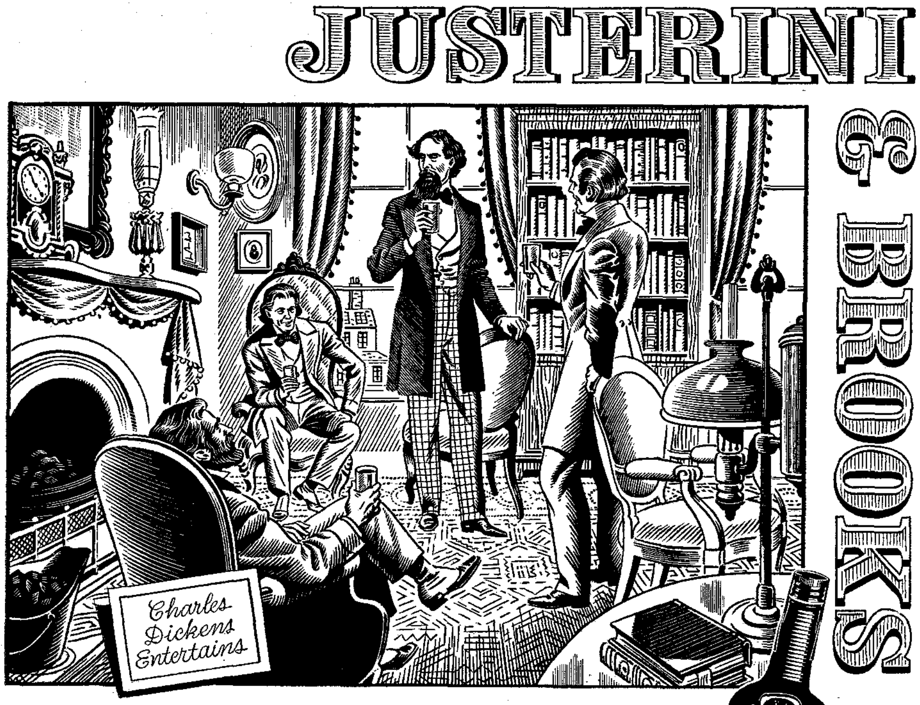

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the precedent would be hard to upset as the Armies liberated new territory. Where M. Coulet was, I knew, there would be a square meal, and he did not disappoint me.

Aided by the gathering darkness and a French cop, the driver and I sneaked through the whirling circles and arrived at M. Coulet's residence, a private house that sat behind a walled garden near the cathedral. Coulet is very tall, like his *patron*, and, like him, chilly-mannered for a Frenchman, but he relaxes more easily than the General. Beneath the manner, which could perhaps be mimicry, he is a friendly man, lucid and amusing. He had had his dinner, but an old woman servant, the first civilian to cook for me or the driver in freed France, produced another—an omelet, veal cutlets, and a salad. She then offered us some Camembert, but we declined it.

After dinner, we talked of politics. The conversation turned on de Gaulle, and I remember two details that may serve some future Plutarch. Coulet said that the General never sweats, even after the most violent exertion, and that he knows all the works of Racine by heart. In circumstances of stress, he said admiringly, the General was likely to break into *alexandrins* he considered apposite. Coulet, recognizing their source, would reply with the next couplet. Master and disciple would go along that way for nine or ten scenes, and feel spiritually refreshed. Coulet himself is now French Ambassador in Belgrade, but it is unlikely that he talks to Marshal Tito in couplets.

WHEN Michel and I drove down from Paris, our destination had been not Bayeux but Port-en-Bessin, a little Channel fishing port five miles away. Port-en-Bessin exerted a magnetic pull on me for two reasons; the first was the memory of a resplendent sole *normande* I had consumed there in 1926, and the second was the fact that I might have got another glimpse of the port, had I not been distracted by events of more pressing concern in my immediate vicinity, during the landings on Omaha Beach in 1944. The village had marked the dividing line between the assault areas of the American First Army, to the west, and the British Second Army, to the east, and I, as a deeply impressed observer, had been on board the LCIL (Landing Craft, Infantry, Large) 88 when it delivered a load of troops in the American zone. The point where we put in was a stretch of beach designated Easy Red, some distance

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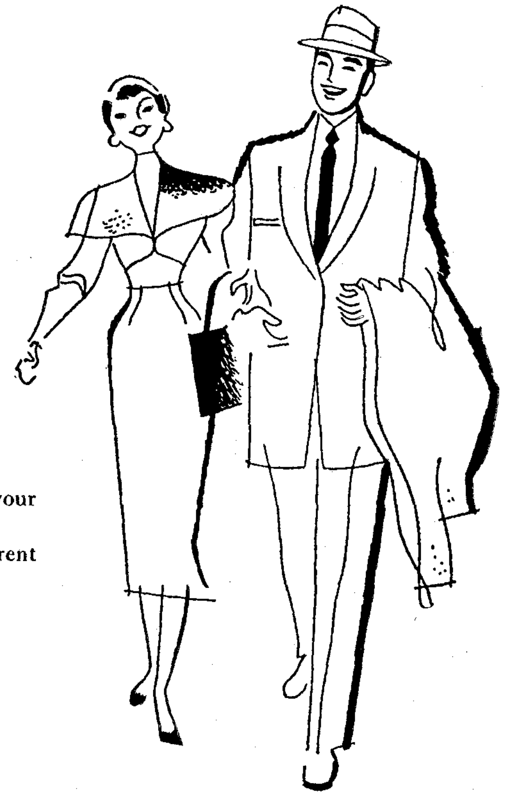
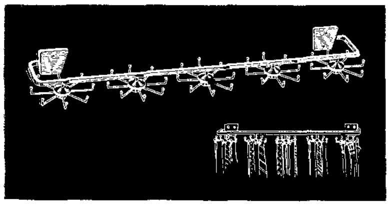
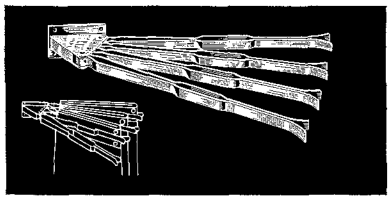


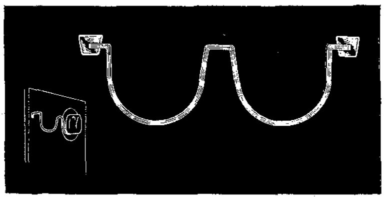


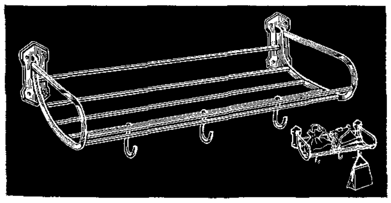
K-V 575 "view all" TIE SELECTOR—Five 8-bar rotary racks spin ties into quick view and reach. 20¾″ wide (Also 2-rack model).



K-V 550 TROUSER AND SKIRT HANGER—Spring-grip arms hold 4 skirts or pairs trousers firmly and crease-free. 14″ wide.

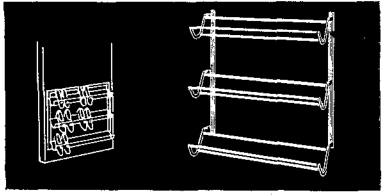
K-V 1125 HAT RACK—Preserves shape without crushing or stacking. Holds hats gently, securely. 22″ wide.

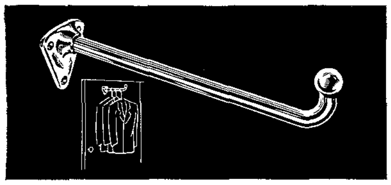




K-V 552 PURSE RACK—All shapes and sizes fit the curved shelf or hang from hooks below. 20½″ wide, 9″ deep.

K-V 785 THREE-TIER SHOE RACK—Stores 9 pairs compactly, in view and reach on door or wall. 20¾″ wide, 22¾″ high.





K-V 3 GARMENT BRACKET—Increase closet capacity with this sturdy chrome finish 10″ hook which will hold 6 or more garments on hangers.

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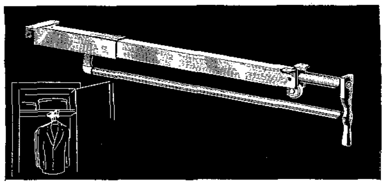

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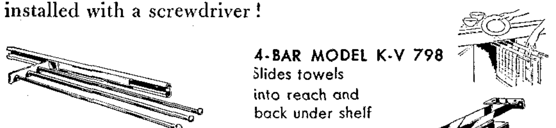
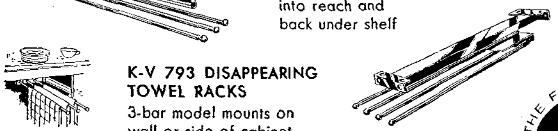


4-BAR MODEL K-V 798
Slides towels
into reach and
back under shelf



K-V 793 DISAPPEARING TOWEL RACKS
3-bar model mounts on
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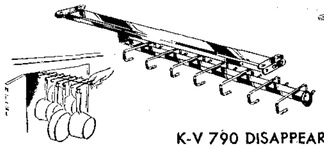

K-V 790 DISAPPEARING PAN RACK
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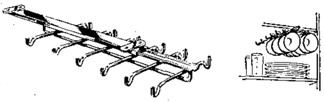

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west of Port-en-Bessin. Michel and I, on our way to the source of the sole *normande* and the view of the beach, paused only the space of a beer in Bayeux and drove right on. The following morning, after I had looked long at the whole sweep of sand that stretched away from the end of the Port-en-Bessin jetty without seeing a single ghost, I told Michel we would go back to Bayeux. I wanted to look at the cathedral, but I didn't tell him so. He already considered me mad for having hired a car and him to bring me down from Paris to look at an empty beach.

"*Après, Moosioo, Deauville?*" he asked insinuatingly. Michel liked destinations where he would be likely to meet hired-car chauffeurs of his acquaintance. Once they had delivered their American charges to the concierges of Palace Hotels at the end of each day's driving, the chauffeurs were free for an evening of refreshment and trade talk, the latter in Russian. In this system of transportation, of which I got occasional glimpses during my difficult conversations with Michel, the concierges furnish the sole means of communication between the chauffeurs and their paying prisoners, and levy a heavy commission on both. Once committed to the chauffeurs selected for them by the concierges of their Paris hotels, the Americans, like runaway slaves on the Underground Railroad, are entirely dependent on their silent guides. It is a tribute to the devotion of the concierges of France that few such consignments are lost in transit, although, Michel allowed me to understand after we had got to know each other better, the human shipments sometimes arrive at a wrong destination—Saint-Jean-de-Luz, for example, instead of La Baule, or Ostend instead of Geneva. "*Pas importa beaucoup*," he said, with a merry Ukrainian laugh. "*Noo soo rend compta oo sont.*" (In *langue chauffeuroise*, which has affinities with both Provençal and old Slavonic, this means, "It doesn't matter much. They never catch wise to where they are.") The concierge of the hotel where they arrive simply readdresses them and forwards them to where they were supposed to go. In the hotels of *grand tourisme*, chauffeurs get rooms and meals at a special rate. For Michel this was an important point, because he had asked me for a flat salary, out of which he paid his own expenses. In villages like Port-en-Bessin, where no one was used to chauffeurs, there was no price differential. This increased his antipathy for his surroundings. "*Paysans*," he said disparagingly of the

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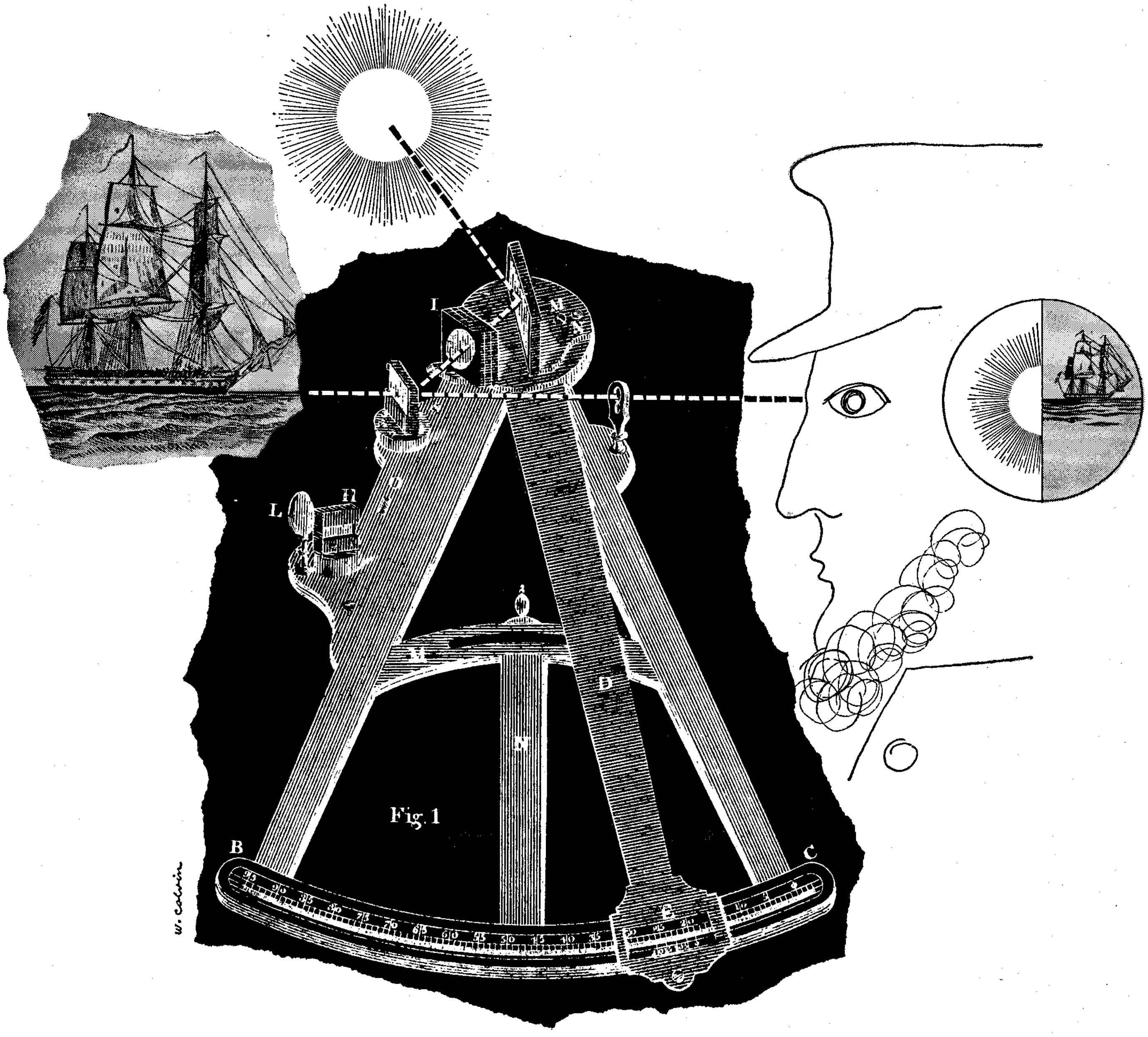

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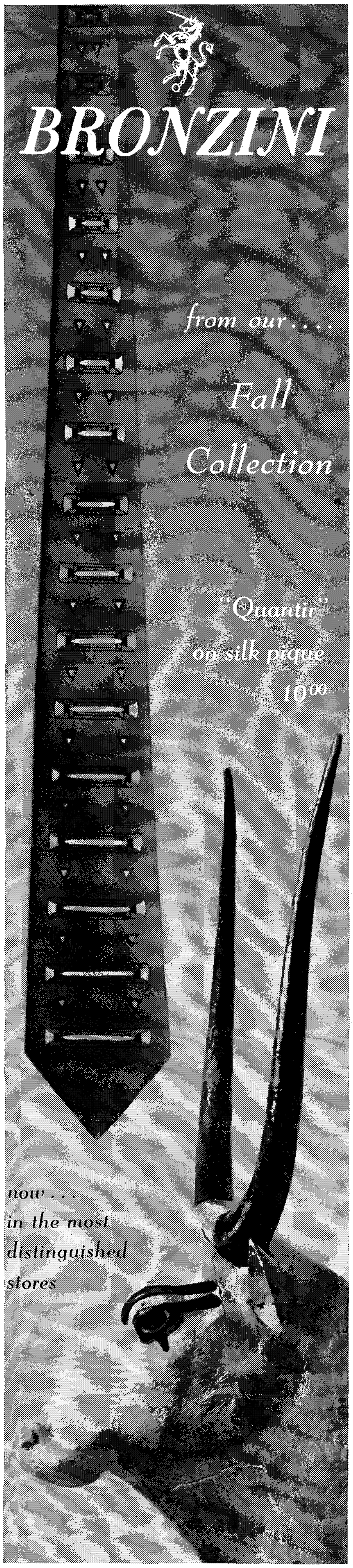

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Port-en-Bessin citizenry, as if the Ukraine of his youth had been a land of private eyes and taxi-dancers. "*Chassa poisson.*"

"After Bayeux," I told him as we walked toward the car, not wishing to instill any false hopes, "we are going to a place called Vouilly, but on the way we are going to stop off at the beach of debarkation—*Plage* Easy Red." He opened the door at the right of the driver's seat, waited until I got in, closed it behind me, bowed, and then walked around behind the car to take his seat at the wheel. The car was a Versailles, which is a lot smaller than an American Ford.

"*Après Boolioo,*" he said with resignation, "*Voolioo.*"

THERE are only two cathedrals I have ever liked in my life. One is Notre-Dame de Paris, but only at a distance. The other is the cathedral at Bayeux, which is also called Notre-Dame but is about as ladylike as a Norman knight whacking off a thane's head. The knights who followed William the Bastard wore simple shirts of chain mail, like iron mackintoshes and about as ornamental; they rode short, strong horses they could jump down from easily when they saw a dead man with a ring finger worth chopping off and could jump onto again as nimbly when they saw his friends coming. They were all muscle and business, like Moon Mullins. You can see them in Matilda's comic strip. To understand the decline of Western chivalry as a military force, you need only compare Matilda's pirates on horseback with the gloriously illuminated fifteenth-century "Livre des Tournois" of King René, in which manicured Clydesdales swathed in *robes-de-chambre* transport knightly Fancy Dans encased in patent burglarproof vaults—and at that the passengers used blunted lances, to be doubly sure of not hurting each other. Off their horses, they were as helpless as sea turtles turned on their backs, and out of their armor, as vulnerable as hermit crabs. The cathedral offers corroborative reading matter for those enamored of the past. The front consists largely of two great, blocky stone towers, combinations of skyscraper and donjon, whose façades are broken only by slits of windows with outlines like armor-piercing shells. These towers remain from the Romanesque cathedral that William the Bastard ordered built after his great amphibious operation. Most of the other elements of the original cathedral were destroyed by fire in

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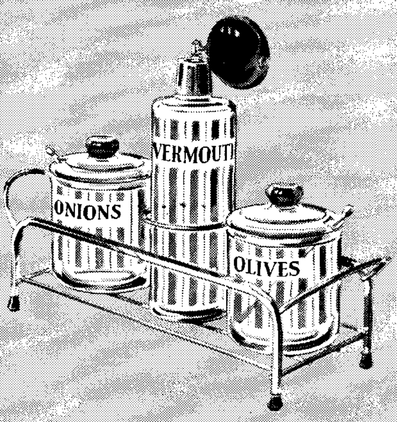

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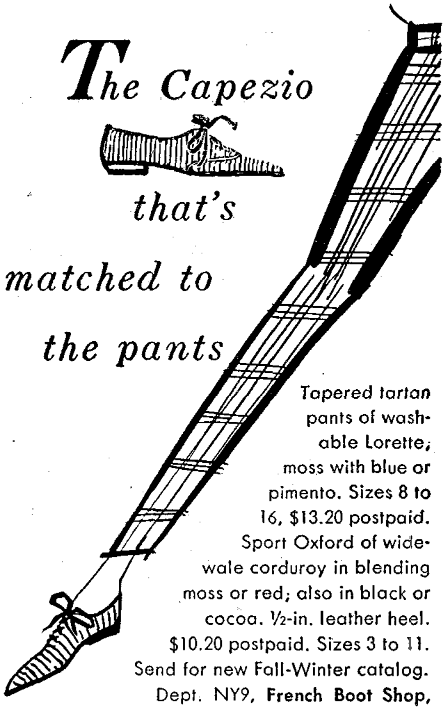

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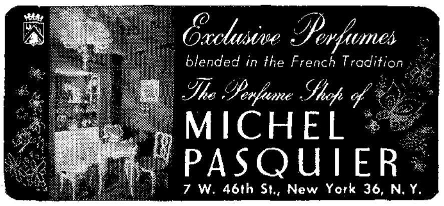

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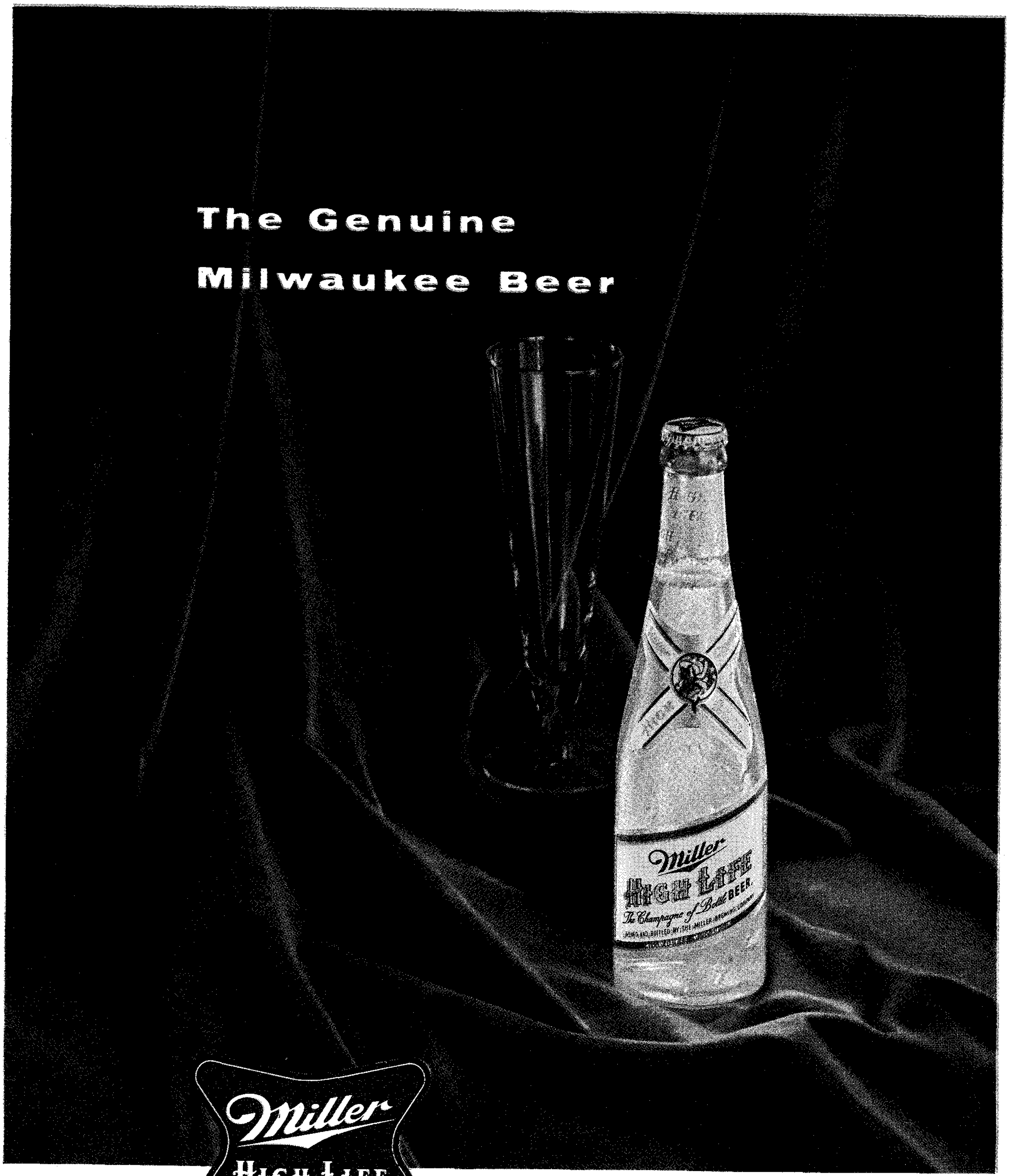
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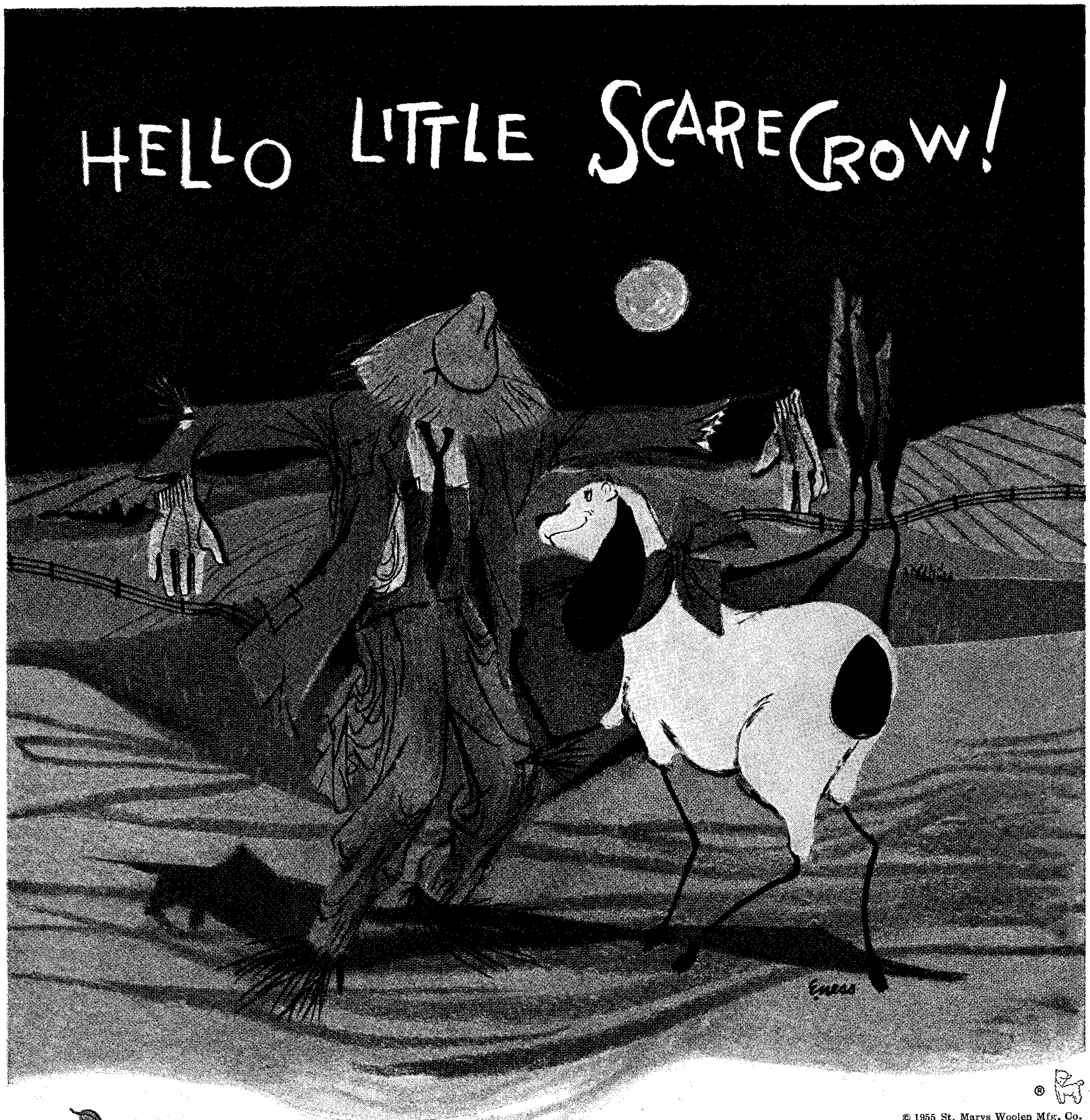

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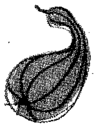

Don't be afraid, scarecrow. I'm just Ophelia. I'm sorry you're so cold and lonely and sad. But you wouldn't be if you had a St. Marys Blanket around you. Doesn't your mama know about them? They're like the sun for warmth, like the rainbow for beauty, like forever for strength, like snow for softness. When I grow up my fleece is going to be part of one . . . that's what I hope . . .

If I lean against you, you can imagine from the one warm spot how it would be to have a St. Marys Blanket around you tonight. And when you are warm, tell me where scarecrows come from . . . and where do they go?

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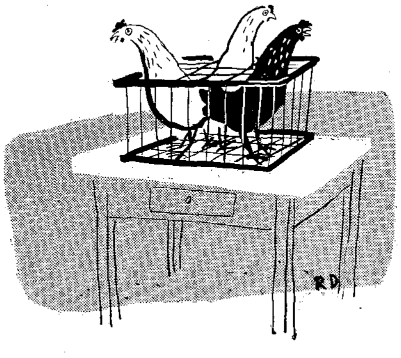
1105—a great pity, because they were replaced with comparatively namby-pamby Gothic. In the two original towers, William built the kind of fortress for God that God would have liked had He been William. They constituted a defensive position a small detachment of angels could hold against all the Powers of Hell, pending the arrival of reinforcements. The Powers must have been easy for William to visualize, because his direct ancestors in the preceding century had been Norse pagans; Thor and Loki must have been as much a part of his life as voodoo was of the life of an educated Haitian in 1900.

The later architecture is a clear record of the progressive enfeeblement of the Middle Ages, like the transition from mail shirts to couturier armor. Early in the thirteenth century, a bishop of Bayeux named Robert des Ableiges surmounted William's savage towers with spires, which was like putting New Year's Eve clown hats on busts of Sulla. In 1099, when William's towers had still looked like fortresses, William's son Robert and other rough men stormed Jerusalem; by the late fifteenth century, when Louis XI was adding the last *style-flamboyant* jingle bells to the cathedral, the Turks had taken Constantinople, and Bayeux was a city of priests and *rentiers*.

I reflected on these things as we drove to Bayeux, and Michel, presumably disgruntled, said nothing. At the Hôtel du Lion d'Or, I abandoned Michel and the Versailles and set out on my own, wandering through the town, inspecting the cathedral, and having a glass of Calvados, which was the only new thing since 1926 that I could notice. Then I routed out Michel, and we set off for Easy Red Beach and Vouilly. Just outside Port-en-Bessin, we turned off to the left on a third- or fourth-class road, and presently passed through the village of Sainte-Honorine-des-Pertes, named for the many shipwrecks at the foot of its cliff. We breathed the sea, although we couldn't see it over the tops of the cliffs. On the seaward side of the



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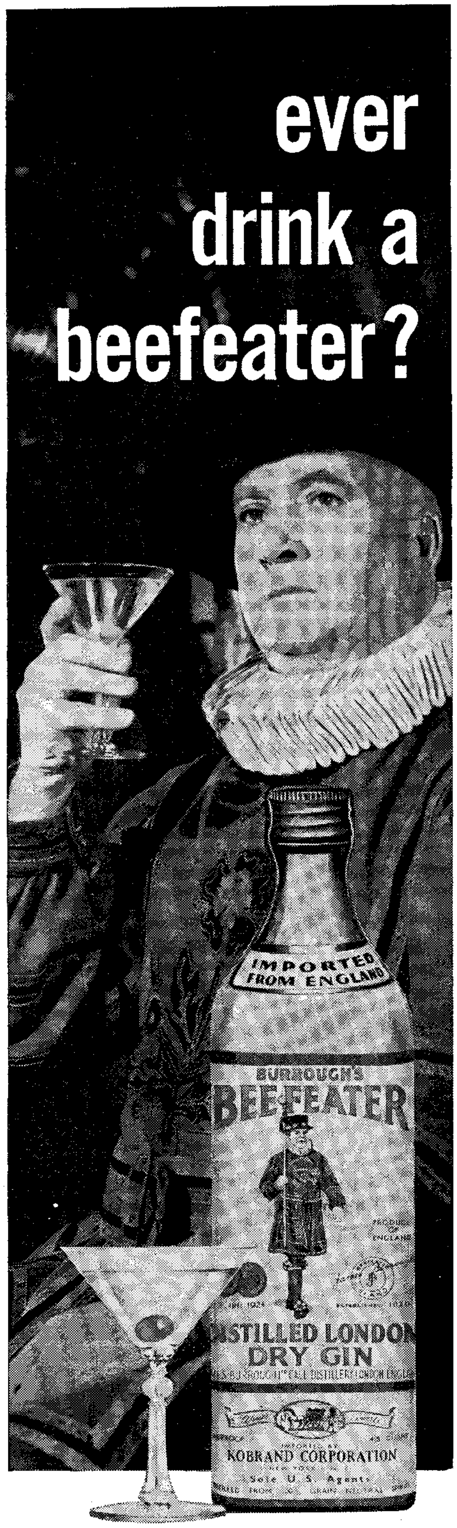

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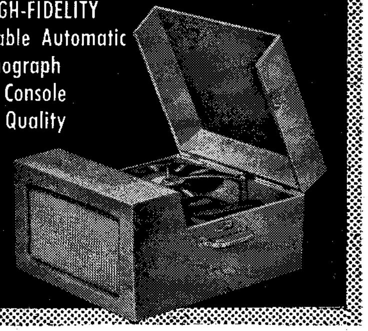
road, there were wild roses in the pastures, the grass was coarse, and the cattle had a more enterprising, world-conscious look than the inland animals on the other side. At Colleville, five miles along the road, we turned right, onto a miserable downhill dirt track that had once been the subject of exhaustive Intelligence reports. One of the few exits from the beach, it marked the eastern limit of Easy Red, and it was given the name of Exit E-1. The planners depended on these widely spaced primitive exits to get all our vehicles over the cliffs and onto the existing road network. The spire of the Colleville church, seen over the cliffs from the sea, was the marker for E-1, and the Intelligence sheets expressed hope that the spire wouldn't disappear during the preliminary bombardment. When I first saw E-1, a couple of days after the landing, it was lined with signs that read, "*Achtung Minen!*"

Michel went down the hill as cautiously as though it were still mined, for the Versailles, as he reminded me every time we hit a root, was brand-new, and the hired-car man would give him no further jobs if he brought it back with a neurosis. The Versailles is the most ambitious car now built in France, even though it seats only two comfortably and two more in pain. This was its maiden cruise, and despite the fact that I had rented it as a medium of transportation, Michel tried to make me feel that I was merely the chosen instrument of its introduction to life, a Lord Melbourne to this thirteen-horsepower Victoria.

A government or a public-spirited magnate interested in the maintenance of French self-esteem would subsidize the production of a large, fast, beautiful automobile to replace in the world scale of elegance the vanished Hispano-Suizas, Delahayes, and Panhard-Levassors. Never before have the French been at the same time so susceptible and so automobile-conscious, and the fact that the Americans, the British, the Germans, and, latterly, even the Russians have been building big, luxurious cars contributes to an unavowed feeling of lost status. France is a nation where, more than in any other, inner well-being depends upon outward appearance. The point was well understood by Louis XIV, both Bonapartes, and even General de Gaulle. That the popular symbol of success the world over is now a big car may mark a regression from the more sensitive age of Stendhal, for whom it was a good carriage; in any case, it is out of the question for most Frenchmen to make the symbol of success a Cadillac, which in France costs



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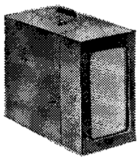

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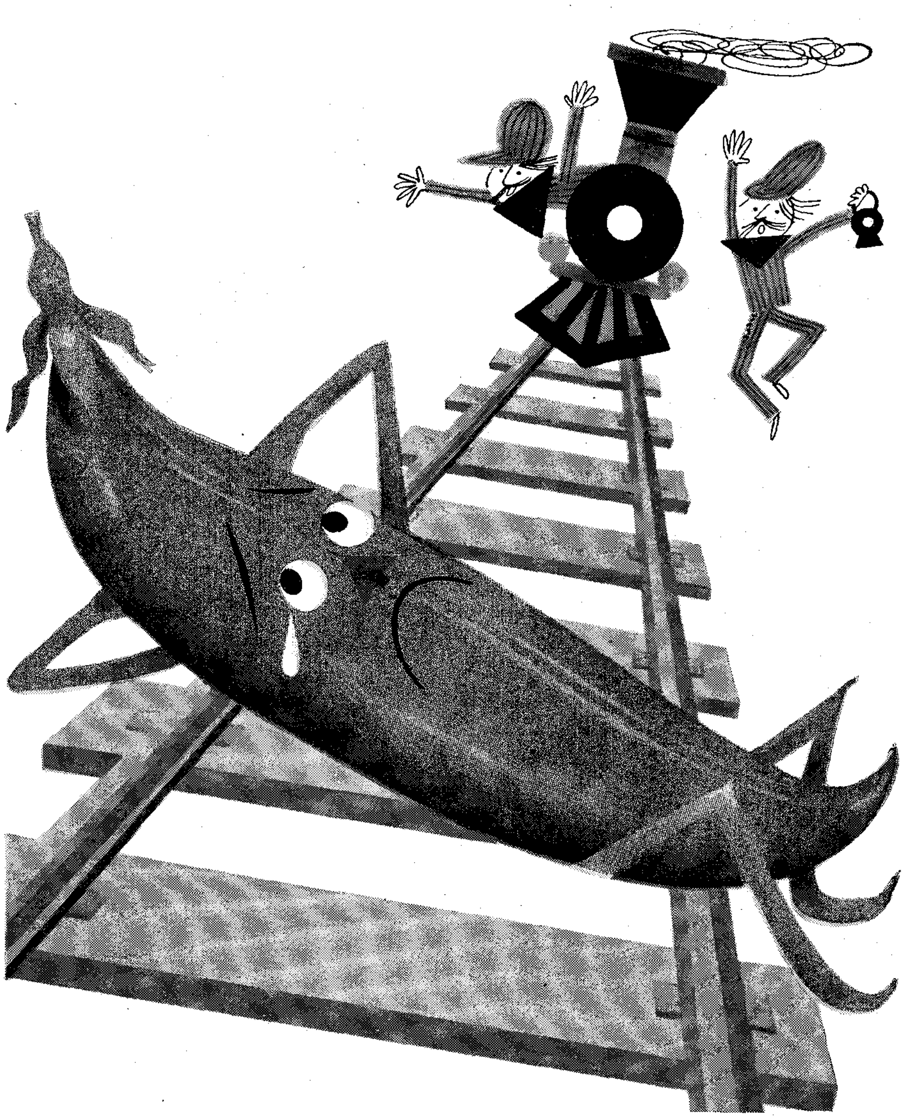
as much as a Rolls-Royce does in America. The Cadillac symbol also adds subtly to the sum of anti-Americanism. The proletarian, unable to afford that good omelet that is not made nowadays without breaking six-cent eggs, sees a rich compatriot in a big American car and thinks of him as a *parasite américanisant*. If he saw him in a big French car, he would still think of him as a parasite but not as *américanisant*. If, for reasons of economy, a French government had to choose between subsidizing this car and holding Madagascar, it would do well to drop Madagascar.

By the time we reached the beach and turned onto the rudimentary road, hardly more than a pair of parallel ruts, that follows the high-water mark, Michel was showing symptoms of nervous collapse. Since I was depending on him to get me to Vouilly, I allowed him to stop the Versailles on the safe side of a tidal puddle in the road three-eighths of an inch deep. He sat murmuring "*Waterloo, Waterloo, n'avansa pas*," which I took to mean "*Voiture lourde*—heavy car—can't go farther." To show my displeasure, I got out before he could run around the Versailles to open the door for me.

I walked off along Easy Red, trying to remember how it had been on that rough morning eleven years ago, but it was no use. The tide was far out (at H Hour it had been high), and the sand, smooth and yellow, shimmered in the sun. I walked along a grassy bank, a foot or so high, just above the high-water mark. It had figured prominently in our advance intelligence, and hundreds of Americans, emerging from the water, had claimed its uncertain shelter. Now it was just a little ledge covered with bunch grass, daffodils, and a kind of yellow ranunculus. There was a single hull still on the beach—an LCT. It looked like an island between sea and grass, equidistant from me and from the blue water. I walked out toward it across the damp, firm sand, crosshatched with tidal rills. The tide was still going out. Offshore, a few concrete chunks of Mulberry, as the artificial port floated over from England was named, still showed above the water. Out on the horizon, where I had seen a big transport, the Susan B. Anthony, lift her nose out of the water and settle on her bustle, nothing moved. Swinging on her cable at the turn of the tide, she had hit a mine dropped in the water by a German plane the night before, and sunk, stern first, in less than fifteen minutes—a gracefully impressive casualty. The water around her boiled with



What's the use of being a pea
if you can't grow up
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If he'd feel any better, we'd like our little friend to know it's nothing personal. All the peas in Green Giant land have to prove themselves worthy of the Green Giant label. They undergo tests so strict that only the sweetest and tenderest get by. These babies in tenderness are *picked and packed at the fleeting moment of perfect flavor*. The Green Giant flavor. Help yourself.

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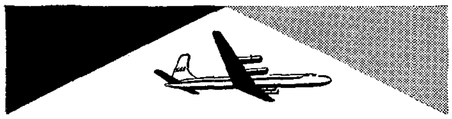

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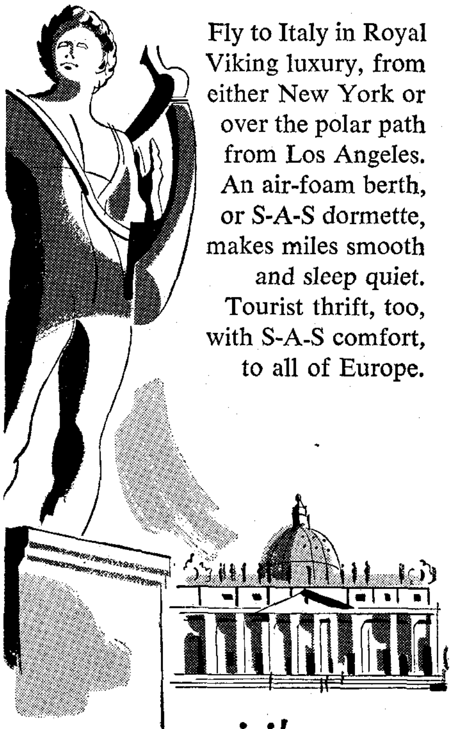

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landing craft; never was a crew better-situated to be rescued. That was a couple of days after D Day, when Mulberry was about the busiest port in the world. LCTs, barges, DUKWs, and assault craft ferried men and ammunition, and, farther out, the commandeered merchant ships and the LSTs lay at anchor. Now it was as if I had come back to the Upper Bay and found it empty.

As I started toward the abandoned LCT, I could see a family group—two couples and three or four children—scouting gingerly about her, as if they still feared an explosion. She lay deep in the sand, and in settling had made a shallow moat about her, which retained a few inches of water. A woman started to climb aboard, and one of the men grabbed her arm; I suppose he was telling her some nonsense about booby traps or live shells. The children squatted in the water under her bow. I thought I might join the group and get off a few instructive lines about the way things had gone on the great day—how they could not imagine the difference between that day and this. I was still preparing my little *discours*, which would present me and the heroic American nation in the best light—without pretension, of course, and even with a suspicion of humor—when I saw one of the men, who had been observing my approach, signal to the others in the group. The adult members of his band gathered around him like wild horses around an old stallion with his nose in the wind. All then started to move inshore, herding the children in front of them. They were upwind from me, and as they came abreast of me, I heard this chap say to his probable wife, "It was a near thing. If I hadn't spotted him, we would have been in for it. He would have said hello and then told us for the next half hour how he and his pals came ashore on this very spot." They were not French but English. I wished William had been there to deal with them.

I was amused that the boor should have thought me capable of forcing my company upon strangers. Ignoring him as ostentatiously as possible, I went on to the LCT, and regarded it for a long time, as if I had never seen one before, until the trippers were so far away that it was perfectly plain I wanted nothing to do with them. Just as a small boy who knows himself to be safely awake sometimes tries to reëstablish the mood of a nightmare, I looked back at the cliffs. A couple of nights after the landing, I recalled, Commander Gene Carusi, a

De Pinna
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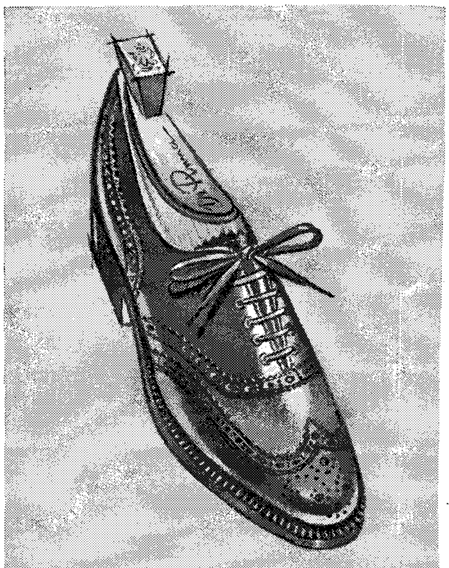

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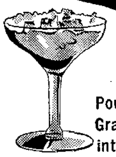
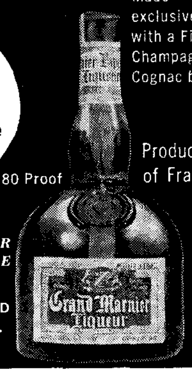


Pour 1½ oz. Grand Marnier into champagne glass filled with crushed ice.



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At fine stores
MAUVEL, N.Y.C., Distr.

Navy beach-battalion C.O. who had crossed with us on the LCIL 88, had been sleeping in a cave on the side of a hill, believing all his troubles were over, when an American anti-aircraft shell, fired on a low trajectory from a ship, nearly killed him. Carusi had prematurely white hair, and an Army medic bending over him said to another medic, "It's no use moving that old bastard; he'll die anyway." This interservice irreverence made Carusi so mad that he survived. Looking at Easy Red in the sunlight, I found it impossible to believe that anything violent had occurred there. The great conical bird cage of tracer bullets over Mulberry at night, with the German planes flying between its bars, was hard to hang over the *petite plage du Bessin* in memory. There are places where you can believe in history and others where it is more difficult. We had no Queen Matilda to record our episodes—only millions of photographs, and nobody wants to look at them.

After a while, I headed back for Michel and the Versailles. He greeted me warmly. He had begun to think of me as his only link with the world of private eyes and taxi-dancers. I was glad to see him, too. As a sign of reconciliation, I allowed him to get out and open the door for me, and we started back to the road at Colleville, away from Easy Red. —A. J. LIEBLING

•

Supervisor A. C. Crossman, Zenia, stated that he is not going to resign as supervisor as reported in last week's Journal.

Crossman stated that he had qualified his statement to the effect, "If and when I resign, I will make it in a written statement on Sept. 1, to be effective Oct. 1."

He further stated that he is in "excellent health" and that he "intends to run again."

Regarding the dropping of the hearing on the charges against Dr. Geo. W. Keller, county physician and surgeon, Crossman was not present when the hearing was struck from the agenda, and stated that a hearing will be held on August 15.

Other statements in the Journal attributed to supervisor Crossman also were probably wrong.—*Weaverville (Calif.) Trinity Journal.*

Aw, who wants to run a newspaper anyway!

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Herald Tribune*]

PORTLAND, ME., Aug. 22 (UP)—Three candles burned on a birthday cake here today. There was no room for the other 100.

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The superlative Lady Macintosh!

Superlatives are unavoidable in describing the Lady Macintosh weathercoat from England. Its lustrous Egyptian-cotton poplin is the *finest* obtainable . . . *staunchest* in rain, *handsomest* in sunshine. The London tailoring is *most distinguished* . . . shoulders *most beautifully* cut, classic lines *most becoming*. Small wonder that Macintosh is definitely the *first lady* of raincoats. $29.95, with separate belt. Matching hats $4.95 and $5.50. Sizes 6-20, petites 6-18. At stores below or write to Robert Appleby & Company, Inc., 347 Madison Ave., New York.

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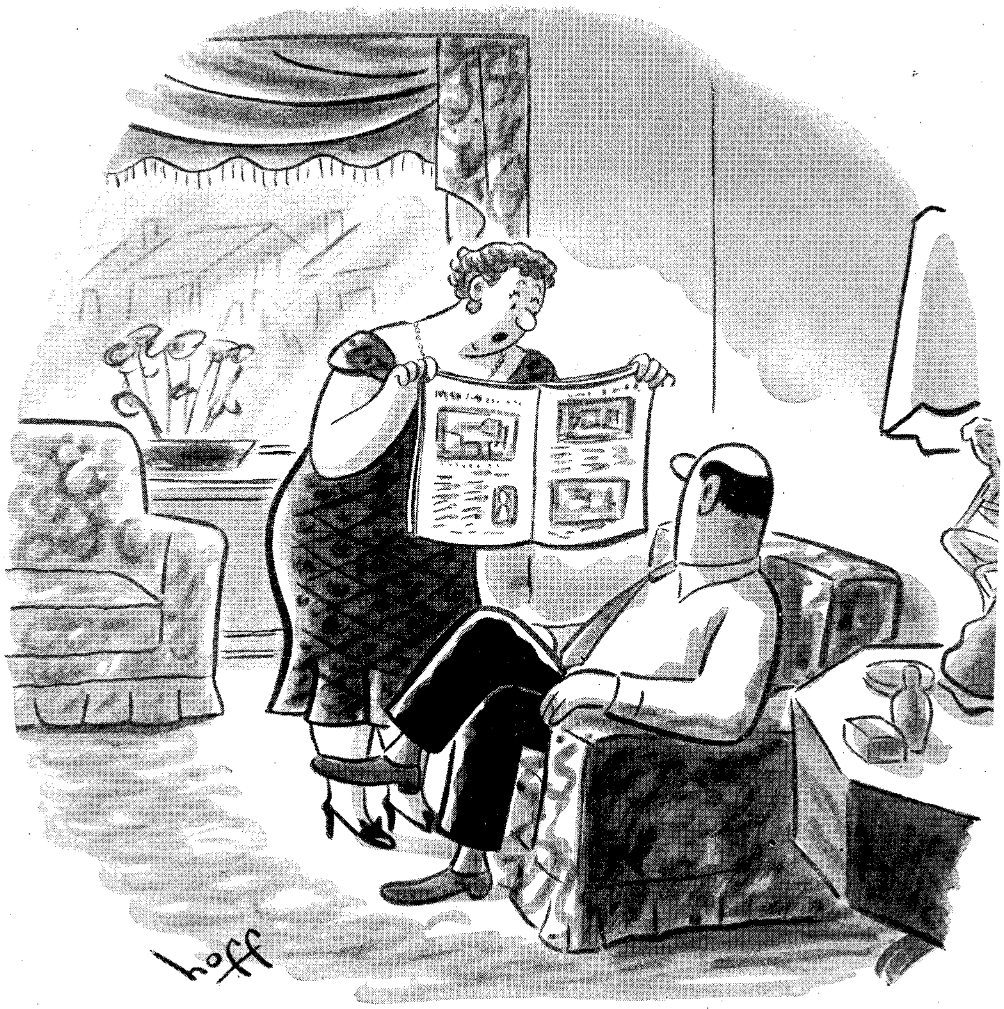
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

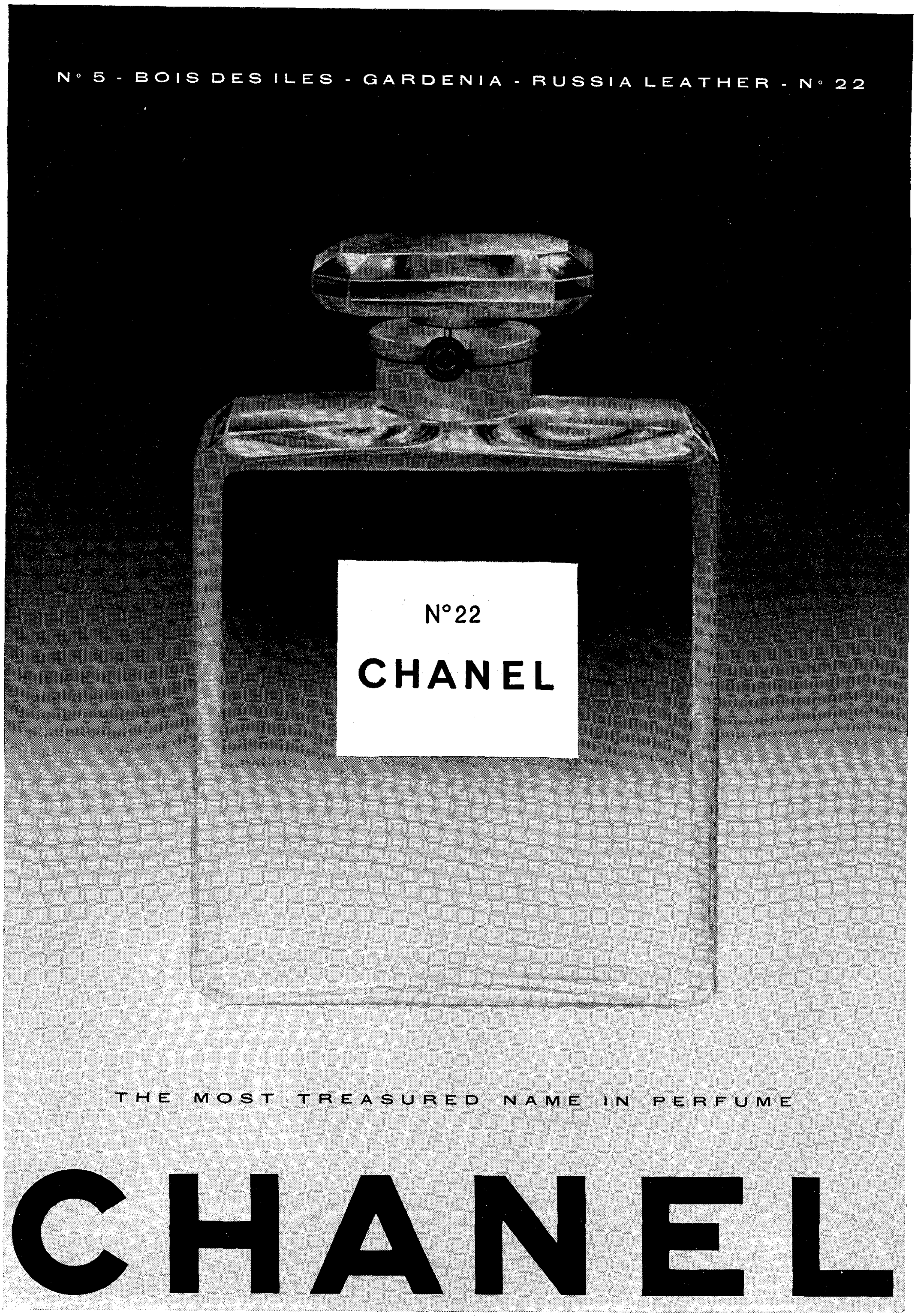
JUST a mere wisp of a girl—that's what you're going to be this autumn, with your slip often showing in its entirety, uncluttered by the conventional furbelows of women's dresses. This is because that word-for-word repetition of the slip called the sheath—usually beltless, and so cleverly cut that any woman will look undulating in it—dominates the calmest, most understated season since Chanel put women into her beige or black jersey uniforms.

One of the delights of the newest American ready-to-wear collections, our subject this week, is the triumph of non-synthetic wools for cocktails and theatres and formal dinners. The unorthodox Pauline Trigère has favored sheer wools over silk crêpes for years, so now she is a leader of the "new" fashion for using such materials, and her dresses are nonchalant to the point of impertinence. Every bright buyer is head over heels in love with her Veiled Glance—a slick dark-gray jersey slip with self bindings on the bateau neck and the open armholes of the marquisette top. Most establishments show it in her new "intermission" length, which ends at the bottom of the calf, eight to ten inches from the floor, but have carefully ordered it in street length besides. Saks is just one addict; Jay Thorpe, more circumspect, also got it in black silk crêpe with black marquisette for warm-blooded and conventional customers. Then there is Trigère's rich-red duvetyn camisole-topped sheath, constructed entirely of gores, which break into a box-pleat effect at the knees in front. Three sparkling jewelled ornaments decorate a shoulder. This, too, is all over the top shops. De Pinna has acquired another sleeveless, scoop-necked Trigère dress, of thin wool in a plaid involving hunter green and royal; sequins discreetly point up the major intersections of the pattern, and there's a tiny belt, for a change. The producing firm of Traina-Norell also likes the in-between length for dinner and theatre; a stunner from this atelier, of black broadcloth, has a camisole top, a casual satin ribbon to serve as a belt, and a long, slim skirt arranged in four horizontal tiers. Lord & Taylor and Hattie Carnegie are but two of its admirers, but you won't mind seeing it on other people; it makes you feel good just to look at it. A particularly nice form-fitting sheath I noticed only at Gunther Jaeckel is by Anthony Blotta. It's of black wool, with black satin shoulder straps, a satin band and tailored bow high around the bodice, and a little cutaway jacket with a tiny black mink collar. Street length, this.

None of the foregoing is to say that the cocktail dress with a rustling, bouffant swirl has given up and gone away. Galanos, a comparatively new designer who may become a man of destiny, has taken black tissue taffeta and turned out lovely, covered-up dresses with taut bodices and skirts that are all finely pleated around the waistline. The pleats in front are placed at irregular levels, in panels, so that the stomach doesn't get the worst of it from the onlooker's viewpoint. A favorite example, with a prim round collar, fastens with bows down the side front. Carnegie, Bonwit, and Lord & Taylor are especially fond of the Galanos crop. An artfully cut Harry Winston beauty is all around town—a high-necked top of sheer black wool, a wide midriff of black velvet that descends slickly in deep points well below the hips on each side, and a gathered skirt of black taffeta below *that.* It also comes in a combination of cognac satin, tucked and crushed cognac chiffon (through the middle), and black taffeta. Bergdorf is one of many places that have fallen for it. And Bendel, bowing to the aforesaid passion for wool, has had Winston make up the dress in thin gray wool with white streaks. Really undulating, almost Mae West, is Traina-Norell's close-fitting sheath with wide shoulder straps coming to a V in back. This curves down the body past the hips; then a huge reinforced and petticoated flounce of heavy Italian faille takes over. Some samples of this num-



"Just look what the Clarence M. Braxtons, of 217 Elmwood Road, Burbank, California, did with their decorating dollar."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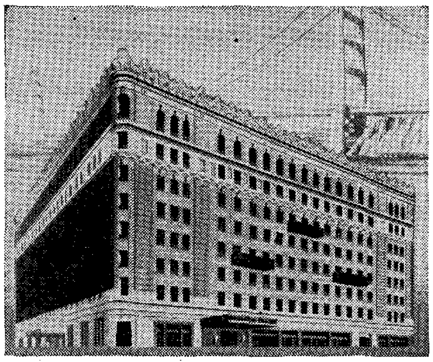
Altman Mid-town* dresses, sixth floor ...and at East Orange, White Plains and Manhasset. *trademark

ber have velvet tops and some are all of Italian taffeta (Rosette Pennington, Gunther Jaeckel, Bonwit Teller); Lord & Taylor has a version whose black wool top sports a childish round collarless neck, short sleeves, and a faille sash. Trigère's black peau-de-soie gem is cut princesse style through the waistline, and the skirt ripples circularly below. Its deep, square neck emphasizes her new "hairpin" sleeves—inverted tucks spraying out across the upper arm to give breadth there in modified leg-o'-mutton fashion. A real vulgar turtleneck collar edged with rhinestones may be attached for laughs. This dress is at De Pinna.

IN daytime costumes, the flaring tunic (which is tough on all but very tall, slim women) has given way to the ensemble with a topper, usually somewhere between below-hip and three-quarter length, and almost all suit skirts are straight this autumn. Prominent in this field is Ben Zuckerman. One of his concoctions, at De Pinna, is a bold pepper-and-salt tweed, double-breasted, knee-length, and slightly fitted. Lord & Taylor has his dress of dull-turquoise Lesur wool (looks like jersey), with a twist of matching satin winding through the slashed oval neck; a blue-gray hairy-tweed jacket completes the deal. L. & T. also invested in his jacket of tobacco-colored wool dotted with fat black nubs. This has turnover flaps on the chest and hips, and it's to be worn over a black broadcloth sheath with a tobacco satin bow at the top. Copper-and-black tweed is the basis of Monte Sano's knee-length straight topper with a wide and very low black belt. (Like Zuckerman, incidentally, he favors a set-in sleeve with a definite lift at the tip of the shoulder.) De Pinna shows it. Another honey by Monte Sano is of heavy dark-green lilac-flecked tweed. It's below-hip length, and its pocket flaps continue low around the back, like a belt, to end in a turnover tie. A dirty-green jersey overblouse and a straight tweed skirt accompany this. Gunther Jaeckel is the proud possessor. At the same shop is Monte Sano's tent of a coat. Most full-length coats, these days, are what is described as "easy," which means fullish but hanging straight; this one is grandly circular. It's of orange-red tweed lined with wool in a hunter-green-and-red plaid; a wide tuck starts three inches below the pocket flaps on the hips and dips well below the derrière. There's a plaid scarf under its turnover collar. The suit it covers is a modest, buttoned-up-the-front one of green jer-



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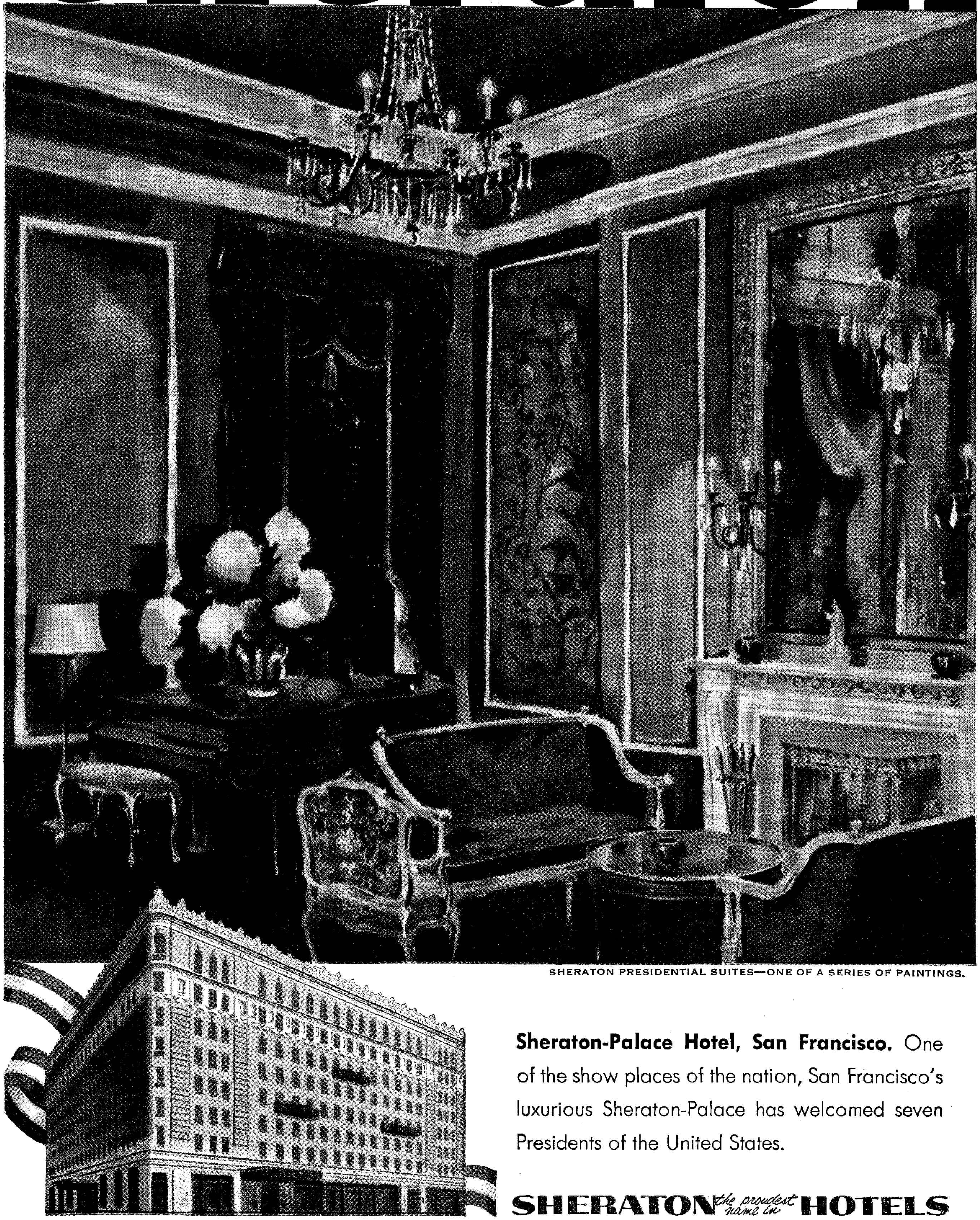

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86.8 PROOF. 100% SCOTCH WHISKIES. IMPORTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK, NEW YORK sey. Anna Miller's coat of camel's-hair-colored fleece hangs straight to mid-thigh over a belted dress of charcoal wool with a white satin tie at the top; Suzanne Augustine's gift to the world is a charcoal wool outfit comprising a knee-length topper with up-and-down buttoned pockets on the hips and a tunic-topped dress with an apricot shantung scarf. Both these ensembles are at Bergdorf.

There are many nubbly daytime tweeds, and heavy knits, no longer confined to the campus, are also appearing in before-dusk stuff. Oleg Cassini's princesse dress is of a black-and-cognac knit that resembles an oversized hound's-tooth check. A ribbed black hand-knit band four inches wide makes a surplice cross at the throat to finish it off. This has long, tight sleeves, by the way—one of the portents that wrists will be covered again. Saks Fifth Avenue, Rosette Pennington, and many others adore this job. Next, Cassini shows a sweetheart-neck dress in a black fabric produced by stitching wool yarn over a barathea backing; the result looks like knit. It makes a sheath with a band of satin ribbon across the front under the bust, Empire style, and another at the normal waistline, just to confuse the beholder (Bendel). Hattie Carnegie's wide-eyed shirtwaist dresses are of heavy knit combining gray and bright turquoise, sapphire and white, shades of tan, and the like. They're equipped with small shawl collars, pockets on the hips, and three-quarter sleeves. Her Shoe Button dress, of bright wool or of knit, involves a round and collarless neck, two overlapping patch pockets on the chest dotted with shoe buttons, and a leather belt. Traina-Norell offers hand-loomed knit in a mixture of gray and turquoise, with the deep V yoke and cuffs on the sleeves made nubbly by knit-one-purl-one formations (Lord & Taylor). And this firm is still turning out its unique jersey chemise dresses, belted in ad lib, with little seamed detail to flatter the bosom, and in every imaginable color (Lord & Taylor again). While we are on the subject of jersey chemise dresses, there is Vera Maxwell's (at Rosette Pennington), of tan jersey, with elastic across the back of the waistline. It's covered by a full-length collarless coat of wool in a charcoal-and-tan crossbarred plaid.

The ensemble with a stole is championed by Dior-New York; witness a slim dinner suit of red satin with a double-breasted, fitted jacket whose low and wide décolletage ends in folds

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Only Hotpoint washes everything twice, with fresh detergent each time!

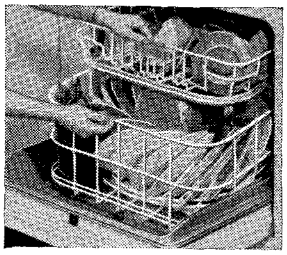
Here it is—the automatic dishwasher that thoroughly *pre-rinses* for you! The only dishwasher that *double washes,* with fresh detergent in each wash. It *double-rinses,* too—then dries in pure electric heat.

Dishes come out hygienically clean. So do glasses, silverware, pots and pans. Such hygienic cleanliness could come *only* from Hotpoint *double-washing*—in water too hot for hands to touch!

Costs only 10c a day more, over the years, than hand washing, too! Hotpoint Dishwashers come in a wide choice of colors, lifetime stainless finish or white. See all four easy-to-install models soon.*

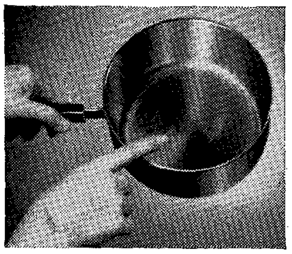
*Dealers are listed in most classified phone directories.

Harriet Nelson
Co-star of Hotpoint's
OZZIE & HARRIET SHOW
Every week on TV!



Extra convenience! Racks roll out separately—hold complete dinner service for eight.

Extra cleanliness! Hotpoint's dual dispenser releases fresh detergent for each washing!



Extra sparkle! Dishes, glasses, silverware — even pots and pans—come out shiny clean!

Hotpoint

FIRST WITH THE FINEST FOR 50 YEARS!

Hotpoint Co. (A Division of General Electric Company), Chicago 44.

at the shoulder tips. The skinny satin sheath beneath it has shoulder straps and buttoned detail around the neck and waist; a huge double stole with fringed ends wraps over the whole thing. De Pinna dotes on this one. One of Dior-New York's ventures into tweed is a brown wool ensemble—a dress with a round neck and three-quarter sleeves and a back belt that crosses and buttons on the coccyx; again, the matching stole is practically steamer-rug size (Saks Fifth Avenue). At Sada Sacks is Rentner's oxford-gray sheer wool cocktail sheath with widish shoulder straps: it can be covered any way you like with a huge stole anchored by one short sleeve that's edged with rhinestones. Anthony Blotta's reversible stole—French blue wool and boldly patterned gray tweed—has a cuff along one edge to act as a collar; a blue wool cardigan suit with high, tulip pockets makes the rest of the costume (Gunther Jaeckel).

FOR evening, the tubular, full-length dress is enjoying a stirring revival. Barbara Gowns has the endearing habit of built-in foundations, which eliminate the necessity for underwear with strapless gowns; one of its loveliest inventions is of ivory satin with a gold-leaf design. (There are lots and lots of brocades around now, by the way.) Sada Sacks has this. Bonwit treasures a princesse one of gold embroidery, with an easy swing at the hem, and also a pink satin ball gown wrapped from its off-the-shoulders décolletage to a bra twist on the chest. Hulitar is a master at long, slender, luxurious dresses, and no one appreciates him more this season than De Pinna. One of white satin has a high, beaded blue satin sash; there is also one of red satin with a big sash bow at the bottom of the spine and circular fullness below. And at De Pinna, too, is Rudolph's gold lamé brocade, slim in front and swirling full in back. This is strapless, but a long-sleeved jacket to match goes over it, ending just above the waistline. This has a deep oval neck banded with mink. Bendel's contribution is of black slipper satin with wide shoulder straps and a band around the knees, plus a skirt that is mildly circular. And Trigère makes a breath-taker of sheer black wool, either to the floor or in her intermission length, strapless and with drapery across the front that winds up in two sash ends under one arm; these you drape over the shoulders or trail, as you choose (Bergdorf). For more bouffant forma

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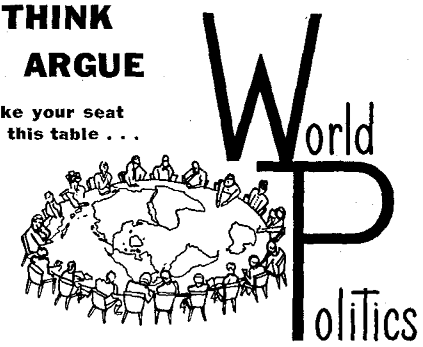

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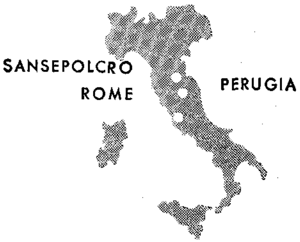
A treasured family recipe, created by a great 19th century cook—Signora Giulia Buitoni! This authentic recipe is used today by her five great-grandsons to bring you wonderful Buitoni Meat Sauce.

Only the finest ingredients go into this finest of sauces . . . tender beef sautéed in creamery butter, pure imported Italian olive oil, good red wine, choice, peeled plum tomatoes, and delicate herbs and spices.

All *you* do is heat and serve—and take the credit for the most delicious Meat Sauce this side of Italy! For a *completely* authentic Italian dinner, serve Buitoni Meat Sauce with Buitoni Spaghetti. The most popular spaghetti in Italy, Buitoni cooks tender and succulent but stays *firm—al dente!*—because it's 20% protein, lower in starch.

You can be a "born Italian cook" in *minutes* with Buitoni Sauces! Buitoni Mushroom, Marinara, and Pizza Sauces are now made in America, too . . . delectable Original Buitoni Family Recipes on the labels! Just *try* them!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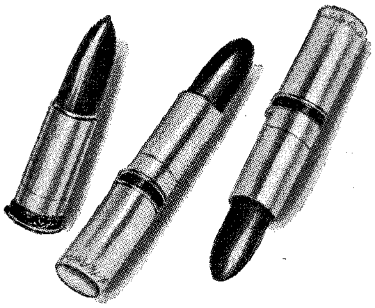
Elizabeth Arden's new color for Fall

Use one over the other to match or accent your costume. Their costly secret ingredients make them the world's finest lipsticks . . . bring dewy moisture, smoother texture, long-lasting cohesive color to your lips.

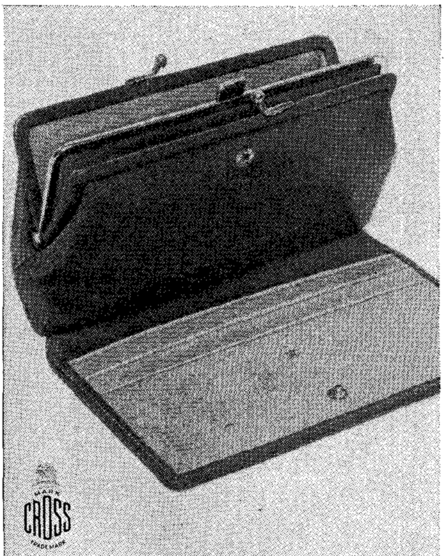


Oriental Pink, Plus Oriental Red Lipsticks, $1.00, $1.50, $2.00. Oriental Pink, Plus Oriental Red Duet Lipsticks, $2.00. Oriental Pink, Plus Oriental Red Jewelled Duet, $3.50. *prices plus tax*

Elizabeth Arden

clothes, Nanty's copy of a French Dior has everyone by the ears. It's of satin in white, Kelly, red, or what have you, with lots of petticoats, and a hoop around the knees to give it a particularly lovely, swaying line. The skirt is all big crushed diamonds, the intersections are picked out by self string bows (this looks like very casual quilting), and the strapless top has a tailored band and bow around it (Bergdorf, De Pinna, et almost al). *The* evening dress at Lord & Taylor and Bergdorf, at least along these lines, is by Galanos. Its bodice, which has a string halter neck, is of heavy gray faille; the enormous skirt, a mass of vertical stripes fifteen inches wide, is of gray, Kelly, and red faille. Dior-New York is represented at Bendel by a strapless satin dress in capucine orange (a deep apricot), with a fold across the upper arm; the back of the neck and the skirt are all tailored box pleats. And, for real verve, Ben Reig makes one of white satin with a huge circular skirt and white mink around the strapless décolletage (Sada Sacks).

SO many of the really pretty clothes around town defy classification that a helter-skelter report on them is the only possible one. Jo Copeland, of Pattullo-Copeland, has done a wonderful late-afternoon ensemble—a mink-collared straight jacket of black wool and a wool dress with a brown satin yoke and bow at the top. (I could wish, though, that the brown weren't *quite* so gloomy.) Sada Sacks has this, and also her ensemble of a gray silk brocade that looks like Persian lamb; the semifitted box jacket of this one has a cinnamon silk ascot and lining. . . . There is a spate of Glen plaids around town, and none is more engaging than Ben Reig's one that shades from brown to beige; he uses it for a shirtwaist dress with a box-pleated skirt below a middy hipband and a simple shirtwaist top (De Pinna). A more worldly shirtwaist of his is of a dark-beige or red Italian cut velvet with a texture like bark; the accessories are tiny topaz buttons, a white organza ascot, and side pockets (Bendel). . . . Life as we have known it can still go on; Hattie Carnegie and Rentner still make suits with little nipped jackets and moderate peplums, though the bits of detail change from season to season. Rentner (Jay Thorpe is, as usual, bullish on him) may put rhinestones around the edge of a round collar, or split it to allow for an ascot, and he likes a little buttoned tab coming down almost to the uncuffed bot-



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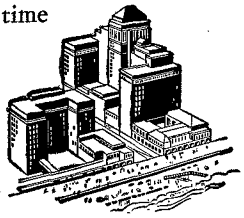

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Write for illustrated folder

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tom of his sleeves. Hattie puts stirrup pockets (don't ask me to describe *them*) on suits with arrow detail across the closing. Rentner has also whipped up a knockout yellow-green jersey street-length sheath with long sleeves and slight shirring in a line up the center front; this has a separate monk's collar of mink (Sada Sacks). . . . Cassini's cocktail dresses have a minx quality that, to put it mildly, is not *pour les grandes dames*. Such as a sheer tobacco wool, fitted and beltless, whose black wool matador bolero is edged with braid at the top, or a long-sleeved, square-necked black velvet sheath with floral embroidery down one side and a white satin cummerbund under the bust, Empire style (Rosette Pennington). . . . Suzanne Augustine's dresses are likely to have fullness only at the sides of the skirts, and she uses the oddest fabrics. One that at least *looks* like cut velvet has a dull-brown ground with black and royal velvet stripes across it. It appears in a sheath with double black velvet shoulder straps (Lord & Taylor). . . . Anna Miller makes a charming dance-length dress with a flat, longish tunic that is all reëmbroidered black or taupe lace; this has shoulder straps and scalloped edges (Bergdorf). Another Miller is a cocktail ensemble—a cardigan bolero of American broadtail, piped with black satin, over a black sheer wool sheath with an X of satin ribbon high on the chest and a décolleté V in back (Saks Fifth Avenue). . . . Zuckerman's coat dresses are sometimes of muted Glen plaids. One in tan tones with a fine orange overcheck has four patch pockets and a scarf of tobacco satin (Bendel and Lord & Taylor); one of red tweed has outward tucks emphasizing the gores of the skirt (Bergdorf). Gunther Jaeckel has his form-fitting Glen-plaid suit (not very many suits are semifitted or even nipped today; suit jackets usually curve in a bit, that's all) in tones of tan, with a middy band at the bottom of the moderate-length jacket. . . . Vera Maxwell is an exception to the straight-skirt rule. Her suit skirts are apt to be full circles, and she likes waist-length jackets to go with them. Rosette Pennington has examples in nubbly imported tweeds or domestic ones. In blue violet, tile red, and so on, and, of course, in gray flannel. . . . Galanos is content with just doing the perfect line, particularly around the bosom. His daytime shirtwaist dresses simply have to be seen to be appreciated. Dark-gray flannel makes one with a soft full skirt descending from inverted tucks to two inches be-

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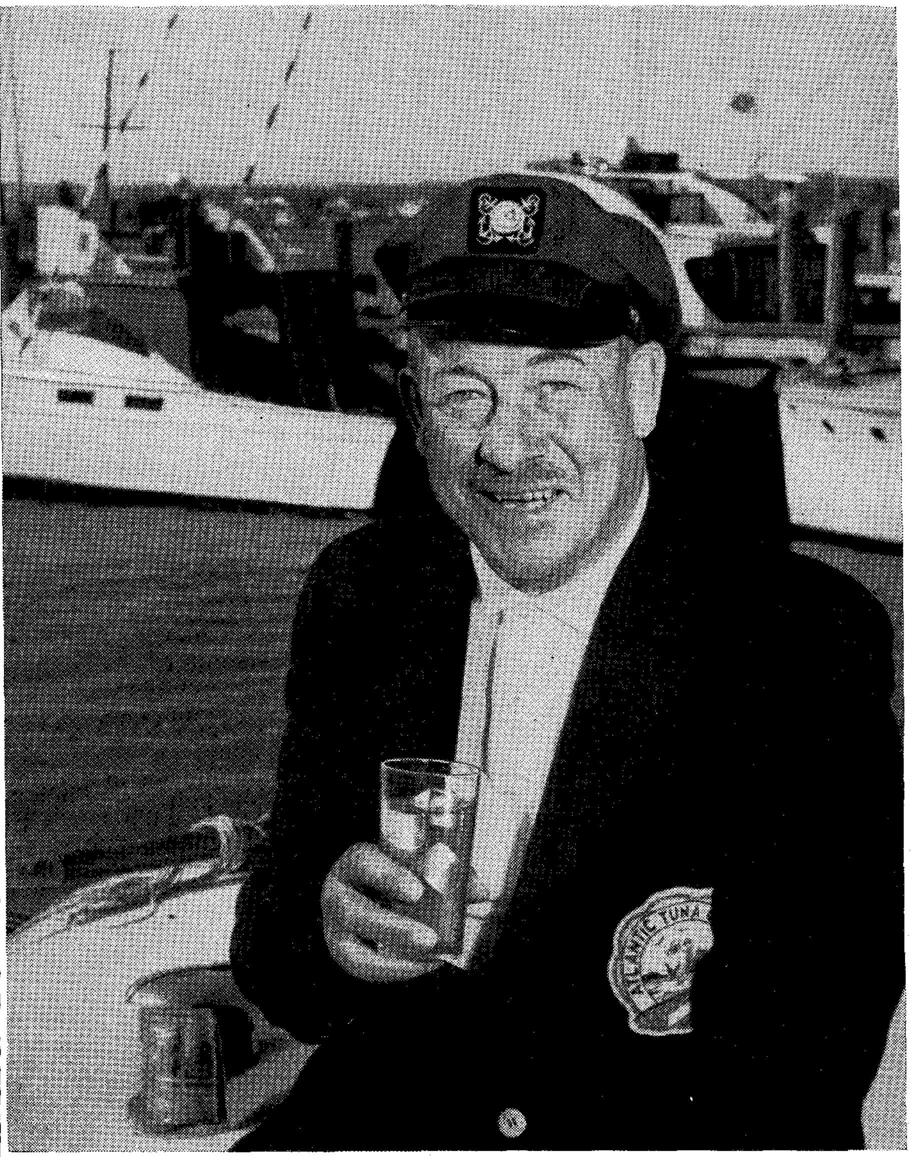

MR. T. H. BELLING, Captain, Atlantic Tuna Club team, Galilee, R. I., and President, Fram Corporation, largest manufacturers of oil filters in the United States.

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You might travel all over the world, and spend thousands of dollars, but you'd never find a smoother, tastier whiskey than Lord Calvert. That's because it's *master-blended*, like the finest imports from Scotland and Canada . . . and that's why it's making new friends by the thousands. Order Lord Calvert today. Sip it with pleasure . . . serve it with pride . . . and you'll say it's truly "The Whiskey of Distinction".

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The convertible with a "Sunroof"

3 cars in 1! Versatile Zephyr-Six convertible! Roll back front half of top—you have smart "sunroof" position. Press a button—it's opened (power optional). When closed, it's weatherproof as a sedan.

Luxurious new English-built Ford—ZEPHYR-SIX

Now—a low-cost convertible with low upkeep. Compare the ZEPHYR-SIX with other convertibles, you'll be amazed at the low cost. And its power top is much more versatile (see above).

Full-size. 5-passenger "sports" car. Relax on full-width seats (set between axles for comfort). Low center of gravity insures sports car roadability.

Exceptional quality. Everything about the ZEPHYR-SIX says it . . . heavier metal than usual in body . . . smooth, clean lines . . . leather upholstery (optional). Ask your dealer.

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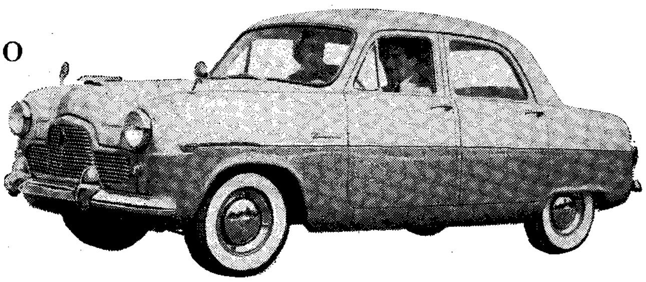
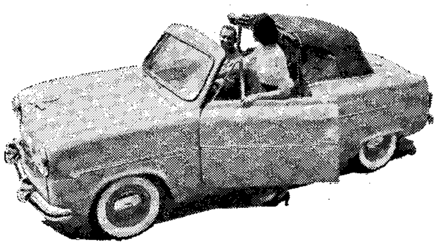
2 Zephyr family sedans, too

The ZEPHYR-SIX is also available in the 4-door standard sedan—and the ultra-luxurious Zodiac 4-door closed model (where a lot of "extras" are standard equipment). Ask your dealer for illustrated folders.





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low the waistline. There's a tailored fold down the outside of the three-quarter sleeves. Lord & Taylor and Bendel are only two adherents of this. Bittersweet-orange wool makes another knockout, with the narrow skirt all gored and the short sleeves sprouting flaring cuffs (Bergdorf). . . . The highly feminine Trigère has committed one of the handsomest coat dresses in town, if Jay Thorpe and I are any judges. A horizontally striped gray silk-and-wool mixture makes a dress with a modest square neck and four buttons in widely double-breasted formation on the chest; four others, also in double-breasted array, occur below the belt in front. This boasts her "hairpin" tucks to widen the shoulders, leg-o'-mutton style; this sleeve also appears in a gray wool dress with tulip-topped pockets (Jay Thorpe) and one of black-and-red needlepoint wool, whose sleeves taper until they are slim and tight at the wrists (Sada Sacks). —LOIS LONG

•

THE MYSTERIOUS IBERIAN PENINSULA

[*Letter received by a man in New York from a man in Madrid*]

MY PROMINENT COLLEAGUE:

As director of the *Flamy Hispanic Oral Review Towards the U.S.: "Tanto Monta,"* wich accomplish it openly to public monthly in Madrid with the bravery of project for the northamericans residing or transient in the Spain's capital and present to our nation all wich come of cultural and informative matter from the U.S., I lead you for grow to a intelligence by wich, and upon a prior disengaged selection made by my own of the works published in the oral pages of "*Tanto Monta,*" I shall send you for its possible publication in anyone of the two ——— editions.

I think with that the feeling of both for to know it more affectionately, because the political and historic malversations have cut off the best of both feelings.

I take occasion for led me to you, and of the words of you I hope letter at the joined adress.

I send you a cordial and frank salute.

Your spanish colleague,
RAFAEL FLOREZ

FOREIGN STAFF: Rafael Florez. *Flamy Hispanic Oral Review Towards the U.S.*-calle Dos Hermanas, 15.-Madrid (Spain's)

•

MESA (Special)—The Mesa Council of the Knights of Columbus will hold a free watermelon bust Friday.

The small fry will have an added inducement to "eat till they bust."

The KCs will put 40 quarters in watermelon slices and the lucky youngsters will get to keep the quarters if they find them.—*Arizona Republic.*

If they find them in time, that is.

You're so smart to have it with you
YARDLEY
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with coin holder

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It's new, it's different!

A flacon filled with Yardley's unique new essence—Lavenesque, to keep you exquisitely fragrant around the clock. A secret snap holder releases coins or tokens for tips, fare, telephone calls. Buy for surprise gifts, and for yourself.

We the People
Article. I

The written message is the one that LIVES

When a man elected President of the United States lays his hand upon the Bible and swears to uphold the Constitution, he takes an oath of awesome significance.

"The Constitution of the United States..." Cast these words any way you will—declaim them from a mountain top or speak them in a whisper; print them in stately letters of bronze or put them into the scrawl of a child—they evoke a special meaning not only for Americans but for human beings the world over.

Few words in the eloquence of man's many tongues mean so much, encompass so much justice, imply such a vastness of power, portend so many better tomorrows.

And these words, "The Constitution of the United States," belong to you just as surely as the pictures of your family that you carry in your wallet. For this magnificent document starts with the words: "We, the people . . ." and everything that follows draws its strength from that simple beginning. We, our fathers, our friends, the many millions of strangers who could be our friends, our children and their children to come, *we* make these words strong, meaningful, and fair. September 17th will mark and honor the day one hundred and sixty-eight years ago when a written message, a preamble and seven articles, was signed by a group of dedicated, daring, and far-sighted men.

There will be a few parades and speeches on this day, a few solemn commemorations. But basically, the day will be given over to far more important activities: One hundred and sixty-five million Americans will be actively, freely engaged in the pursuit of happiness, each in his own way, each according to the voice of his own conscience.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

But in this advertisement, on *this* day, America's most widely read magazine, *This Week,* asks you to pause and consider the value of the written, and chiefly the *printed message.* Nothing else is so real, so tangible, so permanent. Only the written message stands four-square, an honest and immutable pact between reader and author, between mass market and advertiser. But beyond its permanence, its reality, its black-and-white clarity, there is something else . . .

Only the written message is absorbed freely. As an advertisement, it does its job—not for a minute or fifteen seconds, but for as long as the reader wishes. Never an interruption, never unwelcome, it faces its readers and allows them to study, to ponder, to make up their minds in their own good time. And then they may clip it out, review it later, pass it on to others.

Yes, the printed page, rich in detail, exact in its message, continues to be the surest way to convey an idea. Therefore, *This Week* wishes to remind you of the basic wisdom of building advertising campaigns around visual, printed media. In other words, if you want your message to work and to *last,* put it in print *first.*

Your messages
in This Week will LIVE
in 11,000,000 homes
throughout America!

***This Week Magazine** shares the power and prestige of these 35 great newspapers which distribute it.*

The Baltimore Sunday Sun . . . The Birmingham News . . . Boston Sunday Herald . . . The Charlotte Observer . . . Chicago Daily News . . . The Cincinnati Enquirer . . . Cleveland Plain Dealer . . . The Dallas Morning News Des Moines Sunday Register . . . The Detroit News . . . The Houston Post The Indianapolis Star . . . The Jacksonville Florida Times-Union . . . Los Angeles Times . . . The Memphis Commercial Appeal . . . Miami Daily News The Milwaukee Journal . . . Minneapolis Sunday Tribune . . . The New Orleans-Times-Picayune States . . . New York Herald Tribune . . . Norfolk Virginian-Pilot and Portsmouth Star . . . The Philadelphia Sunday Bulletin The Phoenix Arizona Republic . . . The Pittsburgh Press . . . Portland Oregon Sunday Journal . . . Providence Sunday Journal . . . Richmond Times-Dispatch . . . Rochester Democrat and Chronicle . . . St. Louis Globe-Democrat . . . The Salt Lake Tribune . . . San Antonio Express and Sunday News . . . San Francisco Chronicle . . . The Spokane Spokesman-Review . . . The Washington Sunday Star . . . The Wichita Sunday Eagle.

This Week
MAGAZINE

A REPORTER AT LARGE

OVER THE MAD RIVER

ON Thursday evening, August 18th, a delicate little old widow named Jessica Kelley spent three pleasant hours in her apartment, at the rear of the fourth floor of Anna Landi's tenement block, at 375 Main Street, in Winsted, Connecticut, chatting with her nearest neighbor, a middle-aged maiden lady of French-Canadian descent, Yvonne Brochu, who had the fourth-floor front. It was raining very hard, and several times the two women remarked on the pounding of the water on the roof.

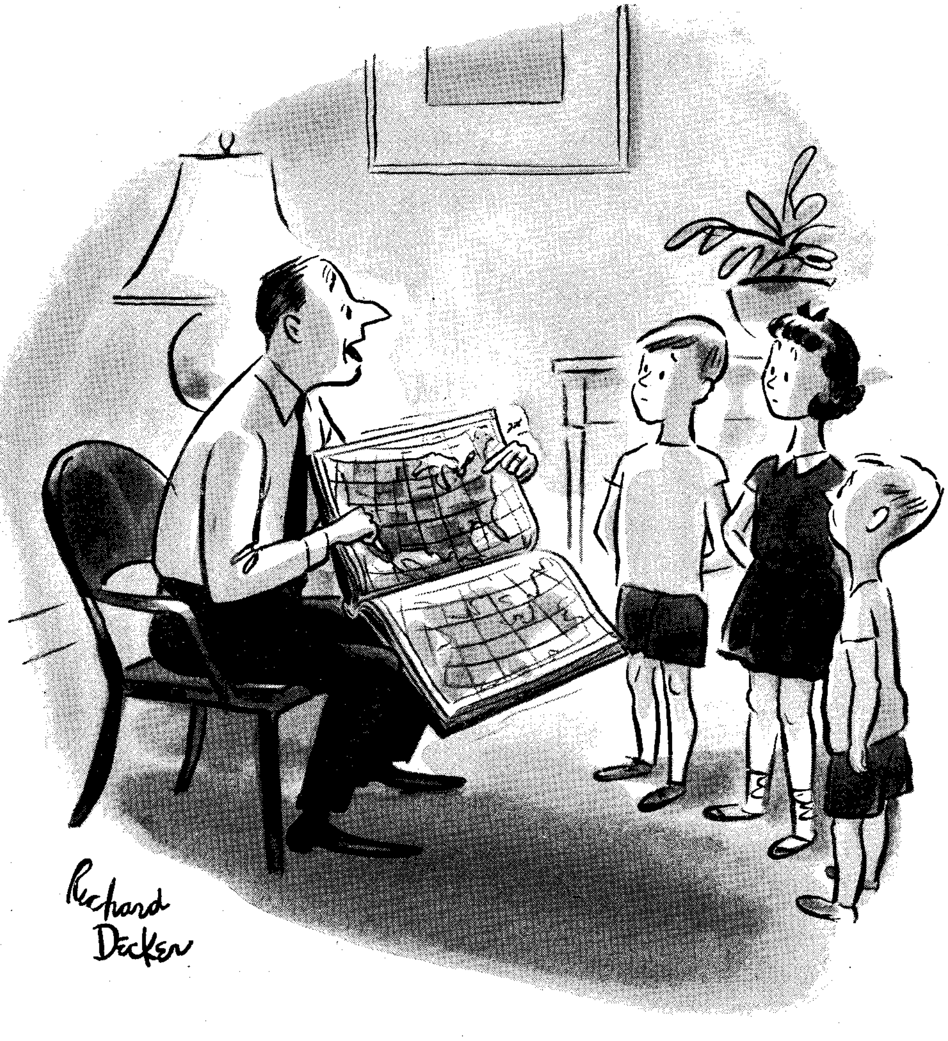
"I love that noise," Mrs. Kelley said at one point. "It's so soothing to sleep to. But, gracious, it *is* teeming tonight, isn't it, Yvonne?"

Mrs. Kelley, who was seventy-five years old, had long since made it clear to Miss Brochu that she considered conversation one of the purest joys in her altogether joyful life. She once said to her that she had always loved to talk. Just before her marriage, in October, 1903, her fiancé, a salesman of bars, handles, and trimmings for funeral caskets, told her that the very first things he intended to buy after their wedding were a parrot and a brass bed. On their honeymoon in New York, Mr. Kelley did indeed purchase a fine brass bed; nothing more was said about the parrot, and some weeks later Mrs. Kelley asked her husband why he had not bought one. "Jessica, dear," he said, "I have you."

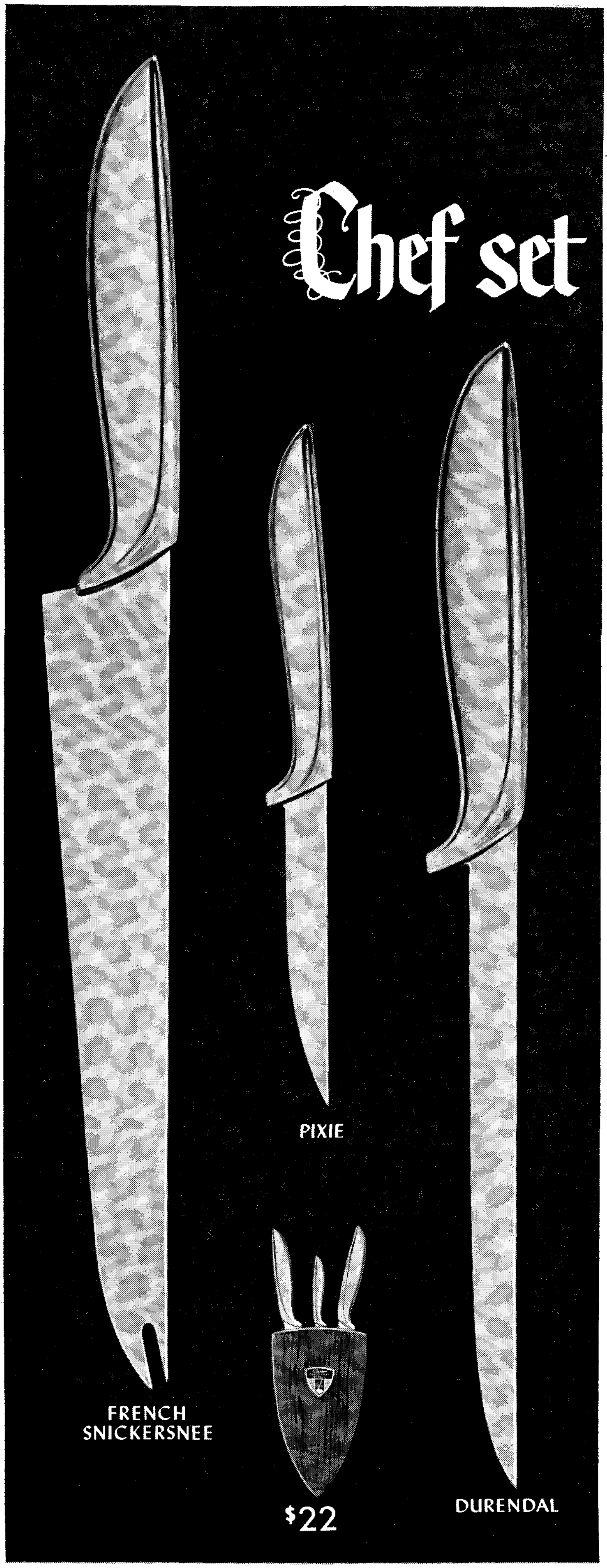
The talk with Yvonne Brochu that evening was pleasurable, for Miss Brochu, a tiny person, barely five feet tall, who was a factory worker at Dano Electric, in Winsted, was sweet and patient and a loving listener. Mrs. Kelley had moved into the Landi block only two weeks before. She and Miss Brochu were old friends, however, having shared light-housekeeping privileges in a boarding house on Case Avenue several years earlier. For the last three and a half years, Mrs. Kelley had taken room and board in the east end of Winsted, near the Gilbert School, and on this particular rainy evening she told her friend Yvonne how trying things had been there. Mrs. Kelley had been a diabetic for three decades, and so, as it happened, had both her landlady and her late landlord in the east-end home. How prodigally those people had eaten! They had pretended to stay on a diabetic diet, but they had thought nothing of gulping down four or five bananas at a clip, a bag of cherries, a box of prunes—between meals, too. *He* had died from it; he did not live to tell of his gourmandizing. And *she* had been so closefisted! Could Yvonne imagine? Mrs. Kelley had been obliged to keep her perfectly good bedside radio wrapped up in paper and string for three and a half years because *she* hadn't wanted even a tiny dribble of electricity used on her premises. Be saving of hot water! Don't waste a cracker crumb! Mrs. Kelley, the soul of charity, spoke of her former landlady not bitterly but in sadness, with a hesitant, sensitive smile from time to time, as if to ask her friend, "Aren't people a puzzle?"

At about ten-thirty, which was nearly her bedtime, Mrs. Kelley said, "It's so muggy and close, why don't you and I take baths before we turn in?"

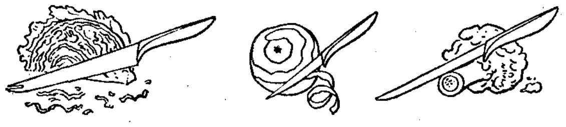
So they did. Mrs. Kelley's apartment consisted of a bedroom and a kitchen, each about eight feet by ten and as clean as a pin, and a tiny bathroom. When Mrs. Kelley took her bath, she was very careful to keep her left foot dry, because while she was walking to St. James Episcopal Church on the previous Palm Sunday morning she had stepped off the curb in front of the First National Store at Park Place, with the stoplight in her favor, and a lady hit-and-run driver had dropped, it seemed, out of the carless sky right in front of her and had run over her foot and knocked her down, and as a consequence she had spent four months in Litchfield County Hospital and had had to have her little toe amputated. The foot was still bound up in bandages; a visiting nurse, who helped her with her insulin shots, kept it dressed for her. The winter before, she had sprained that same foot when she slipped on an icy sidewalk on her way to the post office; because she had a will of iron, and because it was what she had set out to do, she had walked all the way to the post office and home again on her



"It isn't that I don't want to take you, but don't you see? We're here and Disneyland is way, way over here."



Chef set of Genuine Gerber Blades



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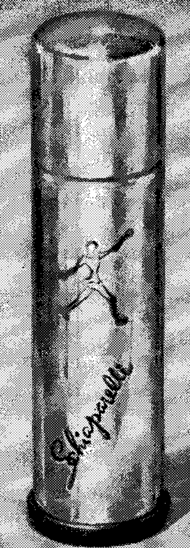

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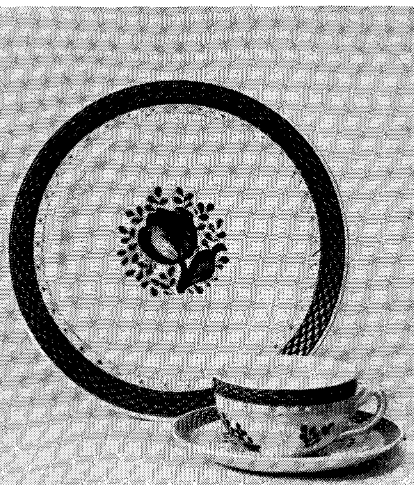
throbbing foot. That, too, had cost her some time on her back, though, thankfully, not in the hospital. It seemed that her left foot was her Jonah; nothing had ever happened to her right foot. "That's my kicker!" she once said to Yvonne Brochu, giving her sound right foot a sharp little swing.

After her bath, Mrs. Kelley dressed for bed and then sat on a small straight chair in front of her dressing table, fixing her gray hair for the night. She walked out into the hall and called good night to Yvonne, who had finished bathing in her apartment. Mrs. Kelley returned to her bedroom, pulled down her tufted bedspread with two bright peacocks on it, got into bed, read a page or two of her prayer book, and dropped off, under the soothing influence of the still drumming rain, into deep slumber.

WHILE Mrs. Kelley slept, hundreds of millions of gallons of rain, part of the fantastic load of water that had been shipped by the hurricane designated as Diane during its voyage up the Atlantic Ocean, were being bailed out on certain hills of northern Connecticut and were washing down them toward Winsted.

Winsted's Main Street lies along the north bank of the Mad River. For several hundred yards downstream from what Winsted people call "the center"—the point where Elm Street crosses Main and then the river—nearly all the Main Street stores backing on the watercourse were surmounted by rickety wooden tenements, mostly three or four stories high, many of them connected to each other on the river side by continuous wooden porches. These porches were tied together vertically by stairs here and there, which were supposed to serve as fire escapes by way of the stores below. Anna Landi's tenement block, in which Mrs. Kelley slept so soundly that night, was the fourth building below the center bridge; it contained, on the street level, the county agent's office, the Metropolitan Cleaners & Dyers, and Irving's Smart Shop. Directly across the river from the Landi block, and facing on Willow Street, was the upper end of a substantial factory building, Capitol Products, where electric toasters and hot plates were made. The backs of the buildings on both sides of the river made a kind of canyon about forty feet wide, with the Mad River in its bed. The river there is normally five or six feet deep.

The Mad River rises in the town of Norfolk, about five miles west of Winsted's center; its watershed lies in rugged



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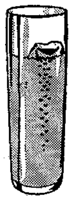

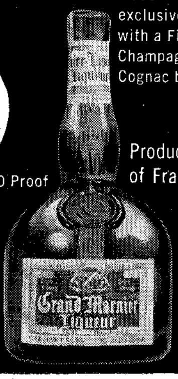

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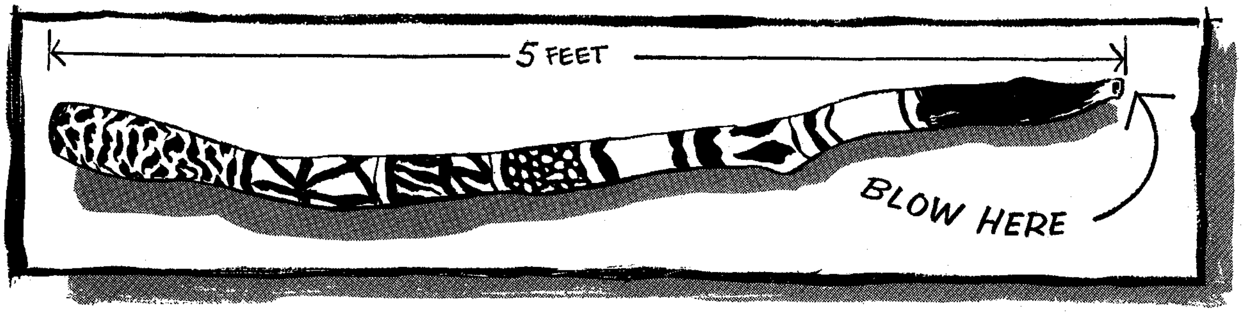

This is a didjireedoo

***What has happened till now:** Qantas, the world's fifth longest airline and a real sweetheart of an outfit, is somewhat panicky because while they fly to five continents in the same splendid planes TWA uses in domestic service they don't have as grand a name as Super-G Constellation. They need help.*

III.

Those of you who are music lovers will be delighted to know that second prize in our sensational Super Constellation naming contest has been changed from a stuffed koala bear, which makes virtually no sound at all, to a didjireedoo, which sounds terrible even when played by a virtuoso. There are no didjireedoo virtuosi on this continent. To remedy this, we have arranged with a Sydney music teacher for a correspondence course. After a few lessons it would be awfully nice if you invited the first prize winner and his kangaroo over for a recital. The kangaroo may like it.

Some of you may not know what a didjireedoo is. It is probably the world's oldest musical instrument (Qantas itself is very old—the oldest airline in the English speaking world. But wiry).

It is played by the Australian aborigines at their Corroborees, or hoe-downs, and reportedly adds a great deal to these occasions, though it is hard to see why.

Now, here's the way the prizes stand: First Prize is a real, live kangaroo; Second Prize is a didjireedoo; Third Prize is a stuffed koala bear; Fourth through 28th Prizes are Qantas old school ties; 29th through 100th Prizes are boomerangs with instructions for oiling.*

While we don't like to be always complaining, it has come to our attention that some of you are not pulling your weight in this contest. Certain people—we mention no names, *but we know who you are*—have not sent in their entries. This is absolutely your last warning. DO YOU UNDERSTAND? MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

*and everybody gets an explanation (suitable for framing) of why there is no U in Qantas. Incidentally, you pronounce the Q as though there *were* a U—as in Qality.

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foothills of the Green Mountain range, most of which are precipitous on their eastern slopes and are blanketed by forests of birch, ash, basswood, black oak, hemlock, and laurel. Winsted itself lies in an irregular bowl formed by the steep slopes of Street Hill, Platt Hill, Ward's Hill, Second Cobble, and several lesser hills. Southwest of the city and high above it is Highland Lake, which has become a pleasant summer resort not only for inhabitants of Winsted but also for vacationers from far-flung areas of Connecticut. Highland Lake is two miles long and averages a third of a mile in width, and it runs north and south; at its northern end, which is about half a mile from Main Street, it empties into a ravine leading to the Mad River. In 1771, the surface of the lake was raised four feet by a wooden dam and bulkhead. Thirty-five years later, a spring freshet and thaw broke the dam, but the weakness had been spotted beforehand, and a working party of men and teams was standing by when the break occurred; they hauled a huge tree trunk into the breach and with spars, planks, straw, swingling tow, and gravel prevented a disaster. The next year, a new bulkhead raised the surface of the lake another foot. In 1860, a causeway was built across the northern end, protected by a strong retaining wall and two wide overflow spillways, which raised the surface of the lake five feet higher yet. All this damming was for water power. At one time, the waters of Highland Lake turned the wheels of eleven factories scattered down the ravine, which drops a hundred and fifty feet in its half-mile course before it joins the Mad River in Winsted's west end.

Over the years, while Winsted has grown from a cluster of villages to a city of eleven thousand inhabitants, the Mad River, swollen by overflowing water from Highland Lake, has several times risen abruptly and washed out here a bridge and there a house or two. During a spring freshet in 1936, and in the New England hurricane of 1938, the Mad River overflowed into Main Street, and after a flash flood on New Year's Eve of 1947-48, the Mayor of Winsted, P. Francis Hicks, prevailed on Army engineers to spend a quarter of a million dollars dredging the river where it parallels Main Street.

AT about one o'clock in the morning, a man named Arthur Royer, who lived on the third floor of the Landi block and who had been out visiting friends during the evening, came home. By that time, the river had risen enough

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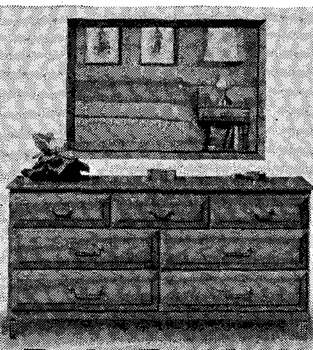

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so that a couple of inches of water were flowing down Main Street, which slopes to the east. Royer, another of Winsted's numerous French Canadians, tends to be a worrier, and he thought that perhaps before going to bed he should tell the old ladies on the top floor that the river was swollen. He climbed to Miss Brochu's door and knocked. For a very long time there was no answer. "Just anyone banging on your door at one o'clock in the night, would you open?" Yvonne later asked Mrs. Kelley. "And a man's voice! I was glad the door was locked." Royer shouted to Miss Brochu awhile in French, and finally, hearing his words, she roused herself, put on a dressing gown, and answered the door. Royer told her about the water in Main Street and went downstairs.

Yvonne looked out of her window and hurried across the hall into Mrs. Kelley's apartment, and at the door of the bedroom she said, "Jessie! Jessie! Put on the light!"

Mrs. Kelley, awakening, felt concern for her friend. She turned on a bedside lamp. "Yvonne, what is it?" she said. "Don't you feel right? Has something happened to you?"

"The water is coming up," Yvonne said. "You can see it in the street. Come in the front and look out the window."

"Gracious, I don't think I want to do that, Yvonne," Mrs. Kelley said.

Miss Brochu was quite excited, and finally Mrs. Kelley said, "Yvonne, I think we should get dressed."

Miss Brochu went back to her apartment, and both ladies put on their clothes. While they were dressing, at about one-fifteen, they separately heard the sirens of Winsted's Civil Defense alarm system, and Mrs. Kelley relieved her distress at hearing this wailing with the thought that Art Royer, downstairs, had a Civil Defense armband. He would be informed. People would come if there was danger. Later, after she had gone into Miss Brochu's front room and had looked at the glistening, shallow water running down Main Street under the street lights in the rain, she discussed Royer's C.D. brassard with her friend, and Yvonne agreed that help would come if help was needed.

What neither of them could know was that at that very time policemen, firemen, and Civil Defense volunteers were combing all the tenements along Main Street and telling the occupants to leave the buildings and go to high ground, but that somehow the warners had missed the stairway on which the

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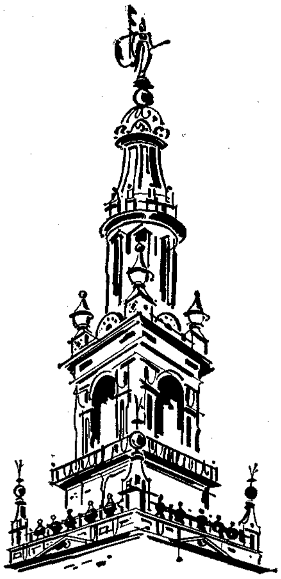

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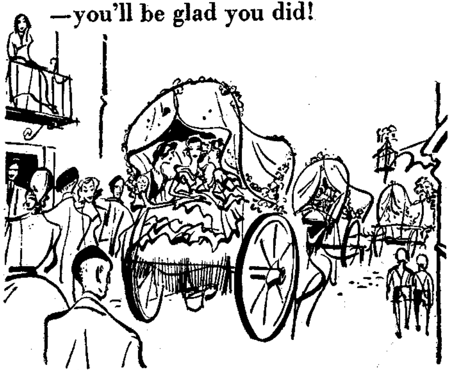

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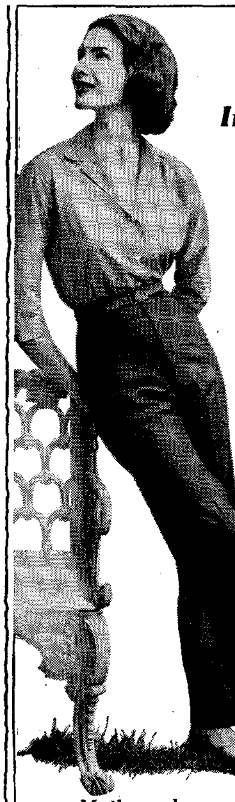
ladies lived, and that they, together with Art Royer and a woman who was still sleeping like a log on the second floor, Mrs. Peter Placek, had been left stranded in the Landi block.

THE next two hours were anxious ones for Jessica Kelley and Yvonne Brochu. They were together, and that was a comfort, but they were very restless. They went out on the back porch that opened off Mrs. Kelley's rooms, where they peered down at the black river, and then they went to the windows in Yvonne's apartment, at the front, and looked down at the street. The water, which was flowing swiftly along Main Street—from left to right as they viewed it—had crept over the sidewalk across the way. They saw three cabs standing in front of the office of Sox's Taxi, two buildings upstreet on the near side; the water eddied around the wheels of the cars. The street seemed deserted. They expected to see some kind of Civil Defense rescue boat in the flooded street, and they kept talking about it. Where was the boat? When would it come? They returned to the porch in the rear, and then went again to Yvonne's window, and so kept uneasily moving back and forth. Finally, Mrs. Kelley felt she must rest her foot, and she took the straight chair from her dressing table and sat in the kitchen.

Then the lights went out. At first, both women had an impulse to scream for help, but they talked it over in trembling voices and decided that that would be useless in the rain-muffled night. There was no telephone in the building. Yvonne remembered that she had some candles, and, groping her way into her rooms, she found them and lit several. The light was a relief.

Mrs. Kelley began by candlelight to gather about her chair a small pile of valuables: her black winter coat, her handbag, her prayer book, a few keepsakes, and the dear little green box that contained her insulin packet. In her handbag were her insurance policies, her old-age-assistance papers, and three cloth purses containing her ready money. For more than twenty years she had lived on the nest eggs her prudent husband and father had left her, and now the money was nearly gone. Only a few weeks before, she had applied to the government for old-age assistance, for which she qualified now that her savings were running out. She had just had word that payments of about a hundred dollars a month, plus, she understood, an extra allowance on account of her diabetes, would begin soon. As



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**See page 79*

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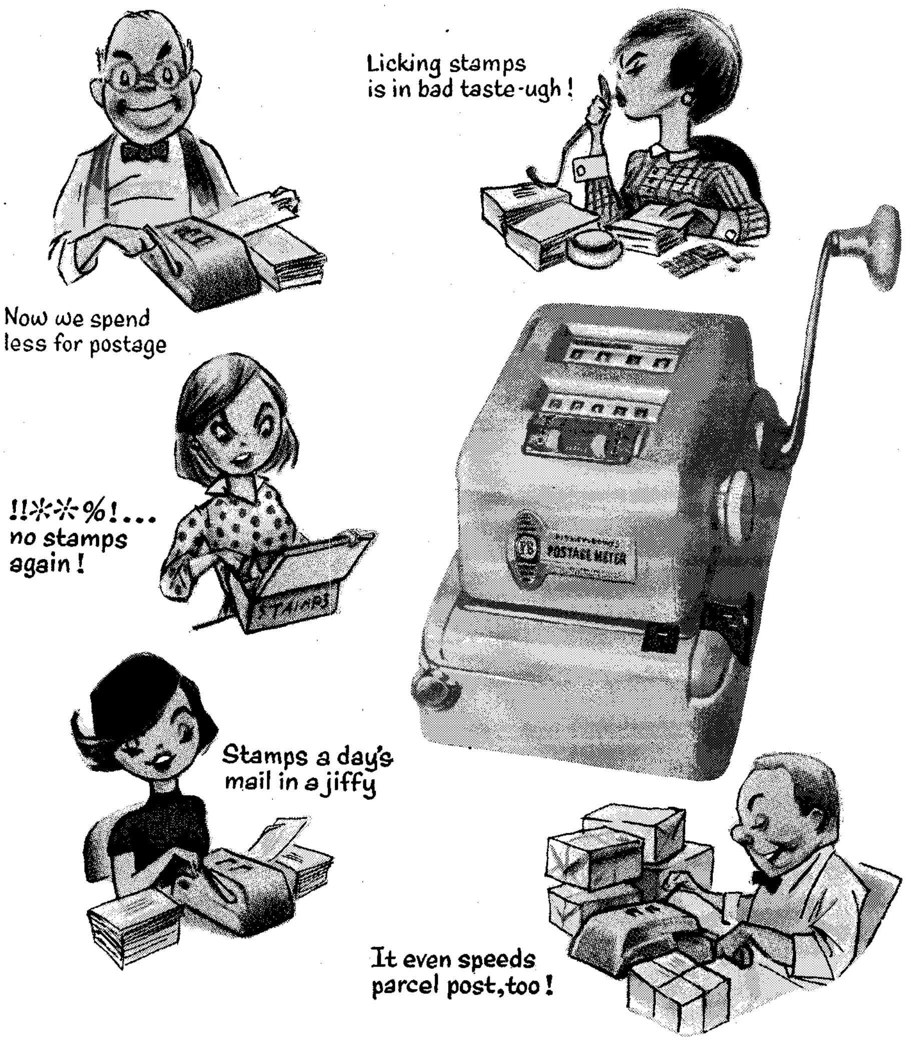
she sat there in the kitchen, she thought, for some reason, of a ten-dollar gold piece that C. L. Maloney, an undertaker friend of her husband's, had given them once as a luck piece, as lightly as if it had been no more than a lucky penny. Then she remembered the meerschaum pipe the Winsted Elks had given her husband just before a trip he and she took to Florida in the twenties; he was fussy about that pipe, but it had led to his giving up cigars, thank goodness. Those were the heydays! They had been caught right in the thick of the Florida boom-and-bust. They had had two thousand dollars in traveller's checks with them, and her husband had literally sunk it in some real estate: The land had turned out to be under water. They had had to wait to come home until another thousand dollars could be wired down from Winsted. There had been a time, in the early years of the century, when the Strong Manufacturing Company, the makers of coffin trimmings for whom her husband worked, met its payroll in gold coins. When she and her husband built a new home, at 23 Wetmore Avenue, they had laid the foundations, waited a year till the crisis of 1907 blew over, then resumed building, and paid in gold the stonemasons who laid the front walk. She forgot how many gold coins that had been, but she clearly remembered handing them out. The men had scarcely been able to believe their eyes. For years she had had stocks and bonds galore. Somehow, Connecticut Light & Power and United States Steel had seemed to last the longest. Now there was almost nothing left, and she was watching every penny. Ten dollars a week to Anna Landi for rent; less than that for food; enough for a while in the three purses; a tiny bit in the bank.

Jessica Kelley could not say that she was worth much, but what she was worth was right there in the stiff straight chair in the middle of the kitchen and on the floor around it.

Yvonne Brochu, coming on her surrounded by her little heap of wealth, said, "My goodness, Jessie, where do you think you're going?"

"I don't know, dear," Mrs. Kelley said. "But I'm ready."

At about three-thirty, in a rented room in a building known as the Keywan block, diagonally across and about a hundred yards up the river from the tenement where Mrs. Kelley sat waiting, a young man named Frank Stoklasa was being roused from sleep



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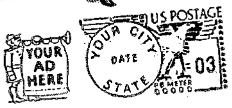

by the occupant of the next room. If two human beings could be opposites, Jessica Kelley and Frank Stoklasa were those two. Stoklasa was a steeplejack, thirty-two years old. Though slight, he was powerfully built. His hairy arms were covered with tattoos that he himself had applied: a dagger, a snake, the Disney dog called Goofy, a ship, and a death's-head. On the backs of the proximal phalanges of the fingers of his left hand were tattooed the letters L-O-V-E; on those of his right hand, H-A-T-E. He was born in Fort Worth, Texas, and his friends called him Tex. He was part Czech, part Polish, part Indian. His mother died when he was twenty-two months old. As a small boy, he had typhoid, diphtheria, and pneumonia. When he was about six, his father took him, his two brothers, and his sister to Oklahoma, and they became Okies—migrant farm workers who moved with the seasons to California, Arizona, Texas, and back to Oklahoma. Stoklasa went to school through the ninth grade, then left his family and wandered all over the Southwest, earning a bare living as a truck driver, gas-station attendant, and common laborer. He fought in a Golden Gloves tournament once in San Francisco. He was taken into the Army in 1942, and after his training went to North Africa and Germany as an infantryman. In the Rhineland, he was wounded by shrapnel in his upper right arm, and was shipped home and eventually discharged.

Because he liked to get high up on things, and because the money in crazy climbing was good, Stoklasa went to work for the Brown Steeple-Jacking Company, in Norfolk, Virginia. He did welding and painting on water towers, smokestacks, radio towers, and bridges. Once a man has become a seasoned steeplejack, he hears of every topnotch steeplejacking company in the country, and after two years Stoklasa left Brown's in favor of the Universal Construction Company, in Indianapolis. There he took up, as a hobby, stock-car racing—because it was dangerous—but after some time he dropped it, not because it was *too* dangerous but because of the expense. From Universal, Stoklasa moved to the Kessler Company, in Fremont, Ohio, and he stayed there nearly six years. In Fremont, he married and divorced two young ladies; he was on the road too much to settle down. Several times, Stoklasa had seen men "go off," as steeplejacks speak of falling, but it was not until last year that he had his first

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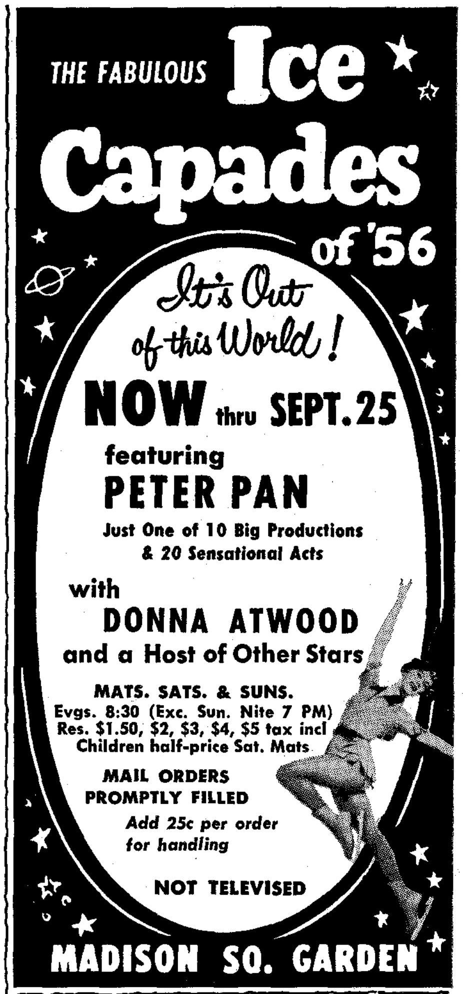
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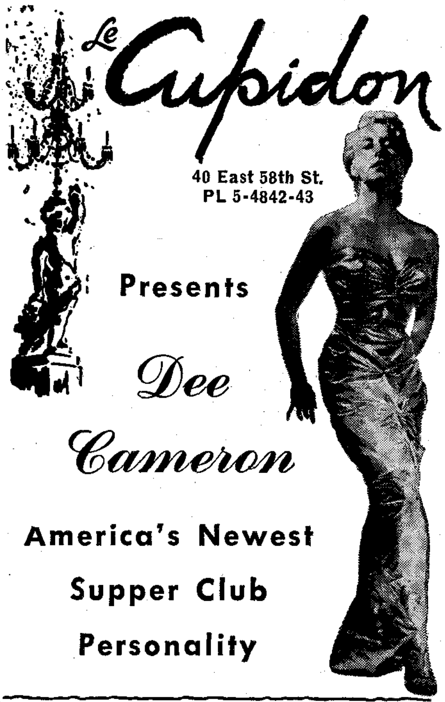
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accident. In Youngstown, while climbing with three other Kessler men over the lip of an empty hundred-thousand-gallon water tower a hundred and fifty feet high, to get inside and paint it, he put his weight on the spider rods that braced the top of the cylinder; the rods had been weakened by rust, and he fell through them fifty feet to the bottom of the tank and broke an ankle. He went back to work as soon as it mended. He was then earning three dollars and twenty cents an hour. For a year or so, Stoklasa had buddied with a native of Winsted named Donald Linkovich, and last spring he decided to move with him to Connecticut. Tex went to work at a dollar-sixty an hour for a tree man named MacBurnie, and worked with him until MacBurnie fell and hurt his back, about a fortnight before Diane; then he took a job with another local tree man, Nickerson, at two dollars and five cents an hour. Nickerson's crew was clearing a forest pathway on Avon Mountain for high-tension wires. Stoklasa had always had a rough time, and he had liked it that way. He was taciturn to the point of rudeness, for he had learned to keep his mouth shut and enjoy himself. He was cynical; there was no room for sentiment in his life. In his view, the average dog's favorite food is living dog meat.

Wakened by his neighbor, Tex put on his dungarees, a T shirt, a canvas jacket, and his working shoes, and went out of the building to move Donnie Linkovich's brand-new Mercury convertible up to high land near the Winsted railroad station, which is across Willow Street from Capitol Products. Then he went into a bar and had a couple of beers. It struck him as being wet as hell out.

AT about four in the morning, the whole Landi tenement began to tremble. Apparently, the river was running through and around its ground floor and was eating at its underpinnings. At first, the motion was barely perceptible, but through the small hours it increased, until it had become a real shaking and heaving, and Jessica Kelley, trying to keep up a cheerful front for Miss Brochu's sake, said to her, "Dear me, Yvonne, this is like being on a rocking horse, isn't it?" Mrs. Kelley moved her chair from place to place, thinking that there might be some part of the building that was still. For a while, she sat out in the hallway, on the theory that the center of the tenement might be solid, but she was disappointed. Each

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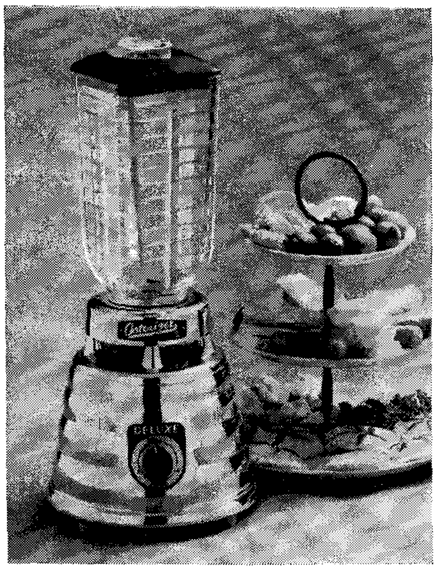
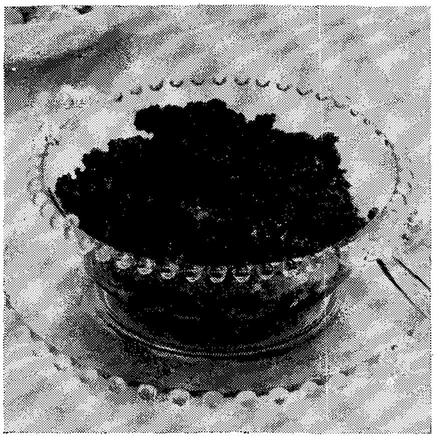
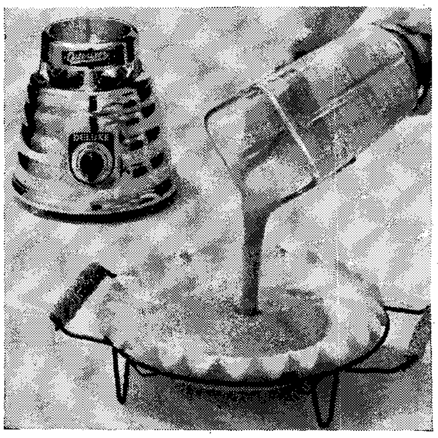
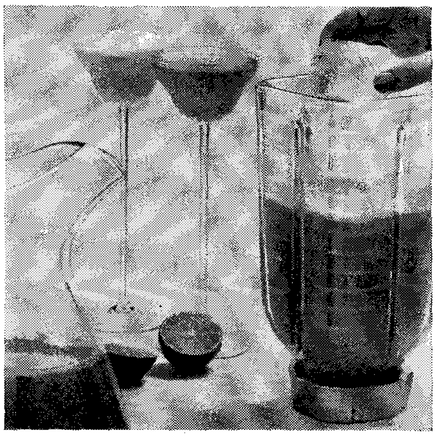



Chops fruits, vegetables, nuts. Makes fresh cranberry relish—instantly—no cooking. Chops onion, green pepper, garlic for sauces. Grates cheese, dried fruits, lemon and orange rind.

Makes chocolate sauce instantly with no cooking. Blends other sauces smooth: white sauce, cheese sauce, gravy. Makes homemade mayonnaise with no cooking; homemade peanut butter.



Makes pie fillings without pre-cooking: Pumpkin, chiffons, custards. Crumbs crackers for pie crusts; crumbs bread—even fresh bread. Grates potatoes for potato pancakes.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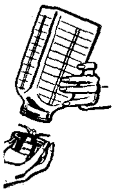
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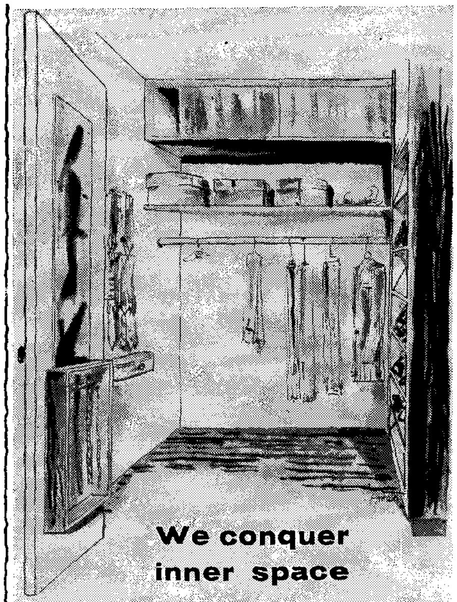
time she moved, she fetched along her little clutter of precious things.

Mrs. Kelley held her prayer book in her hand all the time, even though it was almost impossible to read by the flickering light of candles. She improvised some prayers, particularly requesting the arrival of the Civil Defense rescue boat and, for herself, strength of body and character. She had long thought of herself as physically puny and weak. As an infant, she was plump, she had been told; she was born on Thanksgiving Day, 1879, and, on first seeing her, her father exclaimed, "That's the nicest turkey I ever saw!" By the time she reached high school, however, she had grown thin and jumpy, and for a year or two her family thought she had St. Vitus's dance and put her in a private school on Meadow Street, but she got over the disorder. She had a stillborn baby by Caesarean section in 1905, and from that time on was never able to have children. Her mission in life, even after her marriage, was to care for her parents, and she eventually came to think she had been too close to them for her own well-being. Three months after her mother's death, in the late twenties, she began to have diabetic symptoms; she had never had a trace of them before. Her husband died two years later. After her father died in 1935, at the age of ninety-three, she shut herself up in the house for several weeks, and pulled down the shades, and would not answer the telephone, and became suspicious of all human beings, and ranged from room to room like a wild creature. But she recovered and began a new life alone.

One thing that helped her in all her tribulations was her will power, of which she had enough to dole out to ten strong men. Once, a quarter of a century ago, she read somewhere that tooth infections might have serious consequences for a diabetic, so she called her dentist for an appointment and told the nurse she would tell the dentist what she wanted when she arrived; she seated herself in the dentist's chair a few days later and said, "Take all my teeth out." The dentist said, "Heavens! You have granite teeth. Your teeth are far better then mine, and I wouldn't part with mine for a thousand dollars." It was true that her teeth were sound. Strong and prominent teeth ran in her family. Her father, then pushing ninety, had all his own teeth and could still crack walnuts and untie knots in a clothesline with them. Jessica's teeth had perhaps been too much of a good thing. She had once made the mistake of giving her hus-



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band a picture of herself smiling, and every time he looked at it on the bureau he used to say, "Fetch me the toothpaste, Jessie." She told the dentist she had fastened her mind on having the whole set out. He gave her novocain and pulled three teeth, and Mrs. Kelley's jaw began to hurt. By this time, the doctor was perspiring and pale. "That's enough," he said. "You can come back another day." "No, sir," Mrs. Kelley said, speaking with difficulty but firmly through the new gap in her mouth. "I said *all*, and I meant *all*." He pulled them all, using nothing but novocain. That was one of the days in Jessica Kelley's life that helped convince her there was nothing even a weakling woman could not do if she made up her mind to it and held fast.

Some of her tenacity had come, she was sure, from her father, William Gilbert Barnes. He was related to the Gilbert Clock people, and after being in the wooden butter-tub and washtub business in New York State for a few years he had come to Winsted and helped make clocks. He had been foreman of Winsted Volunteer Fire Company No. 2 several times and had been an active fireman well into his eighties. He had magnificent white handle-bar mustaches, but to his dying day his hair was hardly even gray, and he stood as straight and trig as a fence post. Right up until his ninety-third year, he celebrated each birthday by walking the seven miles around Highland Lake.

The building trembled more and more, and Mrs. Kelley began to imagine how pleasant it would be if only she could be whisked somewhere far away—to Meriden, perhaps, or New Britain. If only she could fly! During the three-quarters of a century of her life, aviation had shrunk the earth, but she had never been up in a plane. On their Florida trip, her husband had teased her and teased her to go up in a

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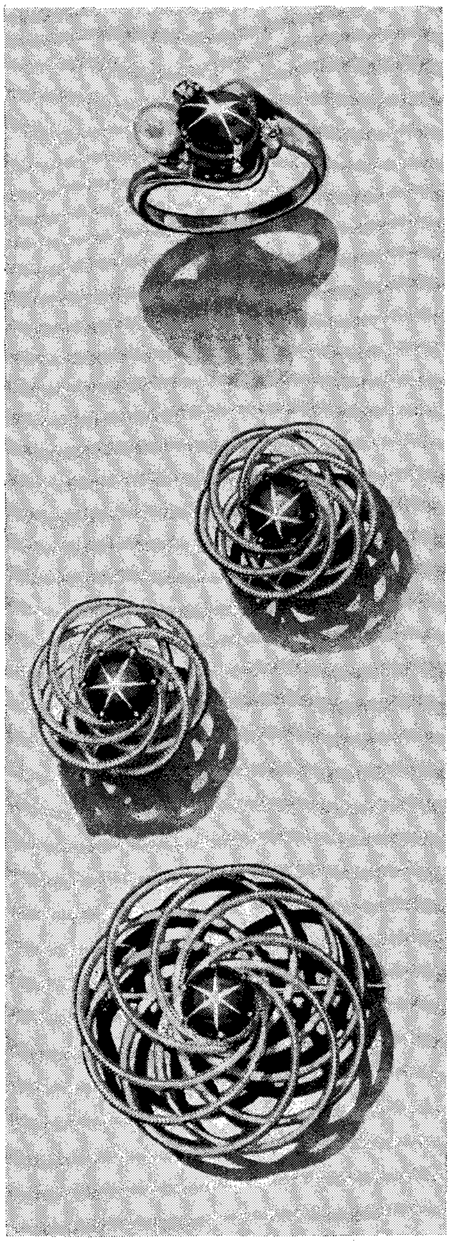

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barnstormer, but she had refused. He had gone off then without telling her and had taken a flight, and later he had said it was awfully nice and airy up there. He *was* a sly one! She hadn't learned until after his death what a proficient cardplayer and billiards player he had been. She had known, of course, that he spent a great deal of time at the Elks Home and at the Winsted Club, but he had never boasted to her about his skills, and she had come to hear of them only when someone brought his cues around to the house after the funeral. His favorite cue, the handle of which was inlaid with mother-of-pearl, she had given as a keepsake to one of his best friends—Billy Phelps, president of the Hurlbut National Bank. The thing her husband liked best in the world was precisely what she wanted in those anxious hours—to get up and go. He loved to travel. He took two trips a year; he never missed an Elks' convention. The year he was Winsted's Past Exalted Ruler, his lodge sent him as a delegate all the way to Dallas, Texas. He slipped off to New York quite a bit, too, especially during inventory time at the casket-trimmings plant.

Mrs. Kelley reflected that, besides flying, one thing she had neglected and would like now to have done was to learn to swim. Just a couple of years before, a man at the Y.M.C.A. had tried to coax her to take lessons, saying that he had succeeded once before in teaching a woman to swim who was over seventy. But she had said then, as she had said to her husband when he tried to get her to fly, "I like the feel of terra firma under my feet." There were times during the early-morning hours in the shaking building when the possibility of drowning in the flood outside had forced itself on her, and she reflected that for some hours—perhaps even for some years—she had had sensations like those of a person slowly going down into the darkness of deep water, with the happy scenes of her lifetime flashing through her mind. The sensations had not been too bad. She had had fortunate years; she considered herself ready for whatever might be her lot.

It was beginning to get light, and Yvonne Brochu came running in from time to time with alarming bits of news. It was still pouring. The water was almost up to the awnings on the stores across Main Street, and it was going down the street awfully fast—maybe thirty miles an hour. Two of Sox's taxis had simply disappeared. The water was coming down in great surges—

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could it be that the causeway at Highland Lake was giving way? There was something floating down Main Street that looked like a refrigerator. And there was a brand-new car—just being rolled along! There went Sox's other cab! A chair from the hairdresser's was going down the street! There was a whole roof out there floating down!

Worst of all was when, after peering out from the back porch awhile, Yvonne came in crying, "The bridge has gone, Jessie! That bridge has gone!"

Mrs. Kelley spoke in as careful a voice as she could command. The bridge at the Winsted center had been built of steel. "I think you must be mistaken, dear," she said. "It must be that the water's over it and covers it, because it's rising so fast."

"No! No! I saw the bridge go," Yvonne said. "It's gone."

After a good long wait, so as not to be rushing hysterically to check up on a piece of calamitous information, Mrs. Kelley went out on the porch and looked upriver and saw for herself: The bridge was washed away, no mistake. Mrs. Kelley returned to her chair and prayed some more. She wept, too, but she managed to hide her tears from Yvonne.

Not long afterward, there was a terrifying crash out back, and bricks and glass and something very heavy fell. Mrs. Kelley and Miss Brochu went to the back window and saw that a whole corner of the brick Capitol Products building was sagging and gaping, and a cement floor was hanging down like bent cardboard. Huge machines had slid about, and the fall had probably been that of one or more of them into the river.

Art Royer came running upstairs, and rather wildly he suggested that the ladies leave the building with him. They would go out the front door into Main Street. He would go in the center, he said, and hold the two ladies by the hand. Yvonne Brochu pointed out that automobiles and refrigerators were bobbing downstreet like corks; people wouldn't last thirty seconds in that water. All during the morning, Mr. Royer kept renewing his mad, chivalrous offer.

Some time later, Mrs. Placek joined the others. Mrs. Placek, a solid, phlegmatic woman of sixty-nine, whose husband was away in Waterbury, said she had been sleeping until a few minutes before. "The water woke me up," she said. "It told me, 'Get up, you lazy head.' "

In a calm voice, Mrs. Kelley wel-

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comed Mrs. Placek to her apartment and said, "Things seem to be giving way outside."

"This whole building's going," Mrs. Placek said gloomily.

"Oh, dear, no, I doubt *that*," Mrs. Kelley said.

In just a few minutes, this doubt of Mrs. Kelley's was badly shaken. In full sight of Yvonne and Art Royer and Mrs. Placek—she herself, thank heavens, was not watching—a building across and up the river, the first one this side of the washed-out bridge, slowly twisted and went limp and simply fell in a thousand pieces into the river.

THE building that had fallen was the Keywan block, in which Tex Stoklasa had had his room.

It was six o'clock, and the flood had reached its crest, which it was to hold for nearly six hours. The rain continued. Highland Lake was running over its spillways and tearing out threatening gullies right across the macadam road on the causeway on either side of them and causing terrible damage in factories and homes between the lake and the river below. All the way from Norfolk, the Mad River was brimming. Along Main Street, it was fifteen feet above its normal level, and the water was ten feet deep in the street itself. It was literally ripping up Main Street. The pavement and sidewalks were being sliced away and gutted six feet deep. The water had broken the plate-glass windows of most of the stores along the street and had ruined their stocks. Winsted Motors, a Buick showroom and service station that had straddled the river high up the street, had been completely demolished, and its new and used cars were rolling all the way downtown, and its roof had lodged itself in midstreet right in front of the Town Hall. On the second floor of the Town Hall, forty-one policemen and Civil Defense workers and the chairlady of the Winsted Red Cross were marooned. All but two of the town's twelve bridges had collapsed or were about to. A four-story hotel at the foot of the street, the Clifton, had floated off its foundation and into the river and downstream three-quarters of a mile, and had settled on the town ball field, more or less erect but with its two lower floors worn away. The water was doing damage to private property that the town estimated at nearly twenty-eight million dollars—more than the entire grand list of assessed taxable property, for assessments in Winsted, as generally

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in Connecticut, are considerably under real values.

After Tex had had his drinks, he had returned to the Keywan block and sat up talking with several other men there. From time to time, they had gone outdoors to pick up news and watch the river level. After the bridge went, it appeared to them that the foundations of the Keywan block were threatened, and they had gone up to get the landladies, two elderly maiden sisters known in town as the Garrity girls, to evacuate. But the Garrity girls had long considered the building their home, and to them home had always meant safety, and they had refused to leave. After quite an argument, Tex and a friend had bodily removed the ladies, and within minutes the building had fallen. Tex had not had time to go back for his things, and into the river had gone his climbing and welding equipment: his shield, sleeves, pants, boots, belt—nearly six hundred dollars' worth of gear.

A few minutes after the collapse of the Keywan block, the next building downriver, a fifty-year-old brick structure called the Bannon block, turned half around on its base, partly crumbled at the bottom, and leaned over at a crazy angle away from its downriver neighbor, the Capitol Products building, and toward the Keywan foundations.

Tex joined a crowd of about two hundred people on the higher ground near the railroad station and, through the gap where the Keywan block had been, watched what was now happening on the far—the Main Street—side of the river. It was quite a show.

MRS. KELLEY and her companions were subjected to a series of horrifying wrenches, and the Landi tenement perceptibly heeled toward the river. A large piece of plaster fell from Mrs. Kelley's bedroom ceiling. Mrs. Kelley, who was sitting in the kitchen once more, wanted then to get that room out of sight, but she could not close the door, because the frame had been twisted and the floor was all out of kilter.

The four people in the Landi tenement had no way of knowing that the three buildings upriver from theirs, undermined by the water and battered by descending debris, were crumbling and falling, one by one. First went the four-story Petrunti block, containing Riiska's Taxi Stand, Rocky's Garage, and Luben's Cleaners; then the two-story building with Pelkey & Simpson's hardware store; then, next door to the Landi block, the two-story build-

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ing that housed Jimmy's Restaurant.

Terrified by the cataclysmic shaking in Mrs. Kelley's apartment, and seeing the crowd across the way by the railroad station, Art Royer went out on the balcony at the back and waved to the people there and beckoned and held up four fingers, indicating that there were four people in the building to be somehow saved.

Tex Stoklasa saw Royer. He ran into the Capitol Products building and crept out onto the very edge of the sagging concrete floor of the plant's press room and looked the situation over. He was about ten feet above the surface of the Mad River, down which all sorts of heavy debris was swiftly floating. The Landi building was straight across from him. The river was several feet up the wall of the ground floor of the Landi block, and of the buildings below it. At first, Stoklasa thought he might be able to throw a rope across to a balcony, if one of the people could climb down to catch it. Then he saw a double clothesline stretched on pulleys between an upper floor of the fifth building downriver from the Landi block and a wooden building belonging to Capitol Products, adjacent to the one he was in. He ran around into the wooden building and found that the pulley at the near end of the clothesline was attached to its outer wall, right next to a window.

Then, in a tenement two buildings down from the Landi block, over Pete's Barber Shop, he saw a thin young man and a plump young woman standing at a third-floor window and apparently calling for help, though over the rushing of the river, the grinding of lumber in it, the pounding of the rain, and the whistling of the strong wind he could not hear their words. He tried to signal to them to make their way, if possible, down to the building with the clothesline—the Lentini block—but they evidently did not understand.

There were others around Stoklasa now, and someone suggested writing a message on a piece of cardboard and displaying it. Soon Tex was holding up a big card on which was written, "COME DOWN HERE," and he pointed across at the Lentini block. The man disappeared from the window.

Tex told the people around him to try to find a length of half-inch rope and a climbing belt.

The young man and woman in the tenement over Pete's Barber Shop were Billy Fields, a twenty-seven-

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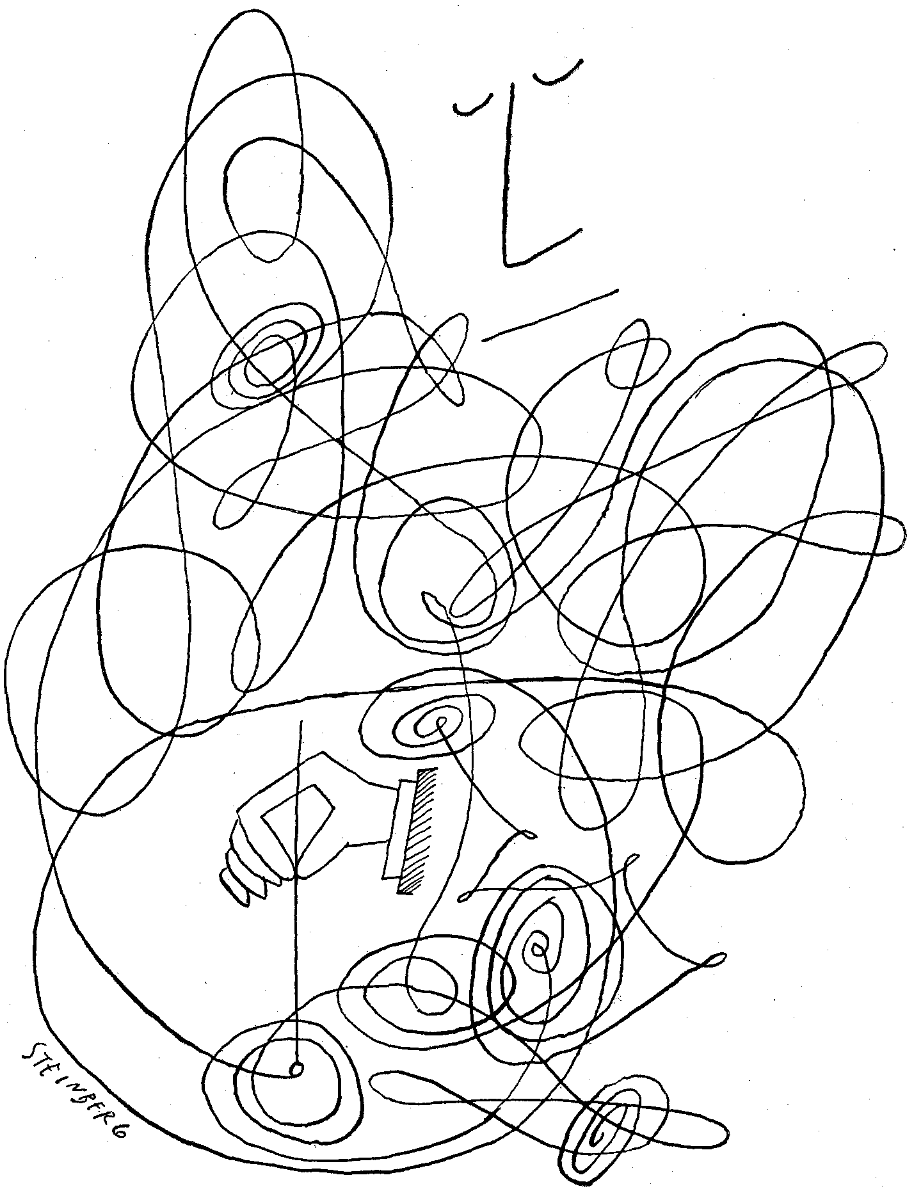
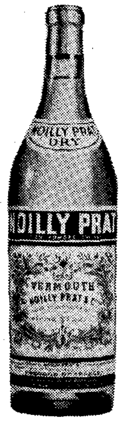
year-old employee of Hickey's Fur Shop, and his wife. When Fields read the sign, he at once started working his way downriver. On a stair landing of his building he found a long-unused, locked door connecting with the next building, the Serafini block; he broke it down with his shoulder. He went out onto a back porch of the Serafini block and saw that the next building downriver, the Orsi block, was only one story high, with a roof sloping back from Main Street. He ran down the fire escape to the second-story balcony of the Serafini block and there discovered that he could climb around the end wall of the balcony and drop a few feet to the Orsi roof, and he did. At the far end of the Orsi roof, he had a six-foot climb up a wooden wall to a sort of lean-to roof over the back rooms on the second floor of the Lentini block. Once he was on this roof, he was able to make his way up to the balcony from which the clothesline ran.

BY this time, someone had produced a rope from the New England Knitting Company factory, across the street and upriver from the former site of Keywan's, and someone else had miraculously procured a belt with a pulley on it. Tex saw that the rope, while far from new, was a sturdy half-inch line—regular nine-hundred-pound-test rope, of the sort steeplejacks are commonly satisfied to use. He tied one end of it to the upper strand of the clothesline and pulled it across the river. Fields untied the rope from the clothesline. Tex held up a new cardboard sign: "TIE ROPE TO POST. KEEP AHOLT OF END." Fields did as directed. Tex strung the belt pulley onto his end of the line and took turns of the rope around two stanchions inside the wooden Capitol Products building and directed men to hold the free end and keep the whole line taut. He took everything off but his dungarees. He slung the belt outside the window, backed into it, so that he sat in the loose loop of the belt facing the Capitol Products window, and pulled himself hand over hand across above the river in the pouring rain.

Stoklasa and Fields dropped to the Orsi roof, swung around the end wall of the Serafini balcony, then ran along the connected porches. Fields stopped off for his wife; Stoklasa went on to the Landi block and up the fire escapes to Mrs. Kelley and her companions. Curtly, Stoklasa directed them to follow him. Mrs. Kelley put on her winter coat and picked up her pocketbook and





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went out on the porch after the young man. The others came behind.

Stoklasa on one side and Fields on the other pushed and supported the women past the one dangerous point—out around the end of the Serafini porch and down onto the Orsi roof. Mrs. Kelley felt all out of breath, but she trusted the strong, half-naked young man. At the far end of the Orsi roof, Tex above and Fields and Royer below raised the women to the lean-to roof of Lentini's block, and from there to the Lentini balcony. When they were all assembled, Tex began to explain how to ride the belt across. The rope sloped downward to Capitol Products. At its lowest point, it was about fifteen feet above the water. The lean-to roof provided a good launching platform. Whoever was going over, Tex said, should sit in the belt, facing Capitol Products, cross his feet over the rope ahead of the belt pulley, and grasp the rope with his hands and feed himself down the incline. Mrs. Kelley gasped. She hadn't the strength for such work. An argument followed as to who should go first. Tex urged Mrs. Fields to go. She refused. Fields tried to persuade her. She wept, and finally said she would never go.

Then Tex turned to Mrs. Kelley and said, "Come on, lady, I'm taking you over."

"Gracious!" Mrs. Kelley said. "I'm not certain I *want* to go over on that little rope."

"There's no time to lose," Stoklasa disgustedly said to the whole group. "All these buildings may go down."

Mrs. Kelley was surprised to hear herself say, "Tell me what to do. I'll go."

The next thing Mrs. Kelley knew, Stoklasa had lifted her like a doll off the porch and out onto the slanting roof. He was strong!

"What've you got that for, for Christ's sake?" he said, pointing to her pocketbook. "We may go in the river."

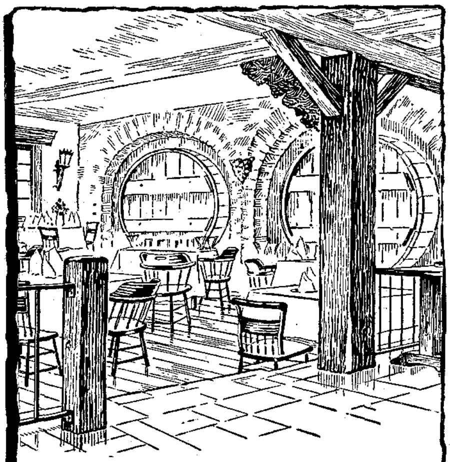
"I've got valuables in there, young man," she said. "If I go in the river, that goes with me."

"Throw it on the roof," he said.

"It goes where I go," she said.

"God damn it, throw it on the roof," Stoklasa said. "I'll bring it over. Take that heavy coat off."

"Excuse me, I'm staying dry," Mrs. Kelley said with considerable spirit. But she did put down her bag, with a great deal of reluctance. She had already let herself be separated from her insulin packet, for the first time in many



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years. And now her money. She kept her coat on.

"O.K., come on," Stoklasa said roughly. "Let's get going."

Stoklasa sat in the belt at the edge of the lean-to roof, put his hands and feet up, and directed Mrs. Kelley to lie supine on him, tucking both legs through the loop of the belt. She found herself with her bad foot lying on the young man's legs and the other up over the rope above his feet. Tex told her to hold the rope with both hands and keep them moving constantly, hand over hand, feeding out rope as they moved.

"Let's go," he said.

"Oh, dear," she said. "I'm so nervous."

"Don't worry, lady, I'll get you over," he said. "Whatever you do, don't look down."

They swung out over the river. They moved terribly slowly. The rope rubbed Mrs. Kelley's right leg. The line swayed in the wind. It was raining.

FROM the Capitol Products side, the sight of Stoklasa with the little old lady in the black coat on his belly, slowly easing down the swaying line, was so fearful that many people felt ill and some had to look away. The proprietor of the factory had to leave the building and stand on the railroad-station side.

Now someone in Capitol Products spotted an old, old man in a window of one of the buildings upstream from the rope. He had a white stubble on his chin and was wearing a hat in the house. He was watching Stoklasa and Mrs. Kelley and smiling and nodding, apparently oblivious of all peril.

ABOUT halfway across, Stoklasa grunted and said, "I got to take a breather. Hold up." He stopped. "This is rough," he said. "We ought to have a block and fall."

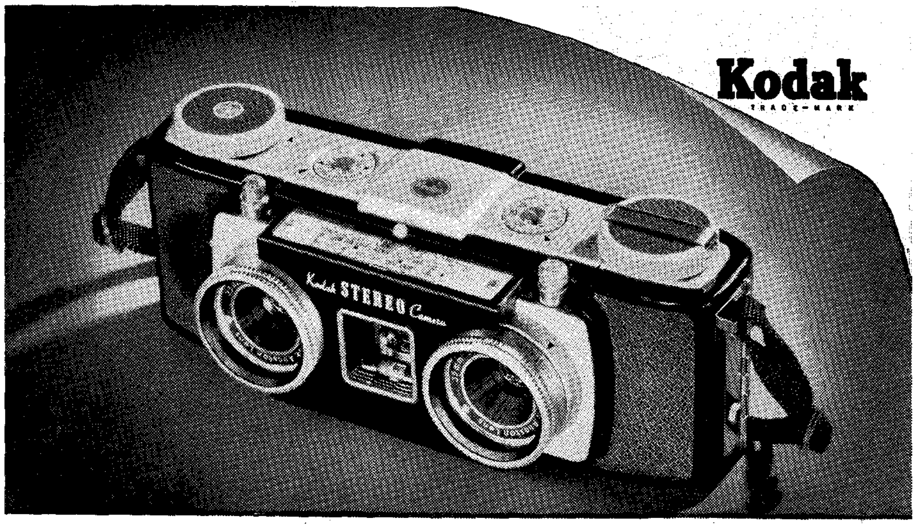
Mrs. Kelley, looking steadfastly up at the leaking heavens, felt so agitated that she wondered whether she was going to be able to keep hold of the rope. At last, the young man told her to start moving again. The rope began to burn her leg. They seemed to make steady progress, but about ten feet from the far side Stoklasa stopped for another rest.

"I'm getting out of breath," Mrs. Kelley said. "I feel as if my breathing is going to be shut off."

"Hang on," Stoklasa said. "It's only going to be another minute."

He started again.

At last, the hands of two men named



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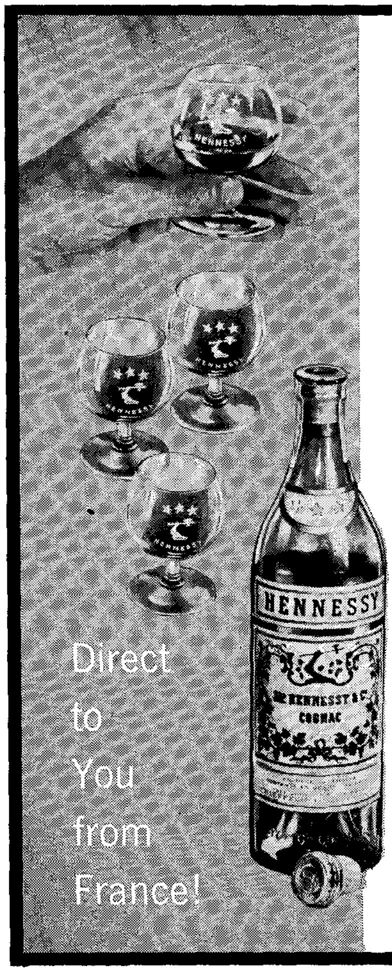

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DeLutrie and Shakar grasped Mrs. Kelley, and she heard one of them say, "It's all right. I have you. You're safe now."

"I know it! I believe you!" she said feelingly.

Then she was cradled like a child in a man's arms in the window. "I couldn't have stood much more," she said between gasps for air, and she tried to smile.

Someone drew up a wooden crate and sat her on it. How good it felt to have her feet on a solid floor! Terra firma! She still felt out of breath, and she asked if she could have a sip of water. Someone said there was no water; after a few moments she was handed a bottle of cream soda. Then an office chair with a spring on it was produced, and she was tilted back in it, and someone fanned her with the top of a carton. She began to feel more composed, and she sat up straight. She noticed that a pocket had been sheared off her coat. "Well!" she said cheerfully. "Thank goodness for my coat. I'm dry as a chip, anyway." A woman handed her a cup of hot coffee, and she drank every drop. "That *is* bracing!" she said. Then, all at once, she grew terribly disturbed, for she had thought of Yvonne. "Can you tell me whether someone is about to come over on the rope?" she asked a woman nearby.

By that time, Stoklasa had gone back and both Fields and his wife had crossed safely on the belt, without Stoklasa's help. Fields had gone first, to show his heavy wife how to manage, and she had relented from her determination never to ride that rope. Mrs. Kelley had not seen them lifted into Capitol Products.

Yvonne Brochu was on her way across, solo, when Mrs. Kelley asked about her, and in a few moments Mrs. Kelley saw her friend being helped into the window. The seventy-five-year-old woman stood up and tottered to her young friend and took her in her arms. "I'm so glad to see you, my dear," she said.

ON the other side, Tex helped first Art Royer and then Mrs. Placek onto the rope. Then he scrambled along the buildings to find the old man in the window. This was a seventy-seven-year-old town character named Sam Lane.

"Come on," Stoklasa said. He was getting tired, and he was impatient. The buildings were shaking badly.

"What do you think I am?" Lane

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said in a cracking voice. "A tightrope walker?" He chuckled.

"You coming or not?" Stoklasa asked.

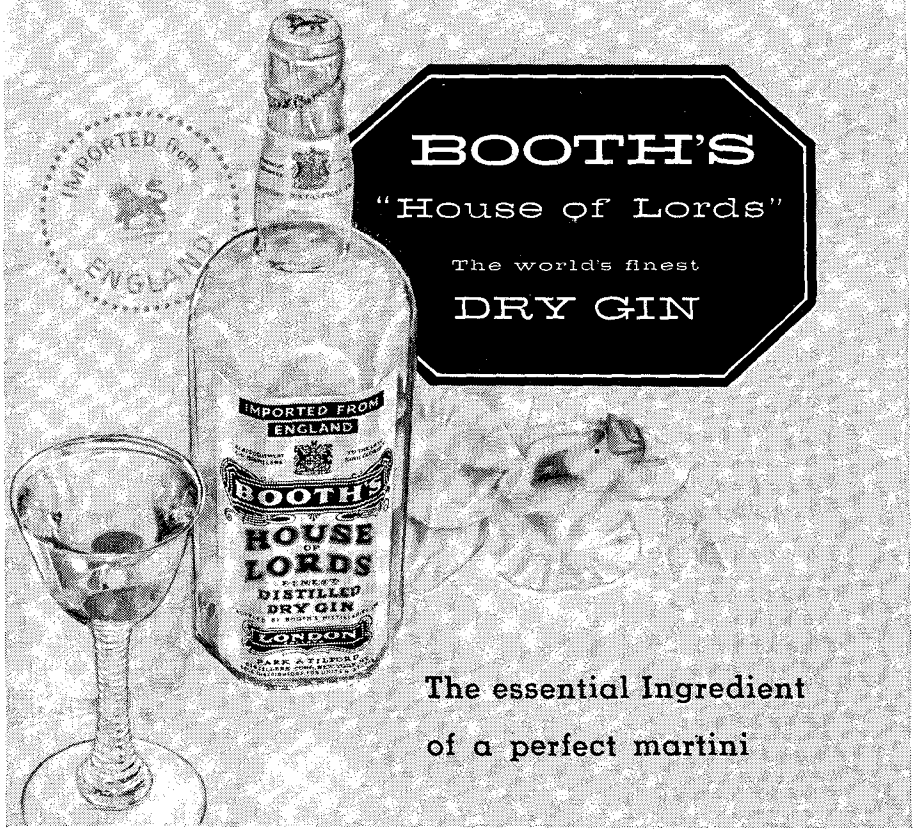
"I can't leave Queenie," Lane said, shaking his head. Lane has a squat, miscellaneous dog he calls Queenie; he tells Winsteders she's a Spitz—she chaws tobacco and spits, he says.

Tex climbed back and rode the rope to Capitol Products, carrying Mrs. Kelley's pocketbook and one belonging to Mrs. Placek. He dropped the pocketbooks on the floor and walked out of the building. Someone tried to shake his hand, but he wouldn't be grabbed. There was a Navy helicopter landing near the parking lot of the Pontiac place downriver, and Tex ran down to it. The pilot asked for a volunteer to be lifted on a harness to rescue a woman from the Burke & Navin building, which was all twisted in the current at the foot of Main Street. Tex said he'd go. The 'copter carried him over and dropped him on the roof. He climbed down and broke a window to speak to the woman. She came at him half-crazed and asked him what he meant by breaking in the windows of a woman's home. He said he was the fellow who had come to save her. She said he wasn't the right person; someone else was coming for her.

"All right, you dumb jerk," Tex said. "Stay there and drown." He waved for the helicopter to come and pick him up.

IN the next twelve hours, the flood abated, almost as quickly as it had come up. The building in which Lane had decided to stay with Queenie remained standing; he eventually walked out onto dry land on the arm of a policeman. The Burke & Navin building, where Stoklasa had left the woman who was expecting someone else to come and save her, was frightfully battered, but it did not fall, and she, too, walked away from the wreckage. The Landi block, in which Mrs. Kelley and her friends had lived, sagged further, but it did not collapse. Perhaps she and the others might have stayed safely in it—but who could have foreseen that?

Mrs. Kelley and Mrs. Placek were taken into the home of the man named DeLutrie, who had helped them into the window of Capitol Products. In the next few days, they and friends who visited them talked of little but the flood. Yvonne Brochu, who had been given shelter in the home of some people who lived not far from the DeLutries, went back into the Landi block and fetched,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among other things, Mrs. Kelley's green box containing her insulin packet. Often the ladies talked of Tex. Once, Mrs. Kelley spoke of how muscular he had been. "A fine young specimen," she said. "I've never seen a more fearless man." Then, with her hesitant, puzzled smile, she said, "I wonder why he did it. I don't think it was exactly out of the kindness of his heart. He was really quite impatient with us, and, gracious, he used rough language. I guess he just did it to dare the Devil."

A FORTNIGHT after the flood, Mrs. Kelley had what seemed to be a mild upset connected with her diabetes—something that had happened to her several times in recent years. She lost her appetite, became nauseated, and could take nothing to drink. She went to the hospital, and the doctors soon put her straight. She was, as always, cheerful and talkative. Then, on a Sunday, sixteen days after her deliverance from the violent floodwaters, she suffered a cerebral hemorrhage and died quietly in bed. —JOHN HERSEY

•

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[*From "Make the Most of Yourself," by Lee R. Steiner*]

No one has agreed what a neurosis is. Psychologists are not even agreed as to what are the symptoms of a neurosis, to say nothing of how to cure one. . . . Therefore, I have not used the term "neurotic" in this book because I see no point in using the term when even the psychological professions would not know to what I refer. —*Pages 12-13.*

Determining who is neurotic is not a layman's job. If you suspect that your fiancé or your spouse is neurotic try to persuade him (or her) to see a psychiatrist. Chances are, the sicker he is, the less willing he will be to follow your proddings. In which case you will rely upon the diagnosis of the family doctor.

With the diagnosis established, how do you live with a neurotic and survive as a rational human being? —*Page 201.*

•

Captain Hall is a little gray. He flew the mails before passenger traffic was organized. He has been with T.W.A. 27 years, he flew warplanes to London as a ferry pilot before we got in and he does not know how many times he has flown the North Atlantic. Nevertheless, his respect for his task is undiminished, for flight is still unnatural to man and these enormous masses of machinery with thousands of interdependent working parts are capable of the most trying crochets. —*Kansas City Star.*

A schedule to meet, and the machinery doing fancywork; no wonder he's gray.

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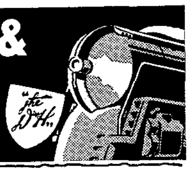

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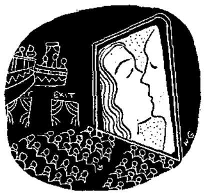
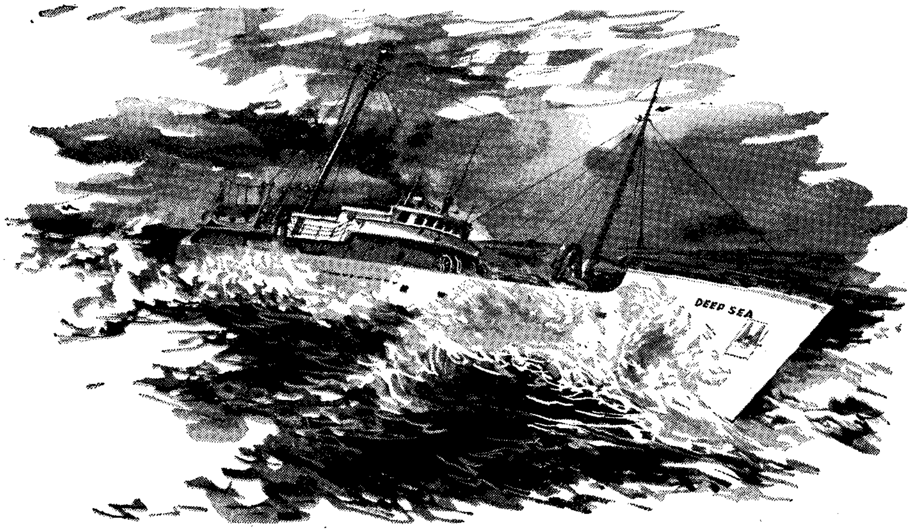


THE next-to-the-last time I saw Orson Welles, he appeared in a television version of "King Lear," beneath a huge kitchen mop that ran from the top of his skull down past his ears and came to a disorderly conclusion several yards below his chin. This device was intended, I suppose, to convey the idea that Welles, as Lear, was an aged madman, but I couldn't hear a word the old boy said. Welles murdered Shakespeare that night ("Mend your speech a little, lest it may mar your fortunes"—Act I, Scene 1, lines 96-7), and the entire enterprise was memorable.

The *last* time I saw Orson Welles was just the other day, in his new film version of "Othello," and in many ways he has mended his speech, not to mention his appearance. As the Moor, he has, naturally, discarded the mop, and by this simple maneuver has afforded his voice an outlet that had previously been denied it. Relieved of artificial barriers, the Welles voice is something to conjure with: It has resonance, pace, feeling, and a monumental boom-boom quality that is not difficult to associate with a heroic, dramatic figure. Welles, when egress is available for his voice, is a remarkable reader of Shakespeare's lines, and in "Othello" he utters them with understanding and nobility. But, mop or no mop, he comes a cropper in "Othello," which, of course, he also produced and directed. This time, although he hasn't surrounded himself with encumbrances, he has done something far more serious. He has surrounded the picture with encumbrances. He has destroyed the glorious tale of Othello and Desdemona and the wicked Iago by forgetting the story itself and concentrating on half a hundred cinematic tricks. Take, for instance, staircases. There is hardly a moment in "Othello" when one is not looking at a staircase, and a few thousand people bounding up and down it. With all that commotion, it's hard to follow the thread of the plot. Take the music. It really isn't music—it's sound, and the type of sound that one comes across in the more advanced television seminars, like "Suspense;" the sounds are all electric guitar and whoo-whoo,



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A Meal-In-Itself

When you get home late and want to prepare a quick, tasty dish, just try this:

1 can mushroom soup • 1 cup cooked peas
1 tablespoon sherry, optional
1—6 oz. package King Crab Meat, defrosted
• salt and pepper to taste

Combine all ingredients in a saucepan. Heat, stir in sherry and serve on toast points. Makes 2 — 3 servings.

CRAB BOATS
Wonderful for luncheons

4 large rolls • 1—6 oz. pkg. King Crab Meat, defrosted • ½ tsp. salt • ½ cup mayonnaise
1 tbs. catsup • 1 tbs. chopped green pepper
1 tbs. chopped sweet pickles

Cut the tops from the rolls and hollow out the centers.

Combine and mix well the thawed and drained crab meat and other ingredients. Fill the rolls with this mixture, and place on crisp lettuce leaves. Makes 4 servings.

KING CRAB MEAT HORS D'OEUVRES

Defrost and drain 1 — 6 oz. package King Crab Meat. Arrange crab meat sections on lettuce leaves around edge of plate (either divide onto 4 small plates as first course of dinner, or place all on large plate as hors d'oeuvres). In the center of plate, place paper cup containing the crab dip.

King Crab Dip
⅓ cup mayonnaise • 2 tbs. finely chopped celery
½ tsp. finely chopped onion • 1 tbs. lemon juice
¼ tsp. salt • dash of paprika

Mix ingredients thoroughly and put in paper cups. One package of crab meat and one recipe for dip serves 4 people.

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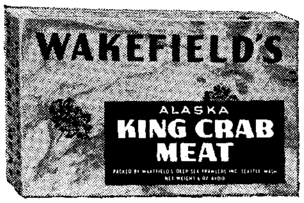

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It really doesn't matter *what* you call it if you just remember this: Always *marinate* the meat first in tangy, piquant A.1. Sauce. (The Persians, the Armenians, not even Webster ever had it so good!)

Used in cooking or afterwards, herb-and-spice-rich A. 1. Sauce does something to meat, fish or fowl that's almost magic. A standby with gourmets, epicures ever since 1825. Named A. 1. by George IV, the most epicurean gourmet of all. So whenever you set hand to a grill or a skewer, or even a stove, have *your* A. 1. Sauce handy!

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and leave one with the impression that every tugboat in town has gone insane, turned hoot owl, and climbed a tree. Take the soldiers. Now, one thing we are certain of is that Othello was a whizbang general, a master of strategy and tactics. Somehow or other, Welles manages to mess this up, too. There are plenty of soldiers on hand. They are everywhere, like the staircases, but they are forever running about wildly, without direction or purpose. They are an undisciplined band of irregulars, howling and screaming, and now and again they encounter giant waves from some great sea, or rush through great mists of steam, as though every moment were the one and only *Götterdämmerung*. As I said, Welles directed the picture.

Suzanne Cloutier is Desdemona, and in her lovely and fragile way does what she can to keep the flame of Shakespeare flickering. Michael MacLiammoir is a properly sinister Iago; his hair is dark and matted.

DOWN in Phenix City, Alabama, in June, 1954, a candidate for Attorney General of the state, Albert Patterson, was murdered by the gang chiefs of the city. Their racket was gambling joints and honky-tonks, and they were a damn wicked bunch. Now along comes a movie to tell "The Phenix City Story," but the authorities in charge of it seem unable to make up their minds whether they should give us a crisp pictorial documentary or an everyday crime story. As a result, they fall back on a good deal of routine mayhem. Nonetheless, John McIntire is superb as a martyred civic hero, and Edward Andrews is outstanding as a sanctimonious-looking, pasty-faced mobster. Filmed in Alabama's Sin City.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

LONDON, Aug. 31 (Reuters) — The Canadian Pacific Steamship Company today announced that its 19,000-ton liner Empress of Australia is up for sale.

She was bought by the company for $2,800,000 in 1953 and is being sold because the new 26,000-ton liner Empress of Britain will be ready for the Atlantic run next April.

Guy de Maupassant's favorite recreation was rowing. —*Boston Globe*

Funnily enough, ours is, too. The hell with the Empress of Australia.

•

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From the Los Angeles Times*]

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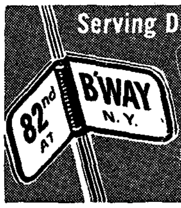

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BOUNTY

SOMETIMES I think that food, any food, never tastes so delicious again as it did when one was a child. When I remember with what pleasure I shared a Sunday-morning breakfast with my Grandfather Bentz, it astonishes me, since for those breakfasts we had wieners and fried potatoes. They were called wieners, or wienerwurst, in Springfield, Ohio, where I visited my grandparents, although they were identical in appearance with the sausages now called frankfurters, or frankfurts, or franks. The casing was tougher. Grandmother was convinced that this casing was actually the intestines of hogs, and she advised me not to eat it. She once showed me how to split the hot wiener, bursting with steam from the boiling pot, and peel away the casing with a fork. Grandfather never bothered about this. At our Sunday-morning breakfasts, which he delayed until Grandmother had gone to eleven-o'clock Mass at St. Raphael's, we ate the wieners, casing and all, in silent pleasure, dipping the solid chunks in generous amounts of a strong mustard made by a neighbor, Mr. Woebber.

Grandfather always went to early Mass, to sit with his fellow-members of the Saint Joseph Society, and to take Communion with them. To Grandmother, whose parents were Irish, Sunday morning Mass was many things, not the least of which was the opportunity to wear her new hat and her voile gloves and her Sunday-dress of watered silk, and to chat with her friends afterward on the church steps. She would leave home in a last-minute flurry of instructions and violet cologne. "Yes, yes," Grandfather would say to her as he stood at the door of the frame house on Cecil Street to bid her goodbye. Yes, he would watch the roast in the oven, he would take a look at the catch on the back screen door, he would go out to see the dropsical hen, hiding gloomily in the chicken house. "Yes, yes." And his gentle voice would be filled with patience, a thin glaze over the feeling of exasperation he had lived with for so long that it had become one of the conditions of life, like rain, or age itself. "My wife, Cecilia," as Grandfather called her, was a volatile, still beautiful woman, worthy of his patience and devotion. She had borne him five children, whom he loved, but she *did* talk a great deal.

The climate of conflict in which parents live—that balanced tension present in any successful marriage—is generally perceived by children, but they are not always aware of the atmosphere in which their grandparents live. Not every child sees his grandparents often enough, or long enough at any one time, to realize that in marriage they, too, set up what might be called a magnetic field, in which they stand as opposing polar forces. During my first visits, which were brief, my grandparents seemed to me more like companions than lovers, often merely polite or indifferent to each other. Their private conversations did not flare up suddenly, alarmingly, or unpredictably into quarrelling, as the conversations of my parents sometimes did. But when I was about seven years old, I spent a summer with them, and I heard them quarrel for the first time.

When Grandmother had gone to Mass, Grandfather would remove the jacket of his dark worsted Sunday suit with deliberation and a sense of satisfaction and anticipation that even I could feel. He would unhinge his celluloid collar and roll his sleeves to his elbows carefully. Then he would proceed to the kitchen, where the copper kettle stood at the back of the gas range, and where the old pump emptied into the scrubbed zinc sink, under an enormous jet-black Victorian picture frame, which he had filled some years before with his collection of Christmas cards, of the kind that glitter with artificial snow. Beyond the windows, beyond the shutters folded back to let in the morning light, the grapes ripened on the arbors that covered the brick terrace and the long, sloping walk that led to the chicken house. There, out in the sunlight, was Grandfather's domain.

While he meticulously peeled the chilled boiled potatoes and sliced them thick, ready to drop into the hot bacon fat in the iron skillet on the range, I would sit on a small bench at the window, a bench he had made for me, and look out at his little kingdom. The soft

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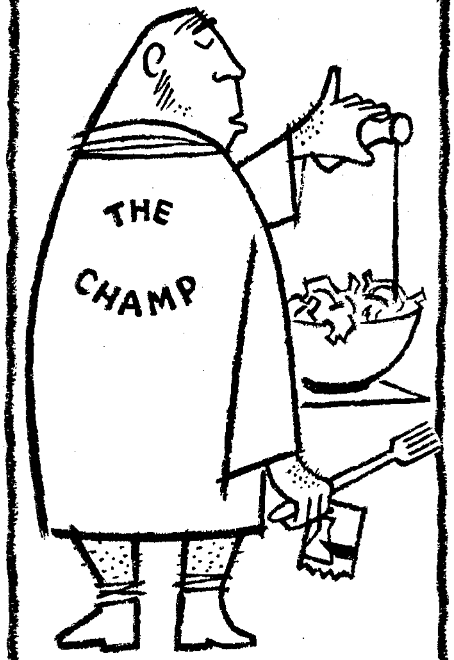

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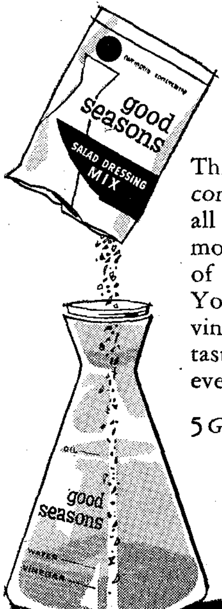

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red bricks of the terrace and walk were put down in the familiar arrow design. The walking surface rolled gently. There were treacherous spots, slippery with moss, hidden by the dappled shadows of the heavy green leaves of the grapevines, in the cool green tunnel of the walk. Two varieties of grapes ripened in the sunlight above. There were blue Concords, and there were light Catawbas, like milk-glass marbles flushed with pink. The white wine and the red that Grandfather pressed each year from these grapes mellowed in old green bottles on racks in the earthen cellar under our feet.

Grandfather was a short, stocky man with high color, a Roman nose, a clipped mustache, clear blue eyes, and a modest gravity of manner. He was a tinner by trade, and he was also a merchant in hardware with a partner who was a friend of his youth. Although he was born in America, in a neat, small brick house beside the Scioto River in Chillicothe, and although his father had died when he was a small boy, the racial pattern of his Alsatian-French ancestry had persisted in him, as much a part of his being as the migratory instinct is of a bird's. However, as I later realized, a process of racial modification, which would allow his grandchildren to forget that they were anything but Americans, was beginning to be apparent in him in small ways. To drink wine with meals, for example, was a practice unheard of in his neighborhood in Springfield, and one certainly not to be countenanced by his good, beer-drinking Lutheran neighbors, the men he knew as friends and respected as business associates. So, while he made wine much as his fathers had made it, he fermented it with a small amount of sugar, and it was no longer meant for the table. Neither quite dry nor quite sweet, it served instead as an excellent apéritif, or as a refreshment to be drunk in the afternoon with simple sugared cakes.

AFTER Grandmother returned from Mass, glowing with the pleasure of her outing, the house would be filled with preparations for an enormous Sunday dinner, to which guests were usually invited. Grandmother would be talking again, with Grandfather abstract again, patient, his back held firm, his mind presumably fixed on his own model of rectitude, Saint Joseph, that ultimate example of manly forbearance. And while Grandmother bustled from dining room to kitchen, Grandfather would make certain prepa-

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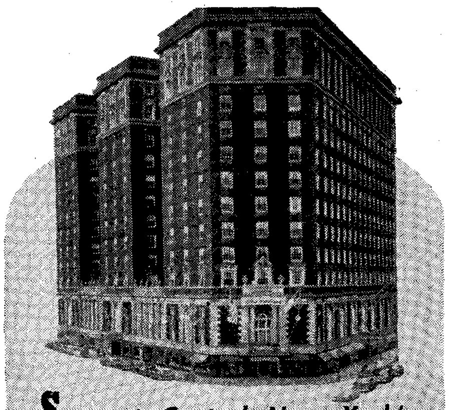

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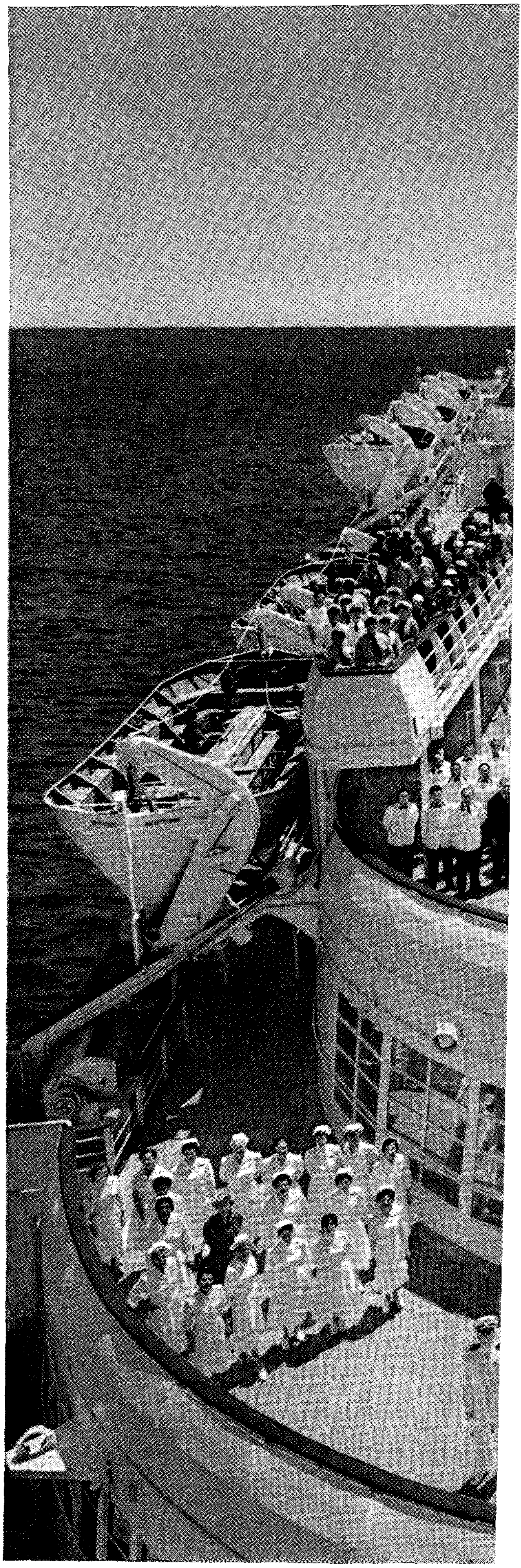

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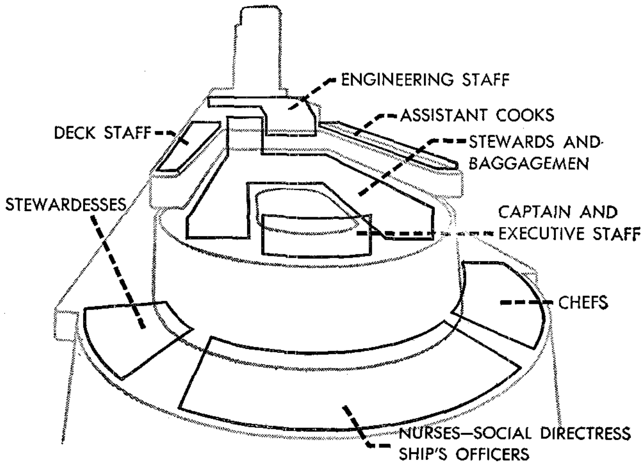
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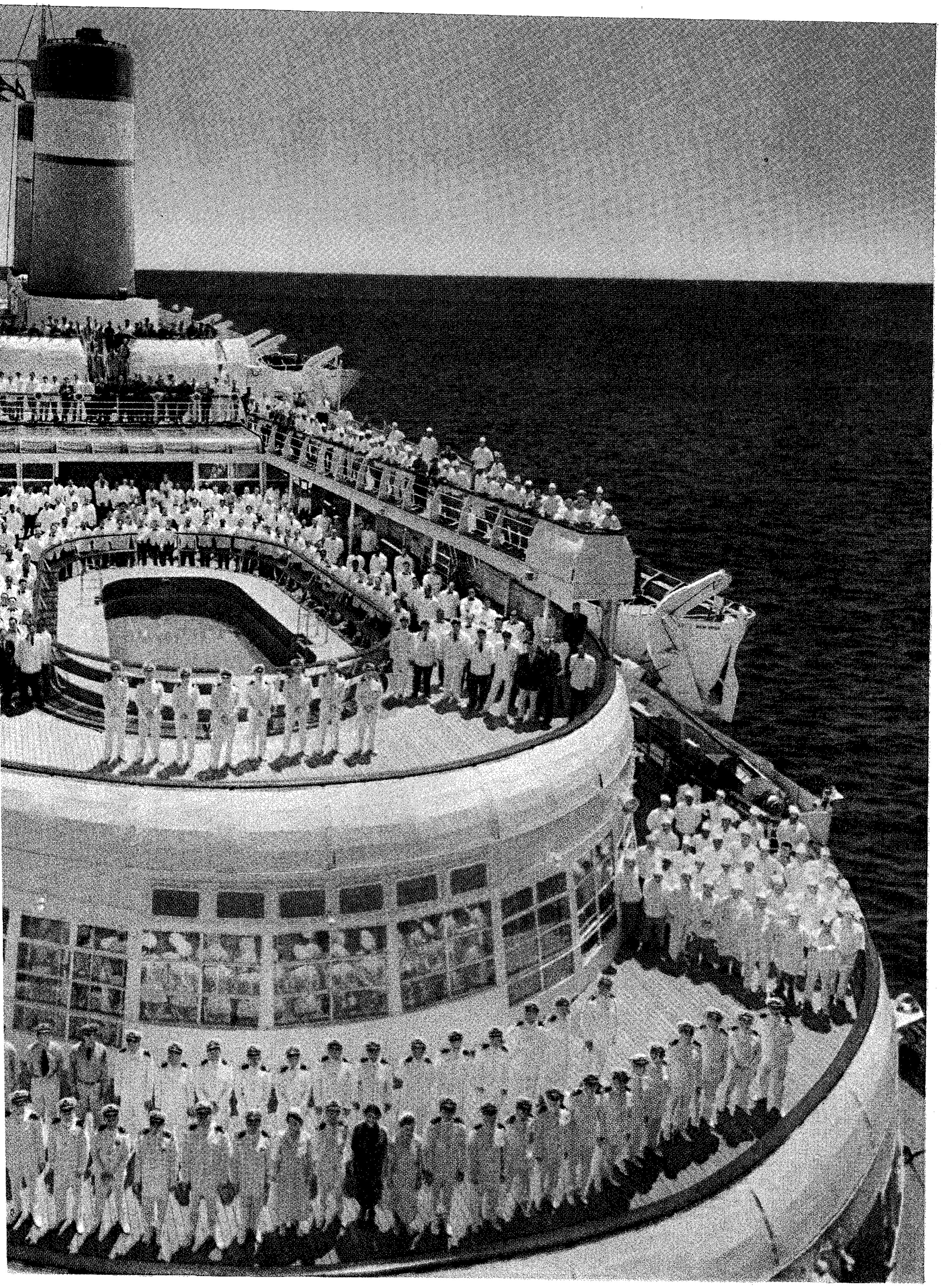

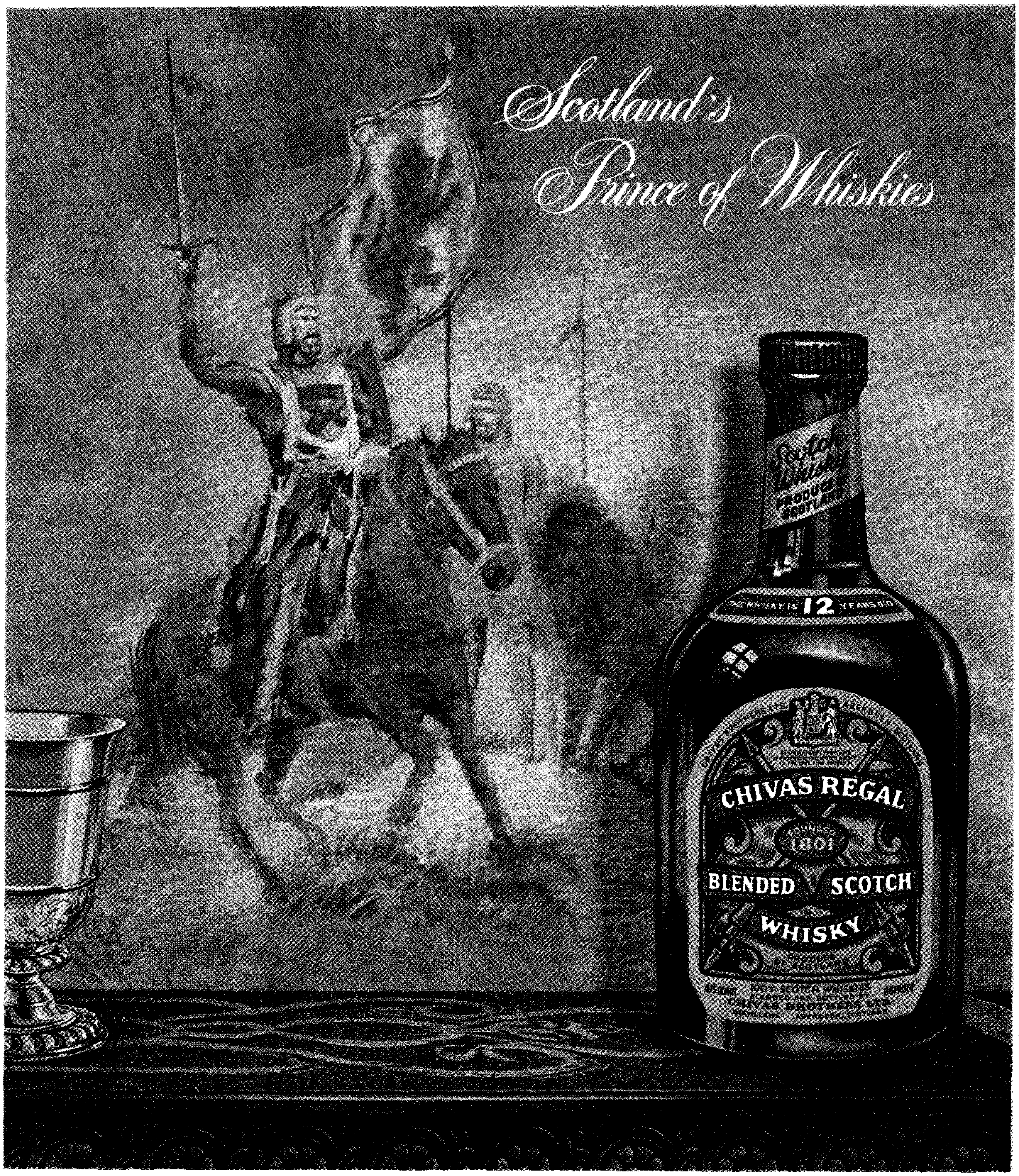
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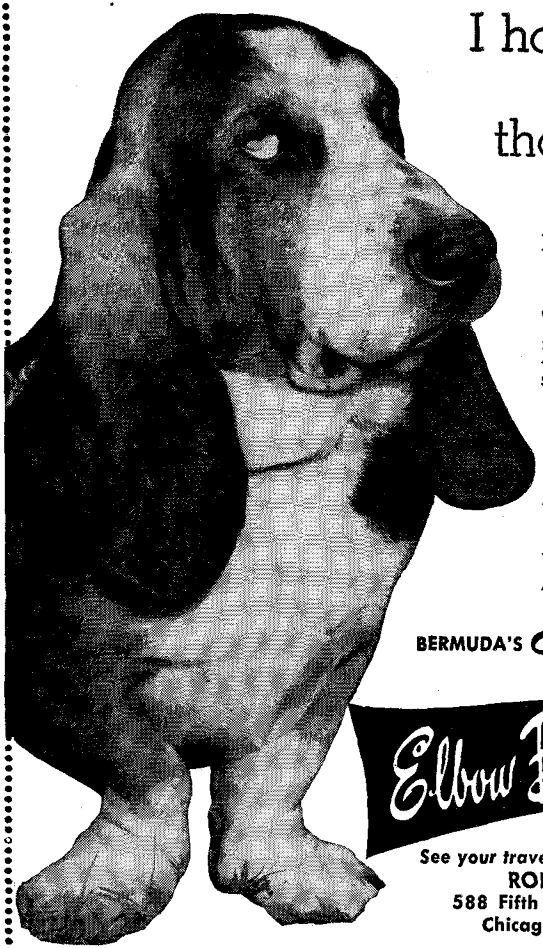
rations of his own, which began with the polishing of the wineglasses.

The men who arrived with their ladies for dinner were those large men one remembers from boyhood, men who wore watch fobs of gold mesh, and cameo stickpins in their ties, and who smelled of tobacco, or bay rum, or leather, or horseflesh. When they had gathered in the parlor, Grandfather would follow an unvarying routine. "Shall we whitewash the cellar, gentlemen?" he would ask, his tone formal, a gleam of humor in his eyes. The women would shrug their plump shoulders in a gesture of helplessness, or turn up their eyes and make small, despairing noises, but the men would chuckle, and place their strong red hands on their knees before rising, as if for leverage. "Dinner is almost ready, Will!" Grandmother would call warningly from the dining room. Grandfather disdained to turn his head. "Yes, yes," he would murmur absently, and then he would lead the solemn march to the cellar, where the men sat on wooden benches to drink the wine in the cool half darkness, with the slanting cellar door flung open like a hatchway on the scented green air of the grape arbor.

But if the uses of the wine had altered in my grandfather's house, the nature of wine itself was still unchanged in his racial memory. Wine was, after all, a sacrament, one of the elements, one of the mysteries of life—a conviction he passed on to me by the way he first gave me wine to taste. To begin with, wine was always served in a stemmed glass of the finest crystal the house afforded, and when I was old enough, five or six, he took from a shelf of the cabinet called the china closet one of these glasses and polished it with a worn linen napkin put aside for that purpose. In the glass he put first a half teaspoon of sugar. Then he poured the glass half full of red wine, and filled it with cool water from the bottle kept next to the cake of ice in the icebox. He held me on his knee as I drank it, and I remember how the glass felt in my hand. The base was round and smooth, but the stem was fluted, and the bowl of the glass was cut deeply with a pattern of grapes and leaves, sharp to the fingers, just as the wine itself was to my taste—cool and sweet but sharp, and with a heady scent of sun and fermented grapes.

Food and wine were the rightful pleasures of life for Grandfather, the gifts of God, to be enjoyed with grave but unqualified delight. Perhaps it is for that reason that I remember with



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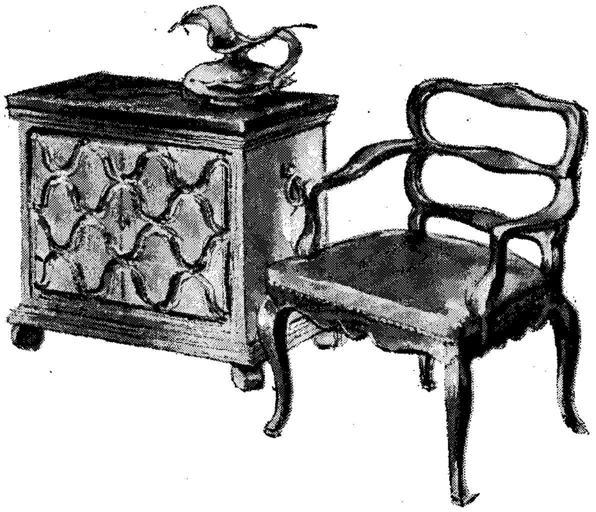

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I checked the butler first. His record was clean. *Never* had he shown the slightest interest in leftover pot roast.

I questioned the upstairs maid. "Pot roast? Not me!" I checked her story. No one had ever heard her rave about pot roast before.

It was the same with the family. They had never raided an icebox for *anything!* I was up against a blank wall. Then came the break I was looking for.

The cook confessed she had tried Ac'cent on the pot roast for the very first time that day! Of course! Suddenly I had it. The pieces fitted together perfectly! I called the suspects together in the library.

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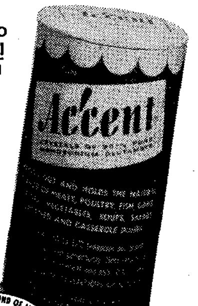

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such pleasure the Sunday-morning breakfasts, with the two of us alone in the agreeable early heat of a hot summer day, silent for the most part, but comfortably silent, in a house temporarily free of women, each of us knowing his place, an old man and a boy in whom the same blood flowed.

THE nature of the quarrel between my grandfather and my grandmother that summer was not clearly understood by me at the time. I did not try to comprehend it, because only the fact of the quarrel itself had interest for me. It gave me a peculiar sense of apprehension, as if my existence were threatened; as if, were the quarrel not settled, I should cease to be, cancelled out in some way by the failure of their love. I slept upstairs in the back bedroom, over the kitchen, with a window looking down on the grapevine-covered terrace and a window facing east on an alley. There was a hole in the floor beside the bed, a round hole lined with metal, meant to serve, in the wintertime, as a source of warmth, the heat rising from the kitchen range below. On those nights when I heard Grandmother speaking with passion in the kitchen, I would slip out of bed and lie on the floor with my face above the hole, held slightly to one side of it, so that if they chanced to look up they would not see me.

One night, after I had been sent up to bed, Grandmother, I could see, was busy at the stove and the sink, and Grandfather, as was his custom, was shaving in front of the mirror that hung on the wall beside the sink. He shaved at night for the following day, and he did it deliberately, as he did all things, stropping his straight razor thoroughly, testing the water in the tin basin as he added more water from the kettle, lathering his shaving brush with absorption. Grandmother talked as she moved about. I could not hear her distinctly; she was aware that I might not be asleep, or that I might waken, and if sometimes, in the heat of her discussion, she forgot, and let her voice rise, Grandfather would admonish her silently, with a forefinger pointed toward the ceiling. That night, I heard the name of my Aunt Ella mentioned repeatedly—my headstrong, impetuous aunt, who had rushed into marriage shortly before and had spent a good bit of time since then running about inside her marriage as if it were a cage, or a room whose dimensions were too confining for her. Tom, the husband, was an ex-cavalryman, a bluff, red-faced giant who awed me to speechlessness. And

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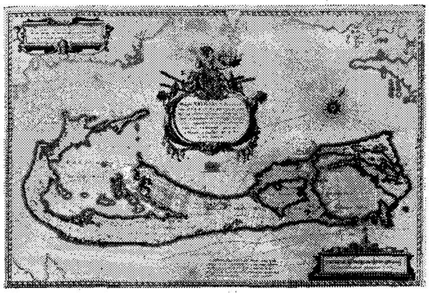

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he was not a Roman Catholic. He had married Aunt Ella in a civil ceremony, which in the eyes of Grandmother, and of Monsignor Flaherty, was no marriage at all. Grandmother longed to save Aunt Ella from her life of sin while there was still time, before any children came. "If you would speak to her, Will," Grandmother said. "You know how stubborn she is. And how proud. Just go to her and bring her home."

"She has made her choice," Grandfather said, his gentle voice firm, his hand steady with the razor on his cheek. "She must love him, or she would come home to us."

"But, Will!" Grandmother protested, holding the copper kettle in her hand, her soft cheeks pink, her beautiful hair curled in wisps about her face by the heat of the stove. "She is your daughter!"

"We must not interfere," Grandfather said. "She is a child no longer."

Grandmother was very angered. Still holding the kettle, she went up close to Grandfather and spoke to him with fury. "That's your way," she said. "Just stand there! Do nothing!"

Grandfather's expression did not change. He put his razor down carefully, wiped the lather from his face, and left the kitchen without a word. Grandmother stood still for a moment. Then she put the kettle on the range, covered her face with her apron, and burst into tears.

THE next morning, I awoke to the sound of Grandmother's laughter. It was Saturday. Mr. Caspar, the Jewel Tea man, had come. I could hear his voice in the kitchen, and I jumped from bed and ran to the east window to see his hooded wagon in the alley below. When Mr. Caspar left his wagon to come into the kitchen, bringing his metal basket with its boxes of tea and allspice and cloves and cinnamon, he heaved a lead weight out, fixed to a chain, to keep the old roan mare from straying. I saw her down there now, her head straining against the weight, her ancient yellow teeth bared, as she tried to reach the coarse grass that grew along the edges of the alley. I threw my clothes on and ran down to help her, as I always did, by pulling the grass and holding it up for her to eat.

As I ran out the door I could see Grandfather out in back, cleaning the chicken house, his customary Saturday-morning chore. After that, he would scrub the interior of the out-

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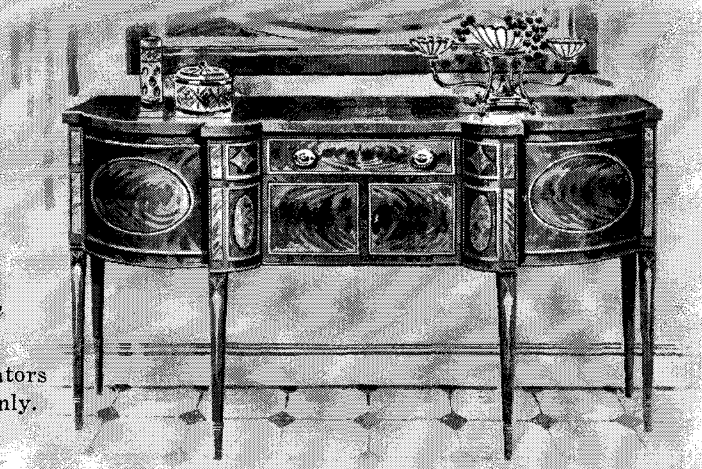

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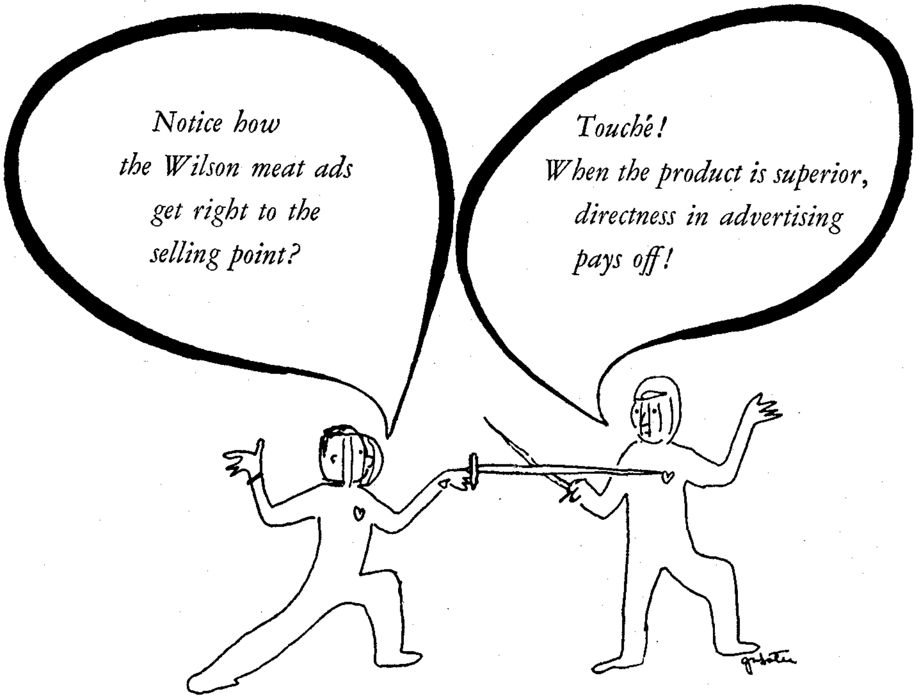
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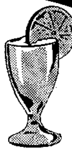

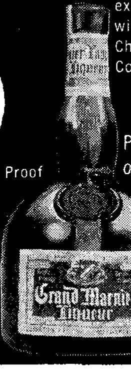

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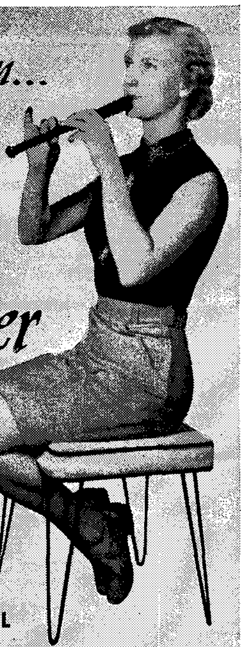
house. Grandfather's outhouse was the most superior outhouse I had ever seen, with its clean pine boards and generally with a wasp, sleepy and vexed, circling lazily overhead in the warm air that was redolent of lime. Best of all, the inside of the walls was papered with large posters advertising the Barnum & Bailey circus, decorations that Grandmother suffered in silent disapproval. On the posters, beautiful ladies with faces of pink wax balanced on high wires, or stood on tiptoe on white horses in full gallop, wearing purple tights drawn up over full thighs to impossibly small waists, balancing themselves with Japanese parasols carried over their mountainous, glossy hair.

After Mr. Caspar had gone, we had breakfast. Then, possibly forgetful of the tension of the night before, or wishing to avoid more of it, I persuaded Grandmother to invite to lunch a neighbor girl named Mary Lou. Mary Lou and I had sworn secret and undying devotion to each other earlier in the summer, in a ceremony in which we touched tongues. Our days were filled with the carrying out of great dares and challenges, climbing trees, running along the tops of walls. When forced to sit still, we whispered and giggled.

Grandmother's cuisine, aside from her excellent baking, was centered on the potato, as befitted her Irish ancestry. She even said the word differently from the way I have ever heard anyone else say it, softening the consonants lovingly, and she often sang of the potato as she went about her work, her voice rich with the heritage of County Cork. "Oh, the praties grow so small, we can eat them, skins and all," she sang, and it was not until years later that I knew the song had a name and a history, that it was the song of the Irish potato famine, and not simply a tune she had composed to entertain herself and me. Indeed, we did eat our praties skins and all, cut open on a plate, bathed in melted butter, and sprinkled liberally with salt and some of the pepper from Mr. Caspar's wagon.

On this day, we ate our praties in silence, sitting at the large, round kitchen table, which was covered with a round white cloth that fell over one's knees. With the boiled potatoes we had steamed fresh beet tops, dressed with chopped onion and bacon. Grandfather ate his food without raising his eyes from his plate. Mary Lou and I giggled and dawdled until Grandmother, unable to bear the situation any longer, sprang up from the table and ran outside. There she unaccountably slammed



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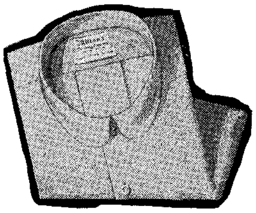

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to all the shutters of the kitchen windows, imprisoning us in a dim green light, as if we lunched at the bottom of the sea. Grandfather ate on methodically while Grandmother came back in and ran upstairs without a word and changed into street clothes. When she came down again, wearing her hat and carrying her bag and gloves, she looked in at us briefly.

"I will go for her myself," she said to Grandfather, either forgetting that Mary Lou and I were there or not caring. Then she left swiftly by the front door, slamming the screen behind her.

After lunch, Mary Lou went home somewhat subdued, and I felt a need to stay close to Grandfather. We cleared the table and washed the dishes, and then he set about preparing the boiled beef for dinner, which he quite often did on a Saturday. While Grandmother sometimes ate merely to keep going, Grandfather loved food and the preparation of food for its own sake. Boiled beef was one of his favorite dishes. The preparation began with a shin of beef, the meat cut away from the bone. Meat and bone were simmered together slowly for hours, with finely chopped onion and a bit of bay leaf or dried celery leaf and three or four peppercorns. Salt, as any cook knows, was not added until later, to avoid toughening the meat.

At dinnertime, shallow soup plates would be set out on dinner plates on the round white cloth, along with a knife and fork and spoon. The clear, hot broth, from which the fat had been skimmed, was then ladled into the soup plates, and into this went a big helping of the boiled beef. Horseradish was served, too, a spoonful being put on the wide, sloping rim of the soup plate. Watching Grandfather, I would eat as he ate, cutting a portion of beef, dipping it into the horseradish, then placing the beef in the soupspoon and submerging it in the broth, so that simultaneously one had beef, broth, and horseradish. And on crusty slices of fresh bread we would spread the rich marrow from the bone.

While the beef simmered, Grandfather and I went out to weed the kitchen garden. This garden was located on the east side of the grape arbor and the brick walk that led to the chicken house, so it would receive the morning sun. It was a tidy garden, each vegetable bed neat within its low margins of lichen-covered limestone. There were lettuces—Black Simpson and a heading variety I cannot identify; pole beans, every tendril neatly tied up with

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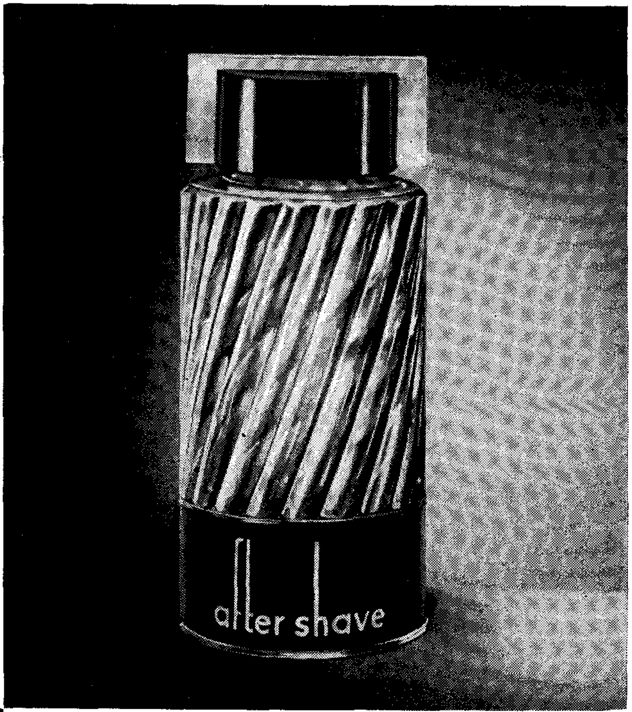

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a torn strip of soft old linen; beets, grown for their tops as well as their roots; and long rows of green onions, and of radishes, red where they burst from the ground and white below. The garden soil had been enriched with chicken droppings. Sometimes, at night, I would go down through the garden to say good night to the roosters and hens, decorously asleep on their perches in the low henhouse.

We had finished weeding the garden and were resting in the iron lawn chairs on the west side of the grape arbor, in the cool late-afternoon shade of the plum tree, when Grandmother came home again. She came in the front door, walked through the house, and stood at the back screen door and called. Her voice was low, and sounded weary, I thought. "Will," she said.

Grandfather got up without a word and went in to her. I followed, as if I were attached to him, to them, to their conflict, by some invisible membrane. I dared not follow him into the dining room, where Grandmother had gone and was waiting, probably on the small horsehair sofa in the corner by the bay window. I stood in the kitchen uncertainly.

Grandmother was crying softly, and at last I heard her speak. "You were right, Will," she said. "I should not have tried to interfere." There was a pause then, filled with her weeping. "She loves him, Will," Grandmother went on. "They quarrel, but she loves him. I must resign myself to that."

Silence followed, and when Grandfather finally spoke, it was in his gentle way. "There now, Cecilia," he said. "Yes, yes. Yes, yes."

THE boiled beef had an unusually festive air about it that evening at dinnertime. Grandfather served it with the gravity and the deference it deserved, and we ate in the kitchen with the shutters open on the twilight, and the fireflies, and the crickets. While we ate, a man came up the alley noiselessly on his bicycle to light the Welsbach mantle of the gas lamp on the corner. Grandmother entertained us with twice-told tales of her childhood in Fayette County, Ohio. She was born in a log house some miles out of Washington Court House, the county seat, where her father's rifle and his bullet molds hung over the huge fireplace, with its fire that was never extinguished, and where at night she slept on a trundle bed, pulled out from under the bed of her parents. She laughed until the tears came, remembering what a tom-

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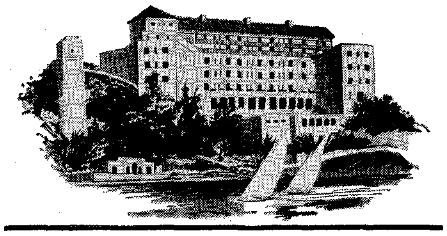

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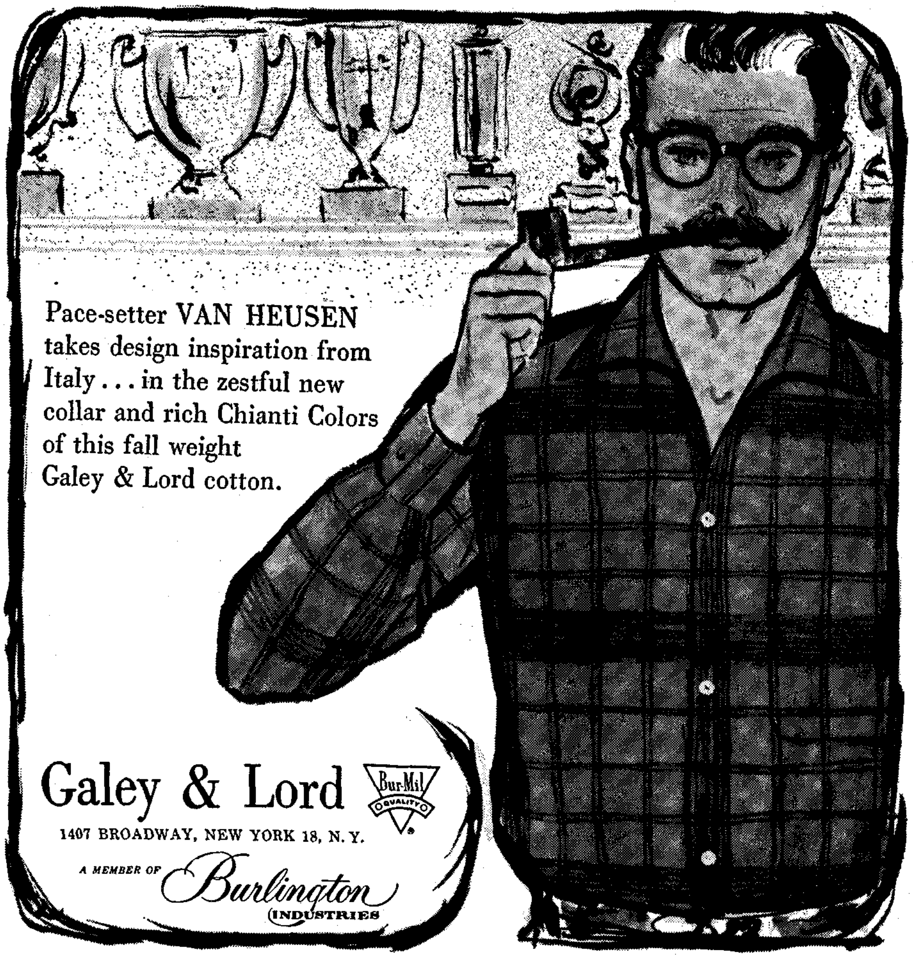
boy she had been, an only girl brought up with brothers, and how they had all plagued poor old Mr. Adams, the schoolmaster, dead these many years now, with a game called "Johnny-Over," in which, during lunch and recess periods, they divided into two teams and rolled a ball back and forth over the peaked roof of the one-room schoolhouse while Mr. Adams sat inside at his desk. Almost driven to distraction by the noise, he would at last dash out, ringing his brass hand bell wildly for silence, and, delighted at their success, the children would run for cover in the woods.

These stories, which had the same reality for me as the fairy tales I had read in Hans Christian Andersen, seemed to amuse Grandfather, too, from the look on his face. His only verbal contribution at the dinner table, however, was the saying of grace, that familiar, unchanging prayer that began, "Bless us, O Lord, and these Thy gifts, which we are about to receive from Thy Bounty . . ." Sitting there between them, secure in their renewed devotion, I had, I think, for the first time, a feeling about their relationship that it would take me many years to understand fully—that separately Grandmother's gaiety, Grandfather's quiet strength meant nothing, and might never have existed, the gaiety and the strength being qualities that flowered only in opposition to each other.

AFTER dinner, Grandfather, with obvious relish, went to the pantry for the large market basket, and while Grandmother cleared the table and washed the dishes, Grandfather and I walked in to the center of town to do the weekly shopping. Each Saturday, from the rich bottomland of the valley the farmers brought in their produce in open wagons to the plaza, or esplanade, and wheeled them into places that had become theirs by custom. Here, under flaring gaslights, Grandfather selected the vegetables he did not grow in his own garden—scrubbed potatoes gleaming in mounds on the open tail gates of wagons; cooking onions, red and yellow; green corn, grown in the earth where the Shawnee Indians had grown their corn. The farmer, and often his wife, stood by, sometimes wearing the hat and the bonnet of the Plain People. And behind them, dressed carcasses of beef hung on hooks, along with freshly slaughtered pigs, and chickens and geese, plucked and pale.

Grandfather shopped slowly, undis-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turbed by the clamor and the excitement, the Saturday-night air of carnival. He had a knowing eye, a sense of satisfaction in the proper contour or texture or shape of each potato or onion or ear of corn. Were they not, after all, gifts from the bounty of God, created to sustain us? And when we finally left the market place, there were delicacies in the basket, too—a link or two of liverwurst, a wedge of cheese, a half peck of hickory nuts saved from winter stores, to be cracked with a tack hammer on the bottom of the flatiron at home and used for cakes or for that wonderful confection of powdered sugar, butter, and cream known as sea foam.

Walking home under the heavy leaves of the maple trees, going down Limestone Street and over Madison Avenue to Woodlawn, I remember, although it is now thirty-five years ago, the unaccountable feeling of sadness and loneliness that came over me. An owl hooted above us, a train mourned in the distance, and I slipped my hand into Grandfather's hand for comfort. While the summer wind stirred the treetops, I felt suddenly, being so young, that I might never know life in all its richness, as Grandfather knew it. Or it was as if he possessed some secret, so very simple he would not be able to impart it to me if I could not discover it for myself.

I think that still, sometimes. Yet there are moments when I know, with a sense of delighted recognition, through a gesture, or a movement, or an unexpected timbre in my voice, that a part of my grandfather lives inside me. —BENTZ PLAGEMANN

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[*From the Denver Post*]

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Among cooperative witnesses was Alfred J. Worsdell Jr., former first deputy Commissioner of Commerce of New York State. He told of the department's efforts to keep its free listing of camps from including subversive ones, by the use of a kind of loyalty oats.—The Times.

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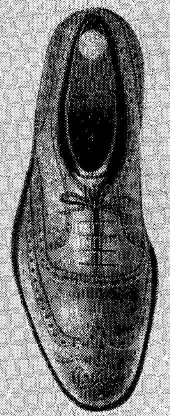

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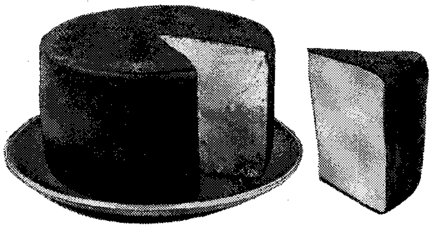

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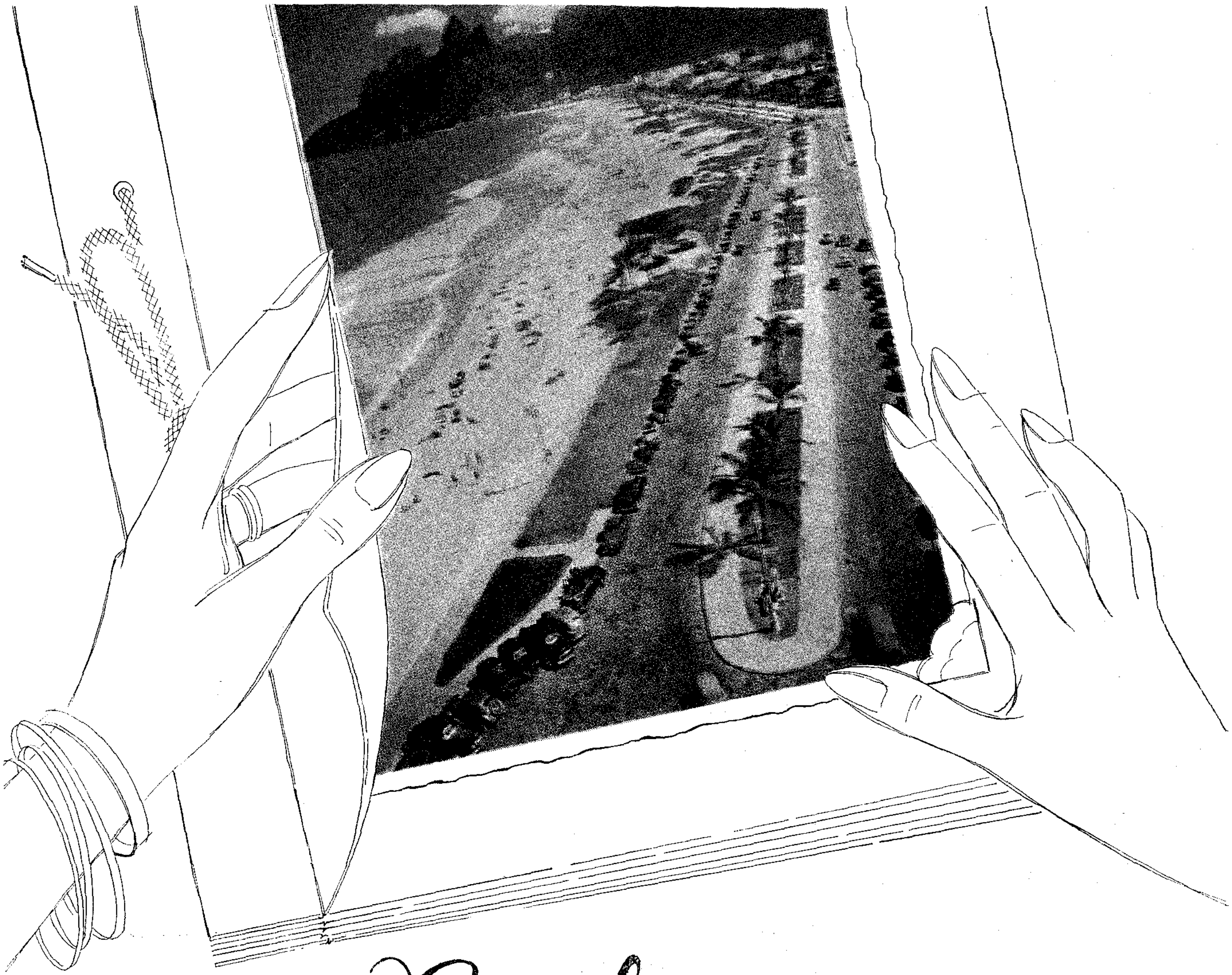

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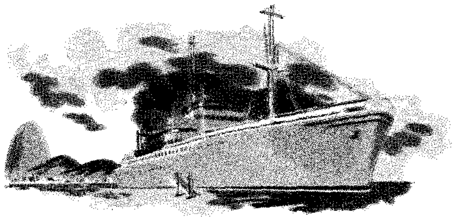

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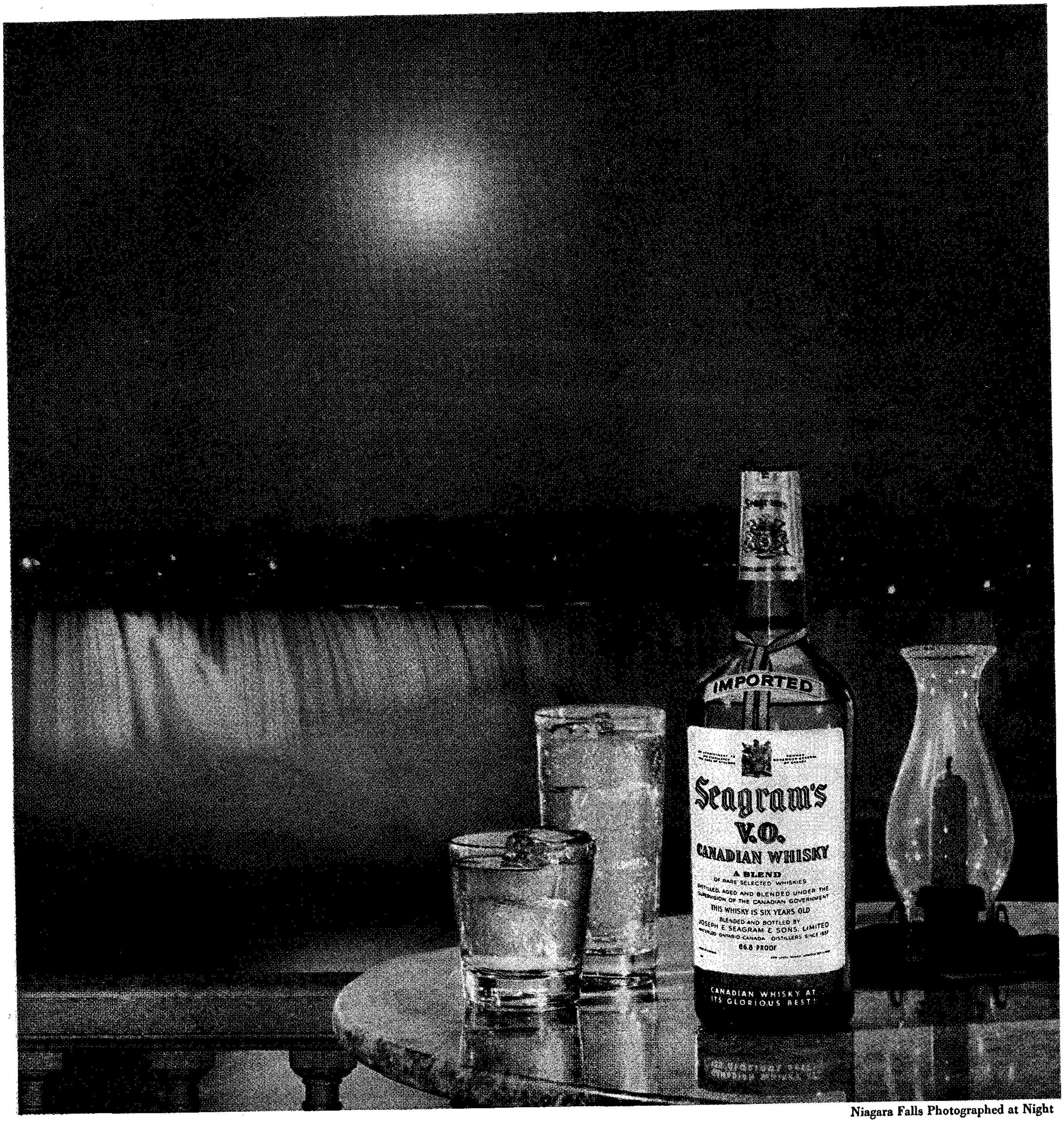
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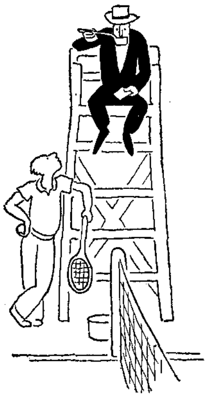
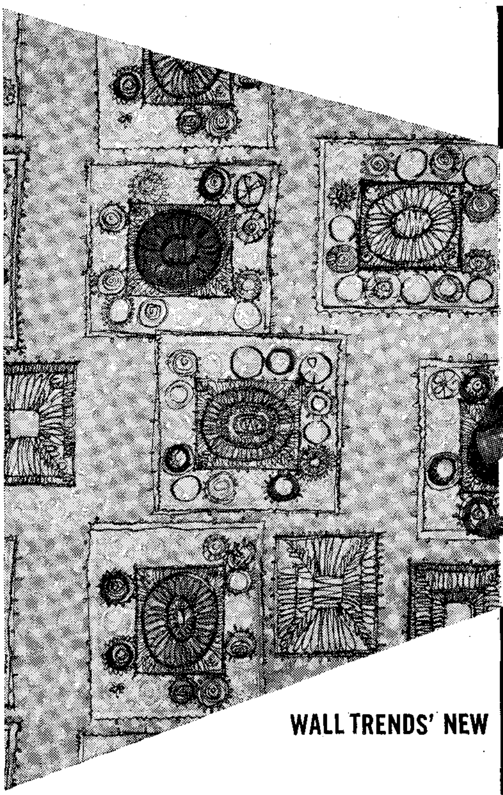
ON THE COURTS

Tourney's End



FOLLOWING the disappointing showing of the United States team of Tony Trabert, Victor Seixas, and Hamilton Richardson in the Davis Cup challenge round three weeks ago, when our boys lost all five of their matches to the invading Australians, the question arose as to which of the Aussies—Lewis Hoad or Kenneth Rosewall—is the world's best amateur. Well, the definitive answer was provided last week at Forest Hills, during the National Singles Championships: Neither one of them is. It's Trabert, by a wide, wide margin. After losing the first three games in his semifinal match with Hoad on Saturday, and while knowing galleryites were talking about the dark likelihood of a Hoad-Rosewall final, Trabert suddenly pulled himself together and produced some of the most electrifying tennis I can recall seeing since the days of Tilden. He won eighteen games from that point on, with Hoad contriving to salvage no more than four, and ran out the match, 6–4, 6–2, 6–1, in considerably less than an hour. Until the later stages of the second set, Hoad seemed just as anxious to win as Trabert was, but then, with Trabert steadily moving ahead, he abruptly appeared to lose heart, and in the final set he did little more than go through the motions of a tennis player, smiling dazedly as the ball whizzed by, often yards out of reach.

Rosewall, meanwhile, had toyed with Seixas in the other semifinal, winning 6–4, 6–4, 7–5, and giving the impression that he could have made the result even more one-sided if he'd felt like it. His backhand strokes, which for some time have been perhaps the loveliest in current tennis, were spectacular, even by his standards, and late Saturday afternoon gloomy onlookers could be heard predicting Trabert's early demise in the final. Trabert may have overheard some of these comments; at any rate, few expressions of grimmer determination can ever have been seen at Forest Hills than the one he showed up with Sunday afternoon. Rosewall never really had a chance against the quality



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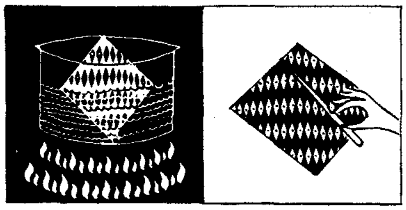

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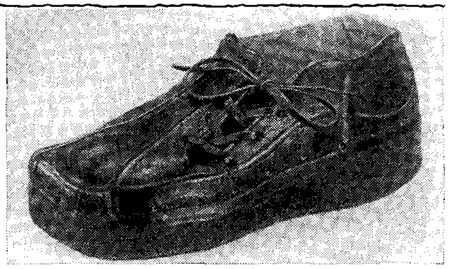

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of tennis Trabert displayed, and I suspect he realized it before the match was very old. Rosewall is a game young man, though, and he played as well as he knew how before bowing out, at 9–7, 6–3, 6–3. There is no player today—and there have been few in any earlier period—who could have done much better under the circumstances.

THE California members of the United States Lawn Tennis Association have been urging for some time that the National Singles Championships be held on the West Coast. They argue, with both heat and reason, that since so many of the country's ranking players are Californians, the home folks should have a chance, at least once in a while, to see their sons and daughters in action in the big tournament of the year. The Association's top officials have always ruled out any such heresy, on the ground that the Singles is a *lawn*-tennis championship and California has no grass courts, or at least not enough to run a tournament on. Dirt courts are not grass courts, they point out. That's what I always thought, too, until last week; now I'm not so sure. The condition of the turf in the Forest Hills stadium was, to put it bluntly, awful. By the end of the tournament, there was almost as much raw dirt showing in the center court as there was grass, and the number of bad bounces that resulted was appalling. Officials of the West Side Tennis Club have given several reasons for this unfortunate situation, the two principal ones being the searing July heat and the August downpours. That may have been the main trouble, all right, but it occurs to me that the center court would have been in much better condition if both the United States and the Australian Davis Cup teams had been kept from practicing on it for several days before the start of the Cup matches, at a time when it was still soft from the rains. It doesn't seem quite fair to either the competitors or the spectators to stage matches between the world's best players on a court like that. —P. W. W., JR.

•

JOAN BENNETT, who will walk down orange blossom aisle August 20, has chosen Reed and Barton sterling in Francis I pattern. For everyday use she has selected Queen Anne silverplate. Her pottery is English calyx, "Regent" by Adams. Her Royal Worcester (English) china is in Saguenay pattern. She will use Stuart's crystal in Cardinal. Her fiance is Stan Smith of Wichita.—*Topeka State Journal.*

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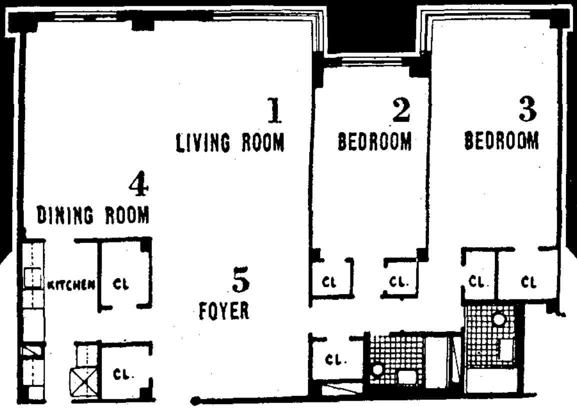

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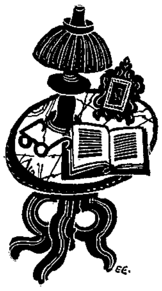


"NINE RIVERS FROM JORDAN" (a somewhat truncated version of which has just been published in this country by Little, Brown) is an account by the Irish playwright Denis Johnston, done largely in prose, of his experiences as a member of the British Broadcasting Corporation's team of war correspondents with the Allied forces in northern Africa and in Europe during World War II. His assignment was to turn in reports that would be of special interest to British listeners and, while not departing from the truth, would hearten them in their struggle for liberty, freedom, order, and justice. The assignment had a special interest for Mr. Johnston, whose formative years were spent in his native land during the war of liberation and the subsequent troubles. Because he had seen the Black and Tans, the hoodlum force of irregulars the British had turned loose on the Irish population in the later phases of their defense of order and justice in Ireland, there was an enormous appeal to his appetite for irony in the assignment to accompany a British army on a crusade to deliver the world from Storm Troopers and S.S. men. He arrived in Cairo at a low point in the fortunes of the crusade, when the Russian front seemed to be giving way and the last major British fighting force, the Eighth Army, was being broken up in the desert by Rommel's Afrika Korps. At the first press conference he attended, the news of this resounding defeat was announced in Army language: "Developments in the battle have resulted in certain areas losing their former tactical importance. Accordingly, the garrison of Knightsbridge has assumed a mobile role." To Mr. Johnston's delight, the correspondents received the bad news not with cries of despair and dismay but with a burst of laughter. A theory of his was confirmed—the closer to action one gets, the more important one's style becomes, and one's behavior in victory or defeat becomes, even more important than victory or defeat itself. In this case, defeat was a fact; one should have been honest about it. The officer responsible for the communiqué had broken the rule by using Army language so close to the front, and the only possible reaction was laughter. A few days later, Mr. Johnston drove out into the desert to meet the beaten troops as they poured back toward the Nile valley in advance of the oncoming Germans. They, too, were not distressed; they were bored, and they were singing a battle hymn that emphasized their attitude:

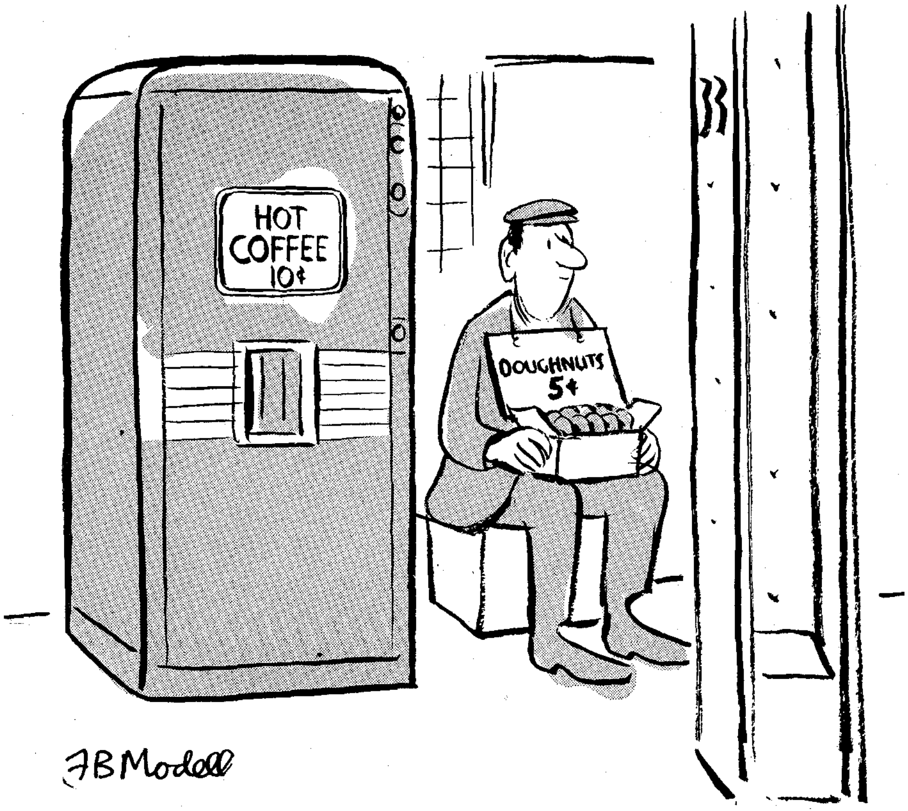
Oh they've shifted Father's grave to build a sew-er,
They've shifted it regardless of expense.
They've shifted his remains,
Just to lay some bloody drains,
To glorify some toff's new res-i-dence.

The attitude of troops, it might be pointed out at this juncture, rarely matches up to any novelist's concept of it. During the Battle of Britain, when Mr. Churchill was producing some of his most stirring rhetoric to enhance the civilian mood, a favorite servicemen's battle hymn was "Oh, why are we waiting?," endlessly repeated to the tune usually associated with "O come, all ye faithful." In fact, the only World War II song that had equal appeal to English combatants and noncombatants was "We'll hang out the washing on the Siegfried Line," but this one was sung very belligerently at home and quite ironically by the troops during the phony war and while the fighting was going in Germany's favor. As soon as there was any likelihood of actually beating the Germans, the British Army dropped this song.

As the retreat in Africa came to an end and a new position was stabilized at El Alamein, Mr. Johnston settled down pleasantly with the Eighth Army's fighting troops, savoring its curious pride, its professionalism, and its mixed feelings of repulsion and love for the desert by the sea. He describes, magically, the moment of joining this company of men. The battlefield is bleached by moonlight and the ugliness of smashed equipment is muffled in velvet shadow, the night wind stirs softly, and the beating of the sea on the beach is mingled with the growl of far-off gunfire. The talk, which has for some time been running on what good fellows the enemy are and how cleanly they fight, dies out, and at last someone says, "How about our bedtime song?" The radio comes on, and there it is, the song of the two opposing armies:

Aus dem stillen Raume, aus der Erde Grund
Hebt mich wie im Traume dein verliebter Mund.
Wenn sich die spaeten Nebel dreh'n
Werd ich bei der Laterne steh'n
Wie einst Lili Marlene,
Wie einst Lili Marlene.

It was in a sense a homecoming for Mr. Johnston, who had in 1931 written "The Moon in the Yellow River," a play that deals mostly with the complex feelings for each other of the men



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who do the actual killing when great causes come to the point of conflict. In the play, the conflict is between Blake, an Irishman who fought the British during the rebellion because of his romantic belief in the kind of Ireland to which Yeats gave the most perfect expression, and Tausch, a German engineer whose romanticism is of another kind. Blake holds that the Irish can be happy only as long as they stay out of the modern world; the German holds that cheap electrical power and industrialization will do the trick. The two dreams of a happy Ireland meet head on, and in the end they produce the same thing that war produces—the gunman who will decide which dream is to conquer. The irony of the play is savage. Lanigan, the gunman who arrives at the head of a detachment of troops when Tausch telephones a Free State barracks (Blake announces that he intends to dynamite the power plant Tausch is in charge of), turns out to have been a comrade of Blake's during the war of liberation. It was Blake's poetic love of freedom that provided the inspiration that made Lanigan a gunman, and the achievement of that freedom taught him that violence is the answer to the problem Blake now represents. To Tausch's inexpressible dismay, Lanigan shoots Blake out of hand. The subsequent argument, considerably abbreviated, between Lanigan and the German runs as follows:

TAUSCH: Did I ask you to commit a crime? You admit yourself that there is no excuse for what you have done. It is—I can use no other word—it is murder!

LANIGAN: Ah, never mind. I'm a physical force man born and bred in the movement. I'm only doing my job—the job I'm able to do, the job that always seems to deliver the goods. There's no excuse for it, I daresay. I don't pretend to be clever like he was. He [Blake] was the brains and inspiration of the movement in the old days against the British. But now we seem to have a damn sight too many brains, and inspiration always ends in trying to blow up something.

TAUSCH: And so you assassinate that inspiration!

LANIGAN: I suppose you think I enjoy that, when it means a bullet in my own back sooner or later. But enjoy it or not, I've always been taught that it's not words but deeds the country needs, and I'll have to go on doing what I can, no matter.

TAUSCH: A very fine attitude for young revolutionaries to adopt, maybe. But you are a man of responsibilities. The State cannot ignore the forms of justice.

LANIGAN: I don't know about that. It was he that always had the wit to find the word for these things. Not me. But I only hope that when my time comes I'll be plugged fair and clean like he was, with none of the tomfoolery of Law and Justice

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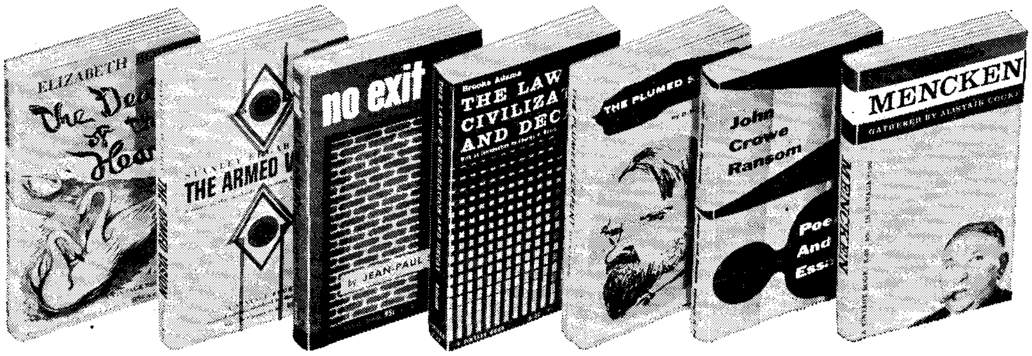

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and the torment they call "Prepare to meet your God."

TAUSCH: That is all you have to say before I send this letter to the Attorney-General?

LANIGAN: Ah, what more is there to be said? I'm a gunman. I always was and I always will be. And if you ask me why, I declare to God I don't know. There's no glamour on my side, nowadays. But God help you all if I wasn't, is what I say. It may be brains and inspiration that makes the country at the start, but it's my help you're always telephoning for before the end.

For Mr. Johnston, the desert was simply a cleaner place than most, where the gunmen of two opposed orders could lay aside the humbug of the propaganda war and match their skill at killing in an atmosphere of honest mutual respect. When the tide began to flow against the Germans, it was the turn of the other set of decent fellows to retreat. Following the now victorious British, Mr. Johnston was presently sitting in an abandoned German truck examining the effects of a presumably dead German named Georg Sichermann and reading a bundle of letters from a girl named Anneliese Wendler. The girl, according to her photograph, was any soldier's nice-looking, moderately pretty girl, and the letters were any girl's letters to any soldier. They came from Eckartsberga, a village in Thuringia, and Johnston decided that he would hang on to them and return them to the sender if fortune should carry him in that direction. It would be the decent thing to do. Meanwhile, there was the perpetual comedy of war to attend to, with its innumerable variations on its single theme—the dissolution of private pretensions in the face of its realities. He was, for a time, overwhelmed by the powerful techniques General Montgomery used to impress himself on the Army and the newspaper corps, and he reached the point of recording his admiration for the way the General had given the Eighth Army a new spirit of confidence. But no sooner had Johnston done that than it fell to his lot to accompany Montgomery's successor on one of the self-advertising tours during which he handed out cigarettes and other minor comforts to the men. The new commander, rather awkwardly imitating Montgomery's democratic approach, paused for a ten-minute chat with a truck driver. Mr. Johnston approached the honored man as soon as the General had moved on:

"That must have been interesting for you?" I said in my most inviting manner. "I suppose you know who that was?" "Nao," he answered in his North Country accent. "There was annuther maan wunse

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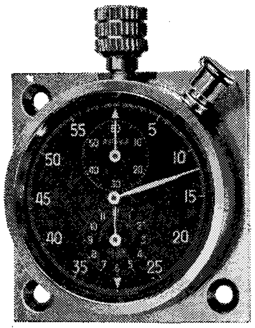

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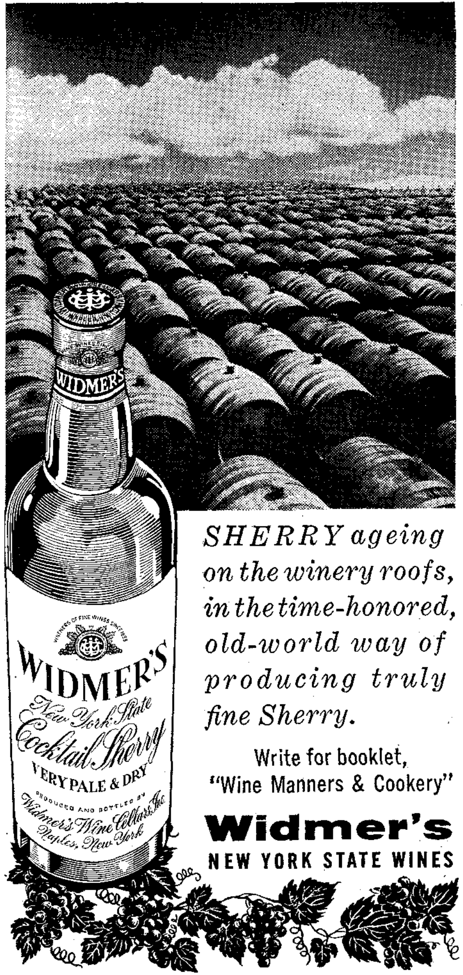

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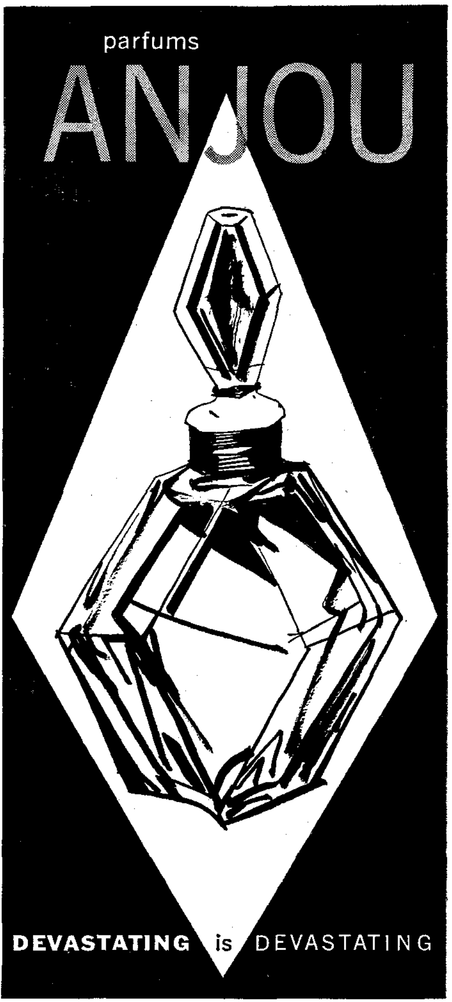
yews to coom roun' with cigarettes, but ah think 'ee's gone naow."

The home-front myth of "the soldier's general" could not be more neatly deflated.

The road to victory led on, past many scenes of terror and a few scenes of great beauty, through Italy, through France, and into Germany. At every mile the innocence of the unpeopled desert receded further, and the moral confusions of victory increased. Now the gunmen and the civilians were all mixed up, and the high explosives and the napalm were falling impartially on innocent and guilty and friend and foe. It was all too clear that the fight to save civilization was doing civilization deadly damage, and the difference between one cause and the other seemed smaller and smaller. Mr. Johnston began a private war with those who had promulgated the no-fraternization rule, which he thought implied the communal guilt of the German people, and he put a great deal of ingenuity into a game with the censorship, in which he credited himself with a point every time he slipped through a report indicating that the German civilians were as decent as their fighting men and as uninvolved in the guilt of their leaders.

At last he arrived in Thuringia. He had long before lost Georg Sichermann's bundle of letters from Anneliese Wendler, but he remembered a phrase from one of them: "I had begun to think that you, unfaithful man, had forgotten Eckartsberga." Eckartsberga was not far away, and he turned aside in an effort to look up the girl. There was an odd atmosphere in the village, and nobody he questioned would admit ever having heard of Anneliese Wendler. At last an American officer suggested that he would find the girl if he tried a certain road out of the village. "Follow that road as far as you can, and you'll find all you want to know." The advice was given with the entire concealment of irony that is the one special gift of Americans no European seems aware of. Johnston went bowling off into the pinewoods with all his armor of cynicism and skepticism shining, knowing that all the war's atrocity stories were lies, that all causes, whatever their claims, are naked self-interest, and that the only good man is the man who is honest in the Elizabethan sense, as Lanigan was honest. And there, waiting for him among the pine trees, was a gateway with "*Recht oder Unrecht—Mein Vaterland*" written on it, and beyond it another gateway, more sinisterly in-



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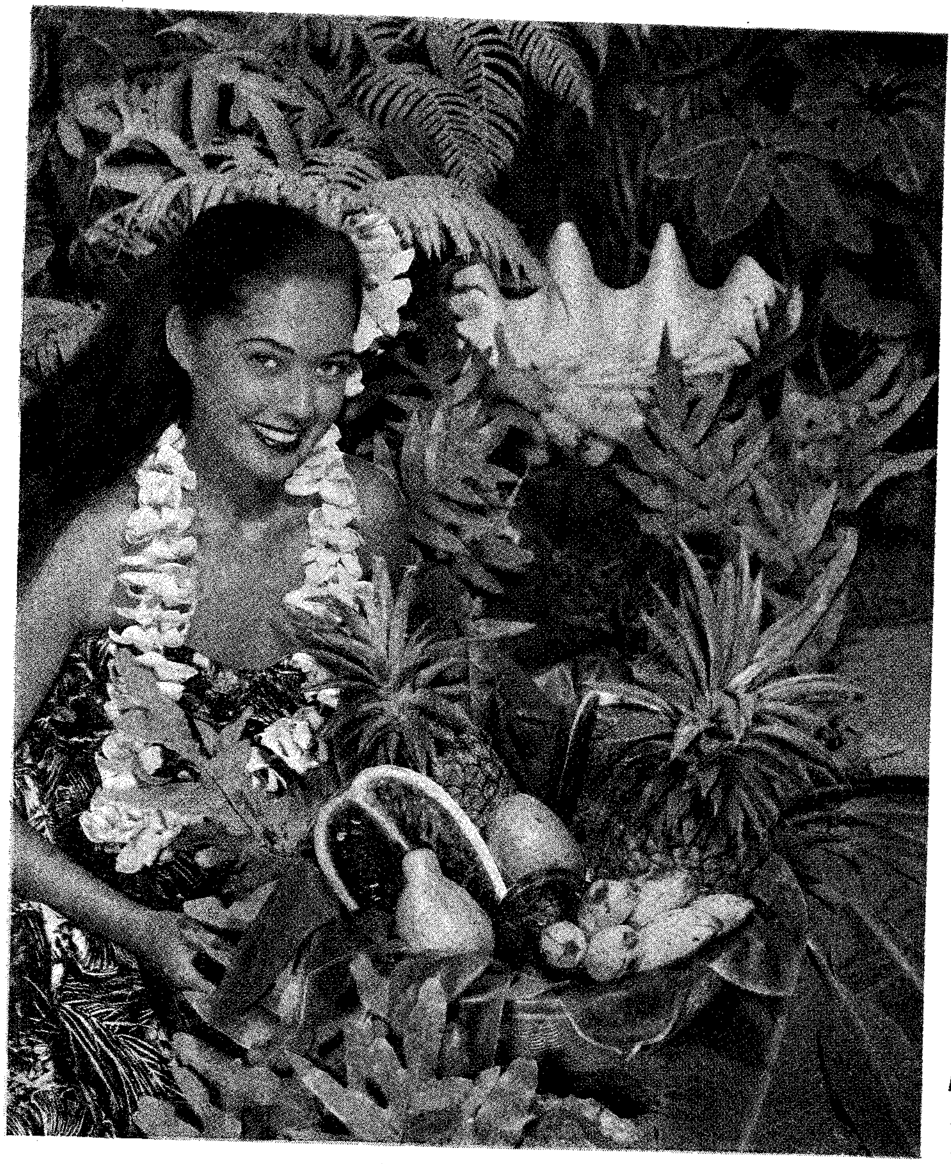

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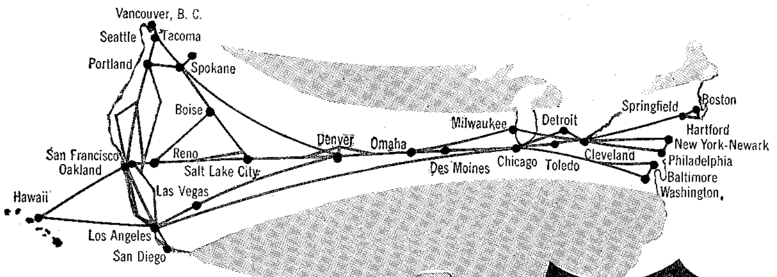
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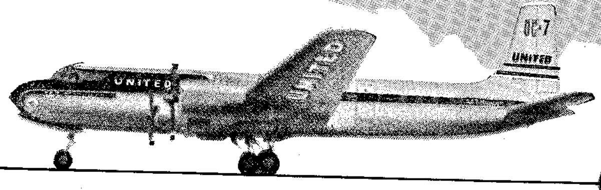
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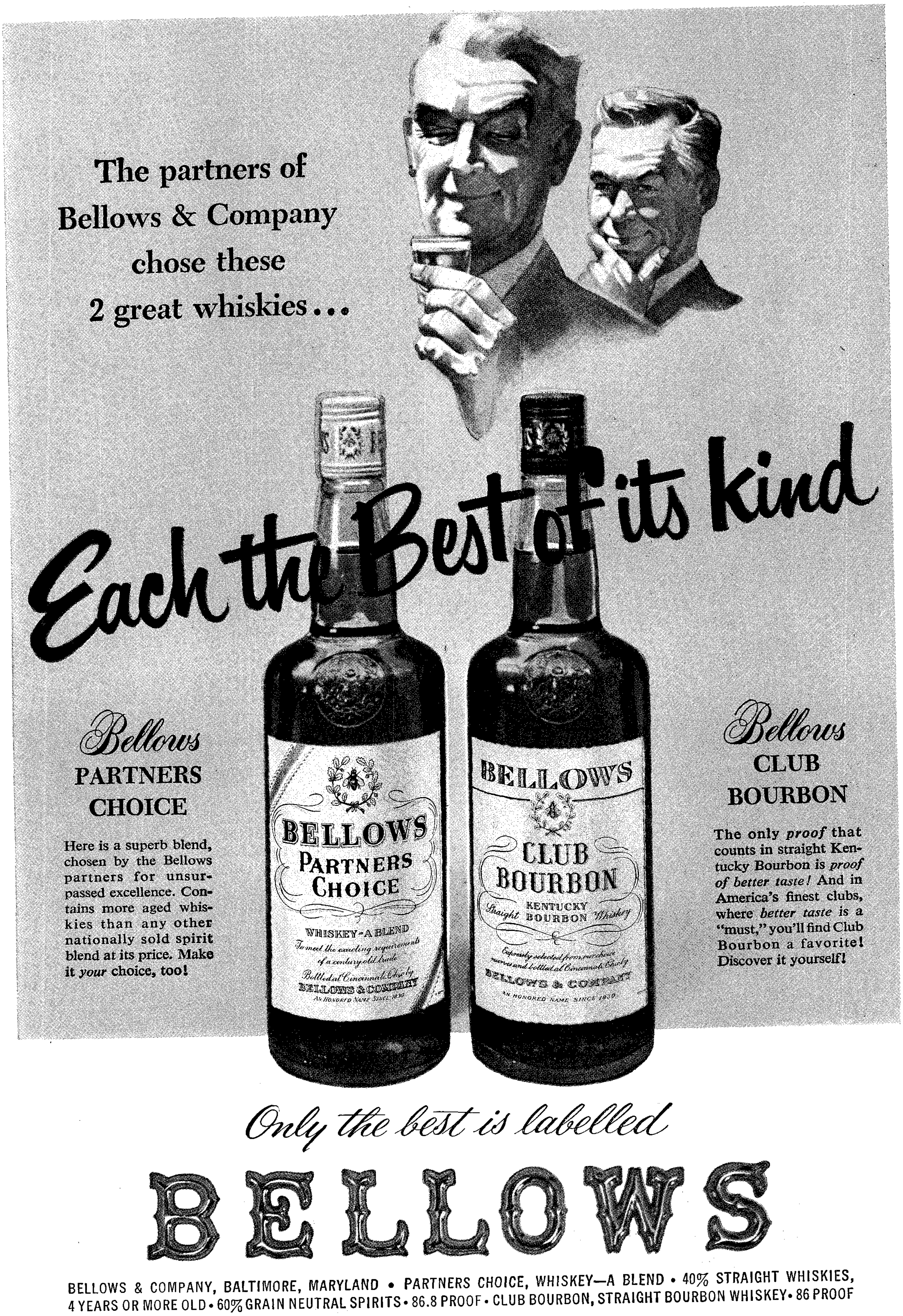
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scribed "*Jedem das Seinem*" ("To each what is coming to him"), and beyond that were arrays of yellowed and emaciated dead, stacked like cordwood beside the crematorium, on whose end wall the jailers had inscribed a final *gemütlich* sentiment: "Not a horrible and distasteful worm will feed upon my corpse, but a clean fire will digest it. I always loved warmth and light, therefore burn and do not bury me."

Further on were hundreds of the living, squatting in the open, dabbed with filth, in the throes of the acute dysentery that was the beginning of the end in such places. And beyond that was another place:

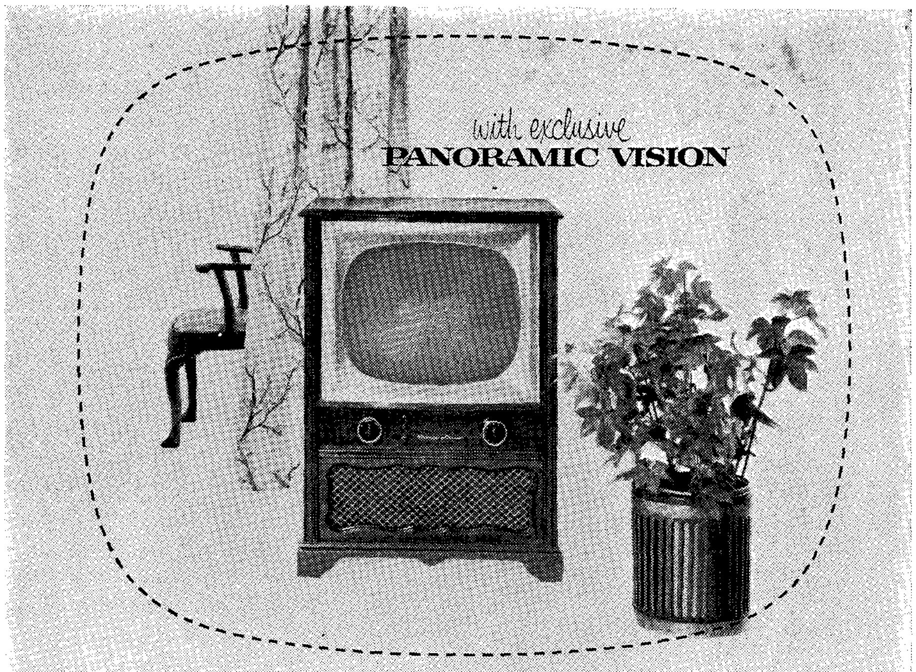
> I went in. At one end lay a heap of smoking clothes among which a few ghouls picked and searched—for what, God only knows. As we entered the long hut the stench hit us in the face, and a queer wailing came to our ears. Along both sides of the shed was tier upon tier of what can only be described as shelves. And lying on these, packed tightly side by side, like knives and forks in a drawer, were living creatures—some of them stirring, some of them stiff and silent, but all of them skeletons, with the skin drawn tight over their bones, with heads bulging and misshapen from emaciation, with burning eyes and sagging jaws. And as we came in, those with the strength to do so turned their heads and gazed at us; and from their lips came that thin, unearthly noise.... It was meant to be cheering. They were cheering the uniform that I wore.

Eckartsberga was just down the road from Buchenwald.

It is a tribute to Denis Johnston that he is able to recreate the full weight of this appalling disclosure of the deep wound Germany had inflicted on herself and on the world. A Voltairian rationalist with a strong vein of sentiment, he had fought, as a great many other people had, against the knowledge that is an essential part of this discovery—"I did not want to believe such things of men, because they were not true of men as I had known them." Although he had seen Lanigan so clearly, he had not truly faced him, or the possibility that it might ultimately be the gunman's world. At Buchenwald it seemed to him that it was:

> Appeals to reason were just a cover-up for this! Our good will has been used as a means to betray us, and that is as great a crime as the degradation of humanity, for it means that good will is a mistake—that destruction is our only means of preservation.

At this point, the book fails, since Mr. Johnston breaks into poetry to describe his recovery of sanity after the shock of Buchenwald and the sight of the naked



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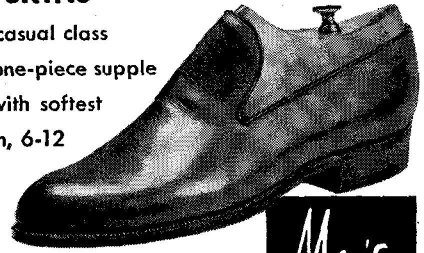

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horror the German regime had contrived, and what he has in mind tends to become obscure. One gathers that the guilt of victory descended on Mr. Johnston's head. In his rage, he picked up a pistol, although, as a correspondent, he was prohibited from carrying arms, and kept it until, in the final collapse, he encountered a captured high-ranking Nazi who had failed in an effort to escape from Italy through the Brenner Pass, and had merely wounded himself in an attempt at suicide. Mr. Johnston appears to have lent him the pistol so that he could make a second, and successful, attempt to release himself from whatever burdens he bore. It was an amoral impulse into which pity might easily have led anyone, and it is easy to see, too, that one might feel doubt about it afterward. But Mr. Johnston's doubt takes him a long way. The English edition of "Nine Rivers from Jordan" ends with a poem that is not in the American version. In this poem, man and God are confronted; God says, or A Voice says:

Fight your own sins wherever you may
  find them.
Outboast the vain, despise the proud,
Neglect the slothful, and rage at the angry.
These are your own trangressions
And Pity is the Soldier's way to absolu-
  tion.
But, here is my command.
Avenge all others' sins on me, as you have
  done this day,
And leave the human race in peace.
Come now. Tell me your name.

The reply is:

ACOLYTE

My name is M or N and there is nothing
  to avenge.
Here in my hand, I hold this creature—
The fruit of the tree of my experience.
Now, as the symbol of my maturity, I cast
  it forth
And, like a child in the streets of Eckarts-
  berga,
I reject the inheritance of my father,
  Adam.
(*He flings the gun away, and it goes spinning downwards from the altar.*)

OMNES

And this is my act of faith—
That I cast forth the Knowledge of Good
  and Evil,
And the deadly sins that are bred of sin,
Secure in the promise
That all things, future and past,
Hidden and revealed,
Are in His gracious hands.

As a private solution it has considerable appeal; it is a restful one, anyway. But what if one is confronted with another Lanigan whose gun is defending another Buchenwald? One is reminded of the meeting of the Irish rebel Michael Collins and another Irish poet, Æ, who

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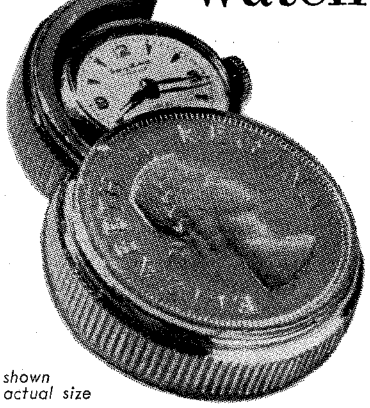

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spoke to him for some time in a lofty strain. When he had done, Collins whipped out a notebook and, with a pencil poised over a blank page, said, "Your point, Mr. Russell?" One feels that when, at Buchenwald, Mr. Johnston cries out "How did I ever doubt that there is not an absolute in good and evil?" he has a point that is filched from him by the incident in the Brenner Pass. When it comes right down to it, Lanigan can distinguish not only white but a number of shades of gray from black. The fact that it was necessary even for the S.S. to write "Right or Wrong—My Fatherland" over the gates of Buchenwald is sufficient proof of that. The knowledge, for which Buchenwald is a compact symbol, that men can be dehumanized, and that they are capable of anything, is not a reason for casting out the knowledge of good and evil. That knowledge is the only defense there is against dehumanization, and man's only hope. —ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE SEAGULL ON THE STEP, by Kay Boyle (Knopf). Mary Farrant, a very pretty, well-intentioned, betrothed American girl, travels from Paris, where she is studying, to Abelin, a fishing village on the French Riviera, in search of Michel Vaillant, because she has seen a letter he wrote to a newspaper, pleading for greater friendship between the Americans and the French. Miss Farrant has tried to get her fiancé to respond to the letter, and since he has refused, she is responding herself. An accident throws her into the house of Mme. Marceau, a strange, violent, and yet conventional woman of late middle age, whose conversation is both cynical and full of rage at the way things are going for France. As the story proceeds, Miss Farrant begins to see the village, which is France in miniature, for what it is and for what it may become, and she also discovers that merely by her arrival in Abelin she has become involved in the plans of a murderer. Miss Boyle's writing is exact and true.

THE LOVELY APRIL, by Margaret H. Freydberg (Scribner). Miss Freydberg, a womanly writer, examines the predicament of old Maud Quilt, her daughter, and her granddaughter, all of whom find it difficult to love, although they have enough money and nothing much else to do. When the granddaughter, rather

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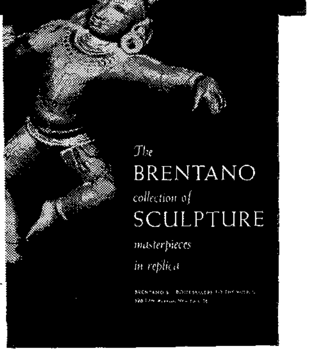

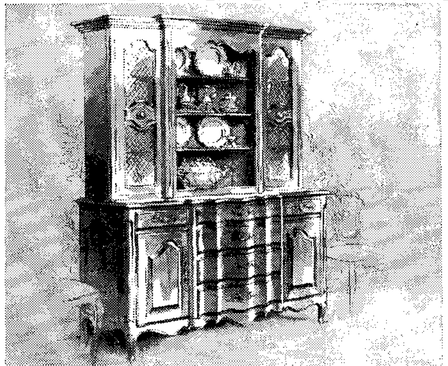

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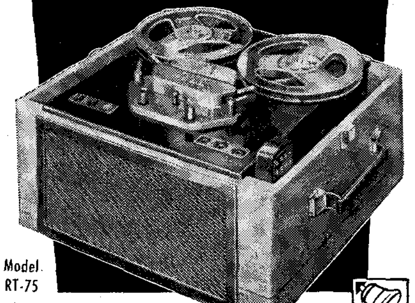

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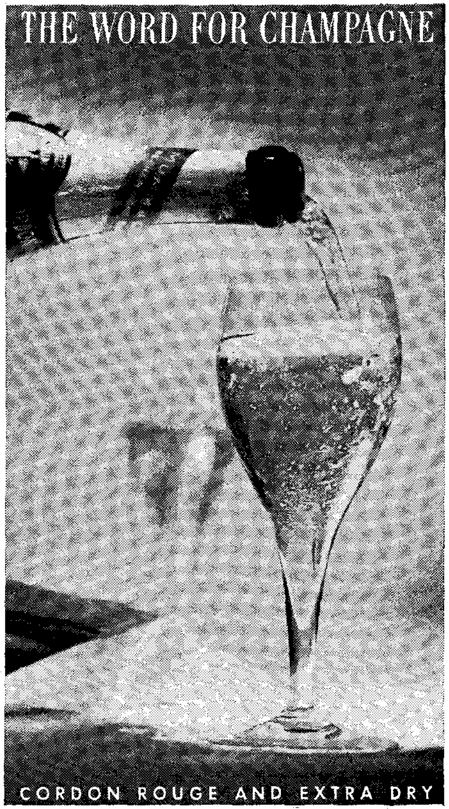

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suddenly, becomes an unmarried mother, the three ladies enjoy a simultaneous revelation of the cause and cure of their failure, and the story is over. The scene is New York City, mostly.

No Farewell, by Gerda Lerner (Associated Authors). After finishing Mrs. Lerner's story of Vienna during the four years before the arrival of the German Nazis, one remains aware of the confusion, the fear, and the strong sense of loss and of flight, but none of the many human beings she describes survive in recollection, except as a part of the general anguish. One clearly realized character would have turned this work into a novel, but perhaps Mrs. Lerner intended simply to give an impression of a world disordered and on its way to insanity. In that case, she has succeeded excellently.

GENERAL

Birdman of Alcatraz, by Thomas E. Gaddis (Random House). A biography of Robert F. Stroud (No. 594, Alcatraz), who has the unhappy distinction of having spent forty-six consecutive years in prison, the last thirty-nine of them in deep-lock solitary confinement—a record in modern penal history. This would seem to identify him as the maddest of mad-dog public enemies, but nothing, the author tells us, could be further from the truth. Stroud's prison career began in 1909, when he was nineteen and illiterate, with a twelve-year sentence for manslaughter. Five years later, at Leavenworth, he stabbed (under somewhat equivocal circumstances) and fatally injured a notoriously sadistic guard. The result (after three somewhat equivocal trials) was a sentence of life imprisonment, which a succession of prison officials have chosen to interpret as meaning complete isolation for life. Since then, Stroud has nevertheless been, at least to outside eyes, a more than model prisoner. Between 1916, when he went into deep-lock, and 1942, when he was abruptly stripped of all privileges, he taught himself to read and write, learned to paint sufficiently well to operate a successful gift-card business, became a nationally recognized canary breeder, contributed many articles to cage-bird journals, achieved an international reputation as an avian pathologist, and produced "Stroud's Digest of Bird Diseases," a five-hundred-page work still stand-

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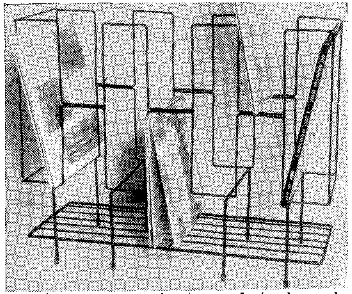

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ard in the field. Why, in spite of these glittering rehabilitative accomplishments, is Stroud still denied the right to associate with even his fellow-felons? The answer, Mr. Gaddis believes, lies embedded in the tangle of politics and popular pressures that has hobbled our prison system since the First Crime Act of 1790, and his analysis of its nature gives an instructive substance to this most engrossing book.

AN ADVENTURE, by C. A. E. Moberly and E. F. Jourdain, edited by Dr. Joan Evans (Coward-McCann). A newly revised, annotated, and illustrated edition of a book that has been stirring up mild surmise for more than forty years. On an afternoon in August, 1901, the authors, both English schoolmistresses, and but recently known to each other, were walking in the gardens near the Petit Trianon in Versailles when, with little warning except an oppressive change of atmosphere, they found themselves in the eighteenth century. They did not discuss it between themselves at the time, and their separately written accounts of the experience—the people seen, the costumes worn, the things that were said, the far-off music heard, the topography of the gardens, and so on—were just different enough to convince them that they had "entered into an act of memory" of Queen Marie Antoinette's, a belief that was strengthened by later researches into ancient maps and archives. A fascinating little offbeat tale, presented here in a scholarly, deadpan manner that quietly anticipates the skeptic's every pooh.

AMERICA AT MID-CENTURY, by André Siegfried, translated by Margaret Ledésert (Harcourt). At eighty, M. Siegfried still has a sharp eye and a tart tongue, and this mainly friendly assessment of the United States as a social, economic, and cultural phenomenon gives abundant evidence of both. Some of the material is terribly dated, such as a piece of flapdoodle about the Negro problem from the old *American Mercury* and a kick at the corpse of Bruce Barton's "The Man Nobody Knows," but much of it is spirited and informative, and constant comparisons between American and French politics add a Gallic perspective we have not really had much of since Tocqueville.

A HISTORY OF LATIN AMERICA FROM THE BEGINNINGS TO THE PRESENT, by Hubert Herring (Knopf). This

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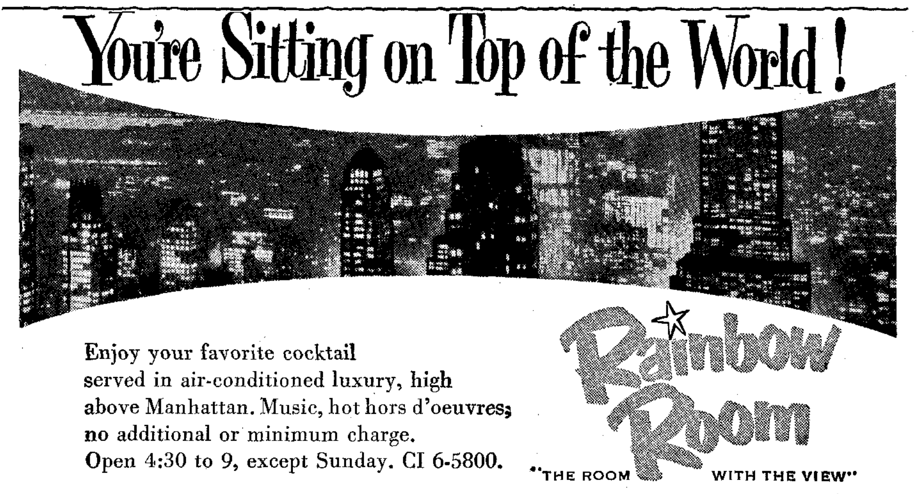
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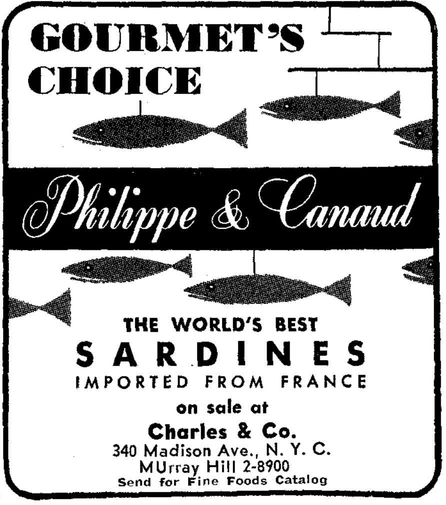
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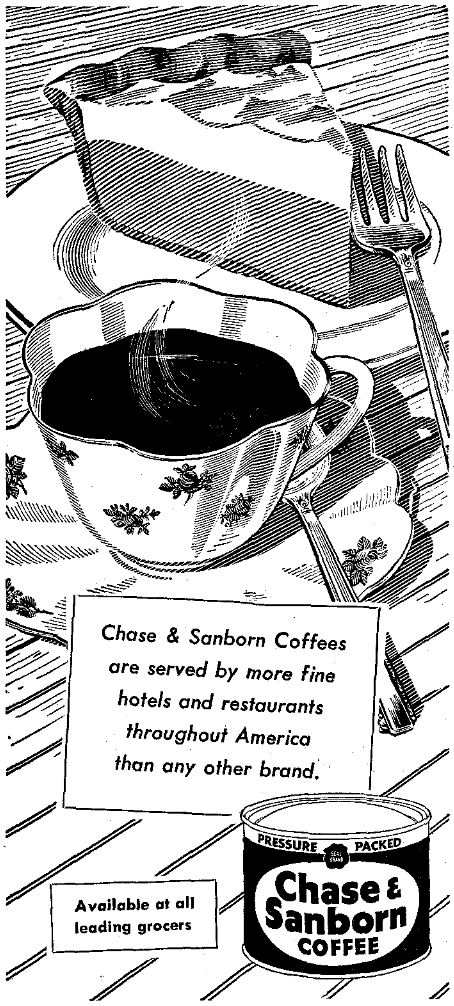
enormous volume (772 pages) not only gives complete histories of all the Latin-American nations, right down to their archeology and economic geography, but throws in substantial histories of Spain, Portugal, and Africa for good measure. No book with a cast of characters that includes Porfirio Díaz, Fulgencio Batista, and Rafael Trujillo could really be dull, but Professor Herring has gone beyond the call of duty and made this one positively lively, with enough good stories—like the one about Queen Victoria wiping out Bolivia by crossing it off on a map—to carry a diner-out through most of the fall. Thirty maps.

THE CAVES BEYOND, by Joe Lawrence, Jr., and Roger W. Brucker (Funk & Wagnalls). One would expect an account of the National Speleological Society's exploration of Crystal Cave, in Kentucky, in 1954, to be pretty stimulating, but the expedition was so well-equipped and so self-conscious (its telephone conversations were all taped and many are printed here verbatim) relative to the little it discovered and the mildness of its adventures that this book sometimes suggests a team of African explorers braving the Central Park Zoo. The story of Floyd Collins, who died in Crystal Cave in 1925, is told once again, and it is genuinely harrowing; the material on certain blind forms of cave life is absorbing; and there are a great many maps and photographs.

THE PASSWORD IS COURAGE, by John Castle (Norton). A biography of a British sergeant major named Charles Coward, whose capture, on the road to Dunkirk in May, 1940, turned out to be one of Nazi Germany's most painful mistakes. Coward was an impossible P.W. In the course of five years' incarceration in various parts of the Reich, he brought off seven escapes (the last of which carried him safely home to England), and between breaks he operated an escape school that put hundreds of his comrades back in uniform. He also set in motion a large-scale sabotage organization, managed to supply the British War Office with much useful information (including the first report on the V-1 rocket), worked closely with the Polish Underground, and saw at first hand enough of the slave-labor crematorium at Auschwitz to be called as a prosecution witness at the 1946-49 Nuremberg war-criminal trials. A



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NINE MAN-EATERS AND ONE ROGUE, by Kenneth Anderson (Dutton). Eleven Indian hunting tales in the manner of the late Jim Corbett. In fact, they differ from the latter's beguiling entertainments in only one readily visible respect: the setting is not the Himalayan foothills but the steaming jungles of Madras and Mysore. Photographs (among them a reassuring study of the author—properly mustached, topeed, and smiling—standing over a vanquished tiger) and maps.

FAILURE OF A REVOLUTION, by Rudolf Coper (Cambridge). The revolution was the Spartacist uprising in Berlin in 1918, which aimed at a Soviet Germany and culminated after a week in the capture and murder of its leaders, Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, by the Army. Mr. Coper, who was close to some of the events in a capacity he does not specify, is now an American citizen and a professor at Loyola University. He is hardly sympathetic to the Spartacists, but he is far less sympathetic to the forces that crushed them. He believes that these forces also crushed any hope for a democratic Germany, and he delights in noting the later Nazi history of some of the people involved.

ADVENTURING WITH BEEBE, by William Beebe (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). A Beebe reader, containing a sampling of his writings over the past forty years. There are essays and stories about British Guiana, the Pearl Islands, Bermuda, and the Amazon, about albatrosses and the nonsense they have inspired in literature, and about the almost flightless hoatzin, the whale shark, and the singing catfish. In a piece called "A First Round Trip to Davy Jones's Locker," describing his (and the world's) first descent into the ocean deeps, in a bathysphere, Mr. Beebe writes, "I shall never experience such a feeling of complete isolation from the surface of the planet Earth as when I first dangled in a hollow pea on a swaying cobweb a quarter of a mile below the deck of a ship rolling in mid-ocean." As this indicates, the writing is first-rate, and there is something for everybody whose curiosity has not gone to sleep. Photographs.

THE FAMILY OF MAN, with a prologue by Carl Sandburg and an introduction by Edward Steichen (Museum of Modern Art). A compendium of some five hundred photographs taken

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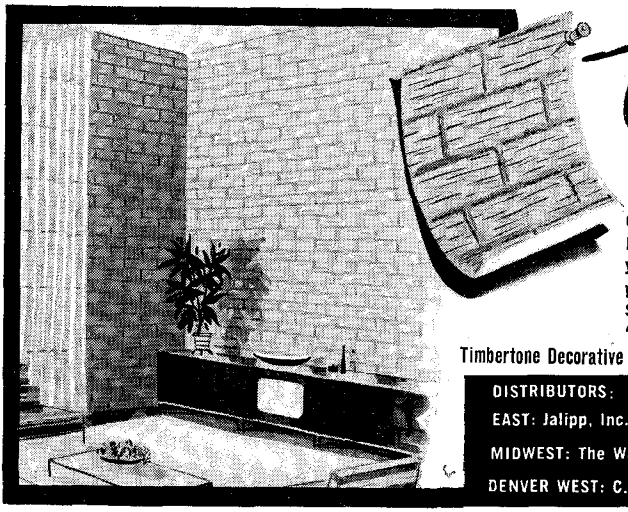

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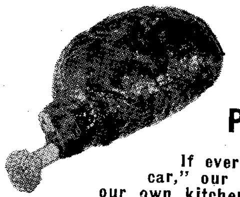

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from the exhibition of that title that Mr. Steichen arranged last winter at the Modern Museum, this book is at once pretentious, exasperating, and enormously captivating. The pretentiousness derives principally from a kind of Whitmanesque grandiosity that runs through the book, as it takes us from life's genesis (apparently in the outer nebulae of the universe), through man's customary cycle of birth, growth, love, marriage, work, parenthood, recreation, and allied activities—in all lands and all fields of endeavor—to his end in the sea of time; and the exasperation derives from the fact that (again in what seems to be a Whitmanesque pursuit of allness in oneness) not one of the photographs' subjects is identified, even though they are frequently of a *bizarrerie* that leaves one almost panting for further information. The book's ability to captivate, however, rests solidly on the truly superlative beauty of the photographs themselves and the skill of their arrangement, and pretty much overrides all the other objections. One must particularly admire, too, the amount of painstaking research that has obviously gone into the selection.

NOTE: "Selected Criticism: Poetry and Prose," by Louise Bogan, has been published by the Noonday Press. A large part of the contents of the book first appeared in this magazine.

•

THE BOY WHO WILL CAPTAIN OLD ELI . . . just spent his paper route money on a pair of new cleats. One crisp Autumn day, his picture will be taken to hang among the immortals at Morey's.—*Adv. in The New Yorker.*

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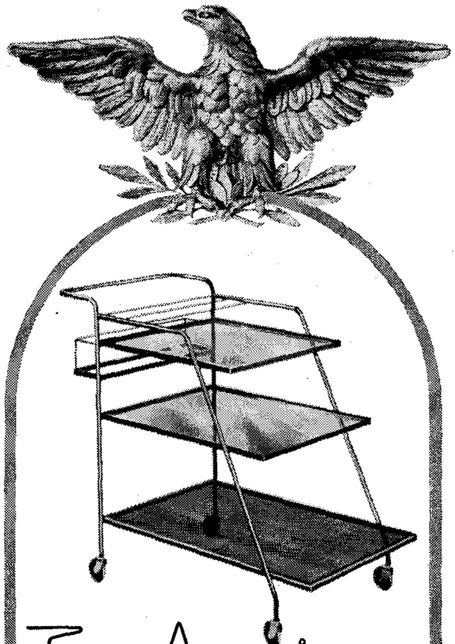

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nded Scotch Whisky... 86.8 Proof. Imported by Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y.

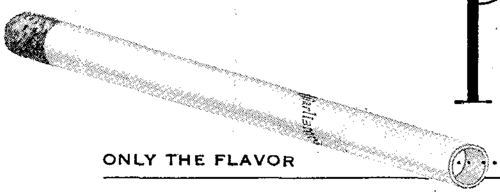
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You'll want everyone to know...
FILTER MOUTHPIECE
Parliament
CIGARETTES

Hat by Mr. John, Inc.

The lady in the chic chapeau may have let her enthusiasm go to her head. Yet, who can blame her? So many smart Parliament smokers want everyone to know *their cigarette* is special. The crush-proof box . . . choice tobaccos . . . luxurious flavor . . . the famous Mouthpiece that keeps the filter recessed a full quarter-inch away from your lips. With Parliaments, *only the flavor touches your lips.*

You're so smart to smoke **Parliaments**



ONLY THE FLAVOR . . . TOUCHES YOUR LIPS